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EDITED BY

THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

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PART THE FIRST.

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likely that she would approve of it at a later period; so I went on not caring, and every day growing fonder of Bertha, who was so quick, and so clever, and taught me all sorts of things in natural history, which set me all agog to become a practical zoologist; and I used to hunt after specimens for her little museum for hours, too happy if I could bring home any thing which would obtain from her one of her sweet smiles.

At last came *the* letter—I was to be sent for the next week—taken to the home of my father, and duly received at the castle of Widdlezig—and, oh! what a day it was to me! Wholly estranged from my parents by conduct which I was quite old enough to think extremely unnatural, and devoted to Bertha.—Oh! Bertha was so pretty, such a sweet little figure! I could not help crying bitterly when I heard the summons read which was in seven days to tear me from my dear play-fellow—it had just grown to something more than *that*—I loved Bertha—and I know,—*why* I never will tell,—but I know that dear Bertha loved *me*.

All preparations were made for my departure. Von Doddle was exceedingly out of spirits—he had *his* views. Mrs. Von Doddle did not like to part with me, good kind woman, and Bertha did nothing but cry, bless her little kind affectionate heart—I could not bear to see it beat, which I did, as her bosom heaved up and down under the tucker she had recently taken to wear.

It seemed perhaps unnatural to shrink from going to my home—but I was in fact going *from* my home. Cast off in favour of a poodle dog, I had been left for nearly fourteen years, until my poor father—I mean the venerable husband of my beautiful mother—had reached an age when his eyes could scarcely have been gladdened by my appearance, even supposing they had not been opened several years before, and I own that the bitterest pang I had ever yet felt, was that which was occasioned by the certainty that I was to quit the Von Doddles in four or five days.

The morning after the arrival of the fatal mandate, as I could not sleep at night, I was up early in hopes of meeting Bertha; but she, poor girl, had cried herself, as her maid told me, into a regular fever, and could not leave her little bed. I did not know what to do: I did not know by what means I could best show her my anxiety to please her. I ate my breakfast with Von Doddle—his wife did not breakfast with us; and after an affecting dialogue with him, he went to do duty in his church, and I sauntered out in a state of abstraction.

All at once I saw flying just before me one of those beautiful butterflies which the unlearned entomologist calls the “Emperor.” It was the very thing dear Bertha wanted for her little museum. I delighted in the pursuit to catch it for her—it diverted my mind while it excited my feelings, and between boyish emulation and something very like the desire to please a being I loved, I resolved to hunt him down. Away he went—so did I. I had no trap but my hat, and my great fear was, although many opportunities occurred, that by a premature or hasty *coup* I might destroy his beauties in the capture.

Fluttering through the air went the gaudy creature. I stole behind it,—but whether it *were* fate, or whether the mere instinct of the insect, I do not know; the faster I pursued, the faster it flew; till at length, fatigued irritated, and excited by fifty feelings,—forty, at

least, of which were new to my heart—I swore, as roundly as a boy of fourteen dare swear, that Bertha should have the butterfly, if I died for it. Whether butterflies are in the habit of swearing I do not pretend to surmise, but certainly the “Emperor,” seemed as desperately resolved to thwart *me* as I was to catch *him*. I am sure I followed him four good miles, and that in a direction from Von Doddle’s house in which we never took exercise, inasmuch as the hills behind were skirted by a thick forest and underwood which were said to be the resort of banditti by whom all the neighbouring villages and passing travellers were constantly plundered, and from which, indeed, the inhabitants were warned by the police of the district.

What cared I for this? it would make my adventure the more romantic—it would make Bertha love me better. Oh! that was it—?—I found out the object of my heart, precisely at the moment that I had my hat over the butterfly and slipped nearly up to my chin in a thick muddy bog.—Butterfly off as lively as ever!—

Under these circumstances I confess I roared out lustily; not expecting that I should be heard, but merely as an effort to do something, as I felt myself “sadly sinking” into the quagmire. I thought of Bertha and the pastor, when all at once I felt myself grasped by what seemed the iron hand of a giant—for when one has been butterfly-hunting for a couple of hours a man seems gigantic—who dragging me out of the mire said, in a voice of thunder,

“What are you doing here, you young spy?”

“Spy!” said I, terrified almost to death by the appearance of my deliverer, who was a huge man with a savage-looking beard, wearing, moreover, two pistols in his belt, “—I have been hunting a butterfly, sir.”

“Very likely!” said the man. “A fellow with long legs like yours may be better employed than hunting butterflies.”

“It was an Emperor,” said I earnestly.

“An Emperor!” said the fellow—“come, none of your nonsense. If it were the Pope himself who sent you as a spy upon us, you are not likely to go back to tell him what you have seen.”

“I have seen nothing,” said I.

“You have seen *me*,” said the man; “so now come.”

“But, sir,” said I, “what will Mr. Von Doddle say?”

“D—n Mr. Von Doddle.”

I had never heard Von Doddle so spoken of, before.

“He is one of the most active of the magistrates.”

“He is a good man,” said I, in hopes to conciliate my preserver.

“I am a bad one,” replied he; “so come.”

Whether I had meditated a refusal or not, would have made but very little difference on the present occasion, for having given me the hospitable invitation to go somewhere—whither I knew not—he stuck two of his hard iron knuckles into my shirt-collar and forced me to do his bidding—not without once or twice muttering great imprecations against my excellent pastor.

Having proceeded through the thicket for about half an hour, the worthy gentleman who favoured me with his protection, brought me to an open space, some forty or fifty yards square, when applying a whistle to his mouth, and giving a blast which made even the distant hills reverberate, he hearkened for a responsive signal, which soon was heard, and

in about ten minutes afterwards I was gratified with the sight of two other gentlemen, dressed in a somewhat similar costume to that worn by my preserver, on horseback, leading a third horse, which I naturally presumed to be intended for my friend.

"I have caught a young spy," said *my* friend to his friends—"a likely lad for what we want."

"A spy," said one of the respectable party—"why not shoot him?"

"He is a spy of Von Doddle's, the magistrate," said my friend.

"No spy, sir," said I.

"Of Von Doddle's?" said the other. "Let's strangle him!"

"No!" said my preserver. "Recollect—we want him."

"Want him!" said one.

"Luigi," said my friend, putting his finger to his nose.

"Oh!" said one of the party.

"Ah!" said the other.

"Come," said *my* friend, "jump up behind me on this horse, and we will take you where you will be happy and comfortable if you behave well; with plenty to eat and drink, and be merry withal."

"But," said I, "I am a Baron!—I —"

Whereupon they all three set up a loud shout; at the cessation of which, my preserver said,

"Yes—and hunt Emperors!"

At which the two other brutes, without knowing why or wherefore, or in what the joke originated, laughed like two great fools. I despised their stupidity infinitely more than I hated the other's malice.

Having no power of resistance, I mounted the horse, and, after about three-quarters of an hour's progress, at a walking pace, through rides "else unexplored by mortal," we reached a tuft of trees, into which we plunged, and again found ourselves advancing into the thick part of the forest, when my friend, again applying his whistle to his mouth, gave out a low but lengthened sound. In less than half a minute it was answered, and we proceeded some thirty yards, when he bade me jump down. I did so; and having dismounted, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and told me to fear nothing.

We walked forward. Two men, having taken charge of the three horses upon which we had travelled, and having thrust aside what appeared to me a heap of brambles, I discovered the head of a cave, into the passage of which my friend gently pushed me, and under almost paternal guidance I found myself at the entrance of a long vaulted room, which in an instant brought to my mind "*Gil Blas*," which Mrs. Von Doddle's maid had lent me to read two years before.

There it was—all the scene was realized—nine or ten men were sitting round a table exceedingly well covered; one or two very pretty women, much bigger and older than Bertha, but not so handsome, were also seated with them; one or two of the men were playing cards away from the rest; but there was plenty of every thing, and nothing could exceed the comfort which appeared to reign. The effect which the sudden transition from daylight to torchlight had upon me, was, I recollect, striking; and so was the joyousness of the scene. I had no doubt as to the company I had fallen among, but I began to doubt the accuracy of Von Doddle's taste, or the sincerity of his axioms, when

I saw infinitely more gaiety, and revelry, and conviviality, amongst the robbers against whom he was constantly warring, than I ever beheld under his own roof.

I was introduced to the party as a new acquaintance, and extremely well received. The women were very goodnatured to me, and I was treated to nice bits of the dishes; for which I was extremely grateful, considering that my appetite was unmitigated—sharpened by my Emperor-hunt, and by subsequent adventures, it was quite in a condition to receive all that could be given; and moreover, on seeing the plight my lower garments were in, from my accident in the mud, one of the fair ones volunteered to get me a change of clothing, which I put on gratefully. Having a few weeks afterwards ascertained that they had belonged to a boy of the name of Luigi, who died about three days before my arrival; and whose name, repeated by my friend to the other two, in the wood, acted as a charm in my favour, as indicating in one word, that I was destined to succeed to his duties and drudgeries, I did not feel quite so grateful for the “fit” as perhaps I ought.

After eating, and drinking some much better wine than any I had ever tasted at Von Doddle’s, I became sleepy, and exhibited signs of a desire to go to bed. One of the ladies undertook the office of showing me to my dormitory, and treated me with the greatest kindness. She was very good to me, and if it had not been for the recollection of Bertha, I could have been very happy where I was; for the novelty of the scene itself, was enough to please so young a mind as mine. “Tired nature,” however, gave me a sound sleep, except that now and then I found myself dreaming of my dear Bertha Von Doddle.

Little, however, did I expect what was to happen to me the next day—and the next. Little did I comprehend that the kindness of the good young lady who put me to bed, was intended to conciliate my regards for the females of the “gang”—ay, that is the word—generally, with whom I was destined to live for the future. When I awoke, and got up, my specific duties were pointed out as successor to Luigi. I was to boil the kettle—turn the spit—scour the pots—keep the covers nice and tidy—and while the men were out pursuing their professed avocations, to take my share of work with my female fellow-servants. Ah! Gil Blas again came into my mind; but as I knew Gil Blas had been in a robber’s cave, I did not venture to hint at my recollections to my fair companions, lest it might not be quite genteel to assimilate the pursuits of the “present company,” with those of the hero of Don Gusman Alfarache.

There can be no advantage in recapitulating the proceedings of seven months which I passed in this place, where one day was exactly “ditto” to the one preceding it. My hours of duty of sweeping, washing, roasting, eating, drinking, and sleeping went on; until, so completely are we creatures of habit, especially when one finds that exchange is almost impossible, I began at last to think less of poor dear Bertha, and to think Helen—a great fine large woman—who, as I said before, was very good to me, a charming creature. But she paid no attention to my civilities, and the only she thing that seemed to care for me, was an old being who was rather pleased with me, and whom they called Bagga; her real name being Sala Baga,



a half black, and less than half human creature of some seventy years old.

Seven months, then, had I been in this place; but without a hope—without a chance of escape—so I made the best of it, did all I was bid to do, and not only obeyed my mistresses, but was joyous with the male guardians of the cave; for it should be remarked, that, whenever the main body of robbers was out, there were always two or three left at home as a reserve. Luckily, one day, the two guardians, finding the peace establishment dull, were pleased to dissipate, in a game of sequin hazard, and a bottle of the best wine the “Cave” afforded; the women—that is to say, the two effectives—had gone to the brook, either to bathe, or wash linen, with neither of which pursuits I had any thing to do, and Bagga was fast asleep.\*

I watched the gamblers with intense interest, until I found that they had begun to nod over their second bottle; and as they were playing for what is called love—which I soon found out in gaming means nothing—they, too, became equally somniferous with Old Bagga.

Did I lose a moment?—not I. The instant I saw the two dicers so perfectly *tête-à-tête* that their heads fell together over the table, either of them taking the other for the side of the cave, up I sprang, rushed

\* All this seems like a romance, and the history of caves and banditti much on a par with the wonders of giants and dragons, and wild men of the woods; but, if the reader turns to the number of this Magazine for last July, he will there find an official report from the Russian police of the existence, not more than a year or eighteen months since, of a band of robbers, most extraordinary as to extent and power; and, in addition to that, in the *Morning Post* newspaper of last Wednesday se’nnight we find the following heart-rending account—for such under the circumstances it is—of the destruction of a much more formidable banditti than that of Kara Aly, which we have before recorded, or that into which poor Widdlezig has here fallen. The *Morning Post* of December 19, 1838, says, “The following romantic story is related as a fact in a letter from Thessalonica, dated November 10:—‘Mustapha Pacha, reputed to be the ablest of all the police-officers of Turkey, has just delivered Macedonia from a formidable band of brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he took are too singular not to be mentioned. Having learned that a young Albanian girl, bearing the name of Theodosia Maria Samik, residing at Mielnik, a town on the frontier of Greece, had secret communications with the robbers, Mustapha had her watched and questioned, but could not obtain any disclosures. He then engaged one of his lieutenants, named Ismael, a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to go and endeavour to gain her affections. This officer succeeded to such a degree, that she became warmly attached to him, and informed him that her real name was Eudoxia Theresa Gherundaxi, and that she was the niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gherundaxi, whose troop amounted to between 1400 and 1500 men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of their errant and adventurous life, and urged Ismael to join them. He pretended to yield to her instances, and then learned further from her, that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band on October 28, in the forest of Pheloidoe. All this Ismael communicated to Mustapha; but, in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and, as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his forces. The greatest number of the brigands fell on the spot, preferring death on the field to capture and an ignominious execution. A few escaped for the moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are now waiting their sentence in the citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief, Gherundaxi, whose head was cloven by a stroke from a sabre, and the young Lieutenant Ismael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket-ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all the killed, and has paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Eudoxia, on discovering the treachery of her lover, has fallen into a state of complete abandonment, and is believed to have entirely lost her senses. Mustapha has taken her into his own palace, and ordered that every care her deplorable condition requires shall be lavished upon her.’”

along the passage, and found myself clear of my prison—free—in the light—in the air!—Not but I had been frequently taken by Old Bagga into a dell to which another part of the cave opened, and in which was the spring whence we got all our water. But, when I *did* get there, which way was I to turn to get out of the forest? I knew nothing about it, nor, as it turned out, did it much signify; for I had not consumed five minutes in considering what I should do, before the tramp of horses' feet induced me to take to my heels faster back into the cavern than I had even darted out of it. It was *my* friend and *his* friends returning from an expedition; and, as I calculated that my appearance above ground would induce them to be more severe with me when they got me below it, I hurried as quickly as I could to my old position, where I found both my friends, whom I had left relying upon each other for support, prostrate upon the ground, with the table upset between them; at which I was rather grieved, inasmuch as it struck me I might be blamed for not taking better care of the economy of the "*Salon*."

In came the gentlemen; and the old history of littering down the horses, summoning the ladies, ordering something to eat and drink, and depositing or dividing into shares whatever might have been the spoils of the night, took place; and again went on the same scene of revelry.

I was very young, but I wondered why they had not more ladies of the party. I thought to myself, if my black-eyed Bertha had been there I could have been as happy as the day was long—and the night too—but there seemed no love amongst these people, except at play—it was all riot and noise, and the affection of the two ladies for the twenty gentlemen seemed general, and very unlike the comfortable doveliness of Mr. and Mrs. Von Doddle.

Well, to cut the matter short; in this cave, with this party, I remained two years and fourteen days. Bagga died—poor old thing—and, although I hated her while alive—she was the first human being I had ever seen a corpse—when I looked at her, stretched out stiff and pale, and saw those lips closed for ever, with which she used to talk to me till I almost wished her dead, I would have given my right hand to hear one single word from them. The moment I beheld her helpless, motionless, unconscious—and, oh! so cold she was—I felt that I had behaved ill to her—that she *did* care for me, and *had been* kind to me.

We could make no coffin for her—the women sewed her up in her sheet, and she was laid in a hole, called a grave, which they dug in the dell. There was no prayer said over her—it would have been a mockery there. I confess I *did* cry throughout that night, although I was then sixteen years old and more.—Poor old Bagga!

It may seem strange to some, that a very young man should have been so deeply affected by the loss of a very old woman; but such is the force of habit, that I positively pined after her; besides which, I was kept more strictly after I lost her. Whether the reserve who remained at home, had received any hint as to my attempted flight, or whether they fancied they saw a restlessness in my manner, which had not previously exhibited itself, I know not; all I know is, that my tether was considerably shortened; and, in fact, I became quite a close prisoner.

The longest day will have an end ; and, on the fifteenth morning of the third year of my inhuman inhumation, I was preparing an uncommonly nice mess for dinner (aided by Helen), a tempting olio of fowls, and onions, and sweet herbs, with all sorts of tempting sauces, when my ears were saluted by the sharp, twanging reports of five or six carbines, followed by a rush into the cave of eight or ten of the body, one of whom was bleeding at the breast ; a cry followed, and a heavy trap-door, which covered the entrance to the cave was lowered, by which, for the time, the inmates were saved.

“ We are betrayed, Helen,” said one of the party ; “ the thicket is surrounded by soldiers. We must try and escape by the dell. Seven are gone—dead—flat on their backs. There is no time to be lost—if they are not aware of the other opening, we may yet be spared.

Helen, heroine as she was, let go the huge kettle, in filling which with savoury eatables she had been so assiduously employed, and rushed towards the other entrance of the cave ; the other lady belonging to us was speedily alarmed, and also betook herself to flight. A sudden explosion of gunpowder followed this step, by which the heavy trap-door above was shivered to pieces ; and, as I heard the footsteps of the invaders rapidly approach, I took advantage of my nimbleness and slimness, and leaping up over what served as a fireplace, jammed myself into the cranny, which, when the fire was lighted, did duty for a chimney.

I was not one moment too soon. The troops, in two minutes afterwards, occupied the cavern, and a rigorous search took place, but the survivors in the conflict above had escaped ; some remarks upon the excellence of the *cuisine*, made as the officer of the party looked at the prepared dinner, led him to the hearth ; and all I feared was, that, being tempted by its appearance and flavour, upon which I piqued myself, they would, perhaps, have lighted a fire for the purpose of trying its merits—a circumstance which must inevitably have brought me out of my hiding-place.

They, however, were soldiers, and too deeply intent upon the strict performance of their duty to care for any thing else ; but my horror was by no means insignificant, when I heard the officer give directions for securing both entrances of the cave till the morning, when the legal authorities would repair to the spot, and make search for the vast accumulation of stolen property which it was supposed to contain.

The idea of being shut up in this dismal place by myself all night, only to be apprehended as a thief in the morning, was more than I could bear. Judge, therefore, my relief, when I heard the same officer order down all the men to the other end of the cave, where, he said, he apprehended some resistance, since, as they had defeated the robbers at the upper entrance, there could be no necessity for leaving any guard there.

I was too young to know much of military tactics, but it showed me, that the officer's regard for his own personal security led him, upon this occasion, to take a somewhat injurious step in withdrawing all his men from the upper entrance—however, he did so—and it was not more than ten minutes after the last soldier had left the cavern by the dell side, that I quitted my hiding-place, and ran, for the second time since my confinement, up the steep passage, which led to the copse.

The first thing I saw was the body of *my* friend—my original patron in the society—with a terrible wound through the middle of his face. I

recognised one or two others, but did not dare to look on death in such hideous shapes. I took to my heels as fast as I could, not knowing what I did, until I reached a tuft of trees, under which lay a heap of leaves, wherewith I covered myself, resolved to wait where I was until the military had taken their departure from the neighbourhood.

I was not wrong in my determination, for I had accidentally taken the very *route* which the soldiers were also to take on their return to the town where they were quartered, and which I felt perfectly convinced was the town, of all others, that I desired to see, and where the dear Von Doddles were located; but at my time of life, having been immured from the world for upwards of two years, I could not decide whether I ought to give myself up to the officer and tell my own story—which I now see would have been the thing to do—and therefore lay *perdu* as they passed me, having in the midst of them five of my intimate friends, with their hands tied behind them, and Helen and her fair companion tied together.

It was not very long after this that I shook off the leaves, and followed, as I thought, the track through the forest by which the troops had left it. However, I certainly missed that particular path, and, bearing away more to the right, found the forest get less thick and dark, until, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached a high-road. I looked round, but saw no object that I recognised. It was in a valley, and I could discern nothing which indicated to me the course I should pursue, and I determined, being, moreover, a little tired, to sit myself down on a stone by the road-side, and wait until somebody should come by, of whom I might inquire the nearest way to my native town, and to the house of the dear Mr. and Mrs., and Miss—Von Duddle.

I waited—and watched—but it seemed a dull part of the country, and nobody came; until, at last, I saw approaching two caravans full of wild beasts and birds, driven by a huge black man in a pair of crimson short breeches, spangled theatrically, without stockings, and having a long brown great-coat over his gay costume; he being armed with a long whip, and walking by the side of his moving menagerie.

Whango Jang—for such I found to be his name—looked at me as he approached. I rose from the stone upon which I was seated, and asked him, in the most plaintive voice, if he could tell me the way to Mr. Von Duddle's.

“Von Duddle!” said the black. “What, the protestant clergyman?”

“Yes,” said I.

“Get upon this first cart, my boy,” said he, “and I will set you down at his door before supper-time.”

“Thank you,” said I. “I promise you he will reward you for your trouble.”

The black man smiled, and showed his white teeth. Up I got, and in less than five minutes began to think of Bertha, casting into the deep shade of a long perspective the cave and all its horrors, my long captivity, and every thing else; never thinking to myself that, as I must have been accounted dead, Bertha might probably have got married. That never occurred to me—and on I went, watching every glade and every tuft of trees, to see amidst them the roof of my dear pastor, and almost parent's house. But no!—on we went. The black man sang,

and his beasts roared; but the sun began to decline, and no Von Doddle. After a good long drag, we stopped at a very small and very bad inn; but to me, unused to travelling, and young enough to care for nothing, it seemed snug, although the rooms were dark, and by no means delicately clean.

"When shall we reach home?" said I to the black man.

"Not to-night, I fear," said the black man to me. "One of my horses has fallen lame, and we shall be obliged to sleep here. To-morrow, you will be snug at Mr. Von Doddle's."

Now although I had passed one-seventh of my life in the society of the greatest villains on or under the earth, I myself was as innocent as Bertha in all worldly matters, and if I had had any suspicions that Whango Jang was playing me false, the lessons which my excellent pastor had taught me, that every black I might meet with was my friend and brother, would have set my suspicions to sleep—but I had no suspicion, for why *should* he deceive me? So when morning came I helped to clean the horses, to which I was pretty well accustomed, and get them harnessed all ready for a start. Start we did, and travel we did; we stopped on the road to feed the beasts, and after them—ourselves. We were again in motion; again "the shepherd (to use the words of Dr. Zlippzlopp) drove home his flock, again the reapers quitted the golden field, again the shadows lengthened, again the glorious sun dipped his bright beams in the western sea." But no red-tiled roof appeared; another hour passed and the black man, and the tiger, and the lion, and the porcupine, and the ostrich, and the monkeys, with myself to boot, had passed the Neapolitan frontier. In one hour more, and when Whango Jang thought himself secure, he changed his manner towards me, and instead of speaking humbly and encouragingly, said,

"Now, you young vagabond, I have got you safe, you may thank your lucky stars I did not give you up to justice. Look at your jacket—where did you get *that*, but in the cave of some banditti—eh? Is it not so? You are a young thief."

"No," said I, "I am no thief—I was forced to live with thieves."

"Ha, ha, ha," said Whango, "I thought I was right—and how long did you live among them?"

"Two years and fourteen days," said I, innocently.

"Well," said Whango, "now look you: by your own confession I have your life in my hands; especially after the murder of the Viceroy's son by your particular friends, at least if I may judge of the place where I picked you up; but if you behave well, and do as I bid you, I shall say nothing about it. My boy who used to look after the tiger, affronted him last week, and the tiger killed him—I want just such a fellow as you to take his place."

"To be killed," said I, "to please the tiger!"

"No," said my sable patron, "not so; I will take care of the tiger myself, you must look after my ostrich—you need not be afraid of a bird; are you content? if not I shall hand you over to the officers of justice."

I did not like to affront the black man—I did not like to be handed over to the officers of justice, and I did not mind taking care of a bird, provided that I might, by patient suffering for a certain time, lull the suspicions of Whango, and so eventually get out of his



clutches. I therefore professed my readiness to do his bidding, not altogether prepared for one circumstance, which certainly did not transpire in the early part of the negotiation, namely, that I was to be locked up every night in company with my charge, a precaution, for which, as I have since found out, Whango Jang had a double reason. The one founded on the fear of my running away from him, and the other on the apprehension that if I went about, even without the intention of eloping, my story might get wind, and he become amenable to the laws for his abduction of me ; so that while *he* was trembling lest I should quit him, *I* was trembling lest *he* should make good his charge against me of having voluntarily joined a band of robbers. To invalidate these statements I could by no possibility adduce a single witness. It will scarcely be believed that under the influence of our varied feelings, Whango Jang remained my master, and I little better than his slave for more than a year and a half, in fact till I was just eighteen ; during which period I had, in addition to the care of the ostrich, the occupation of stirring up the beasts with a long pole whenever we were in a town where they were exhibited. As for the ostrich, it loved me, would run after me playfully, and at last Whango Jang having found that I could make it dance by dancing about before it, with the skirts of my jacket up, I had to perform that feat some twenty times in each day.

We traversed the greater part of Germany, zig-zagging about, in order to make the tour more profitable, and I suppose such is the force of habit, that I should have been to this moment a bird-keeper if I had not been, fortunately for myself, seized with a fit of zoological inquisitiveness which shortly put an end to my career in that line.

One day our porcupine died—and Whango, lamenting over his loss, was collecting its quills, of which he hoped to make something in the way of curiosity, when we fell into discourse as to the power which that animal has of darting those quills at an enemy, which Whango declared he had never seen it do ; and so from one thing we got talking of another, and when I was going to my den—literally—I said to myself, “ I wonder whether the story of an ostrich being able to digest iron is fabulous too.” Whereupon, the opportunity being excitingly at hand, I resolved upon trying the experiment ; and accordingly, instead of its ordinary supper, I administered to my pet, the key of the kitchen door, which was hanging up close by, and two or three smooth-edged stones which I picked up in the yard. The bird, which was more than usually hungry, made no scruple of swallowing the whole collection, in addition to its ordinary food ; after which, I was, as usual, locked into my retreat, and in due time fell fast asleep.

It was with infinite satisfaction I found in the morning that the ostrich, although not so lively as heretofore, was looking well after its night's repast ; and so perfectly satisfied with it, that it declined its usual breakfast ; a circumstance which I intended to turn to account in getting into the good graces of my master, by announcing to him the great saving in provisions which my proficiency in natural history was likely to ensure him ; and when we began our move for the day, every minute seemed an hour, until I could open to him the valuable secret of my success.

About noon we arrived in a valley, formed by the mountains of Hartzburg, when we called a halt, and Whango having drawn the caravans up under a large tree, we ate some cold meat and bread, and drank

some very light wine, and then, being tired, he laid himself down to sleep, giving me strict orders to be watchful and wake him on the appearance of any travellers. Scarcely, however, had he settled himself comfortably when he was suddenly alarmed by the screams of his ostrich, and the flapping of its wings against the sides of the caravan. He jumped up, and opening the door of the cage, beheld the unhappy bird lying on its back in the greatest agony. It gave one last look at Whango and—died.

Never shall I forget the expression of Whango's countenance—a black man turning almost white with anger is a fearful sight. I presume my looks betrayed my feelings; for, seizing me by the collar, and anathematizing me in the coarsest terms, he insisted upon knowing what I had been doing to his treasure—his ostrich—his bird of birds, the like of which was nowhere to be found upon earth.

I shook myself out of his grasp, and falling on my knees, told him the whole truth as related to the experiment I had made. Whereupon he seized, what he called in his *menagerie*, the “taming whip,” and began to belabour me over the head and shoulders as if I had been a refractory tiger; the which correction, much as I might have deserved it, I could not stand: whereupon I made a start and taking to my heels, ran as hard as I could from the scene of my mishap, perfectly assured that Whango Jang dare not run after me, and leave his beasts—for bird he now had none—by themselves, and equally satisfied that fifteen stone of sable mortality was not likely to come up with somewhat about half the weight of youthful elasticity. In vain did the big black man call to me—beckon to me—assure me I was forgiven—that nothing more should be said about the bird.—No, no; I had seen what his temper *could* be, I had felt the lash of his “taming whip,” and on I ran, leaving him, panting and blowing as he was, to pack up his dead ostrich and travel by himself.

I confess I was very sorry for the poor bird, yet, nevertheless, the result of the experiment was perfectly satisfactory, as exhibiting the fallacy of a generally-received vulgar error.

In my present state, aware exactly that Whango could journey only on the high-roads, I struck off into a forest, which lay on my right hand; not without an instinctive apprehension of being clawed up by some new robber, who might consign me again to mother earth before my time. However, I proceeded cautiously, having now plenty of time upon my hands, in hopes, if I could, of penetrating the wood, and getting out upon some other road, which I surmised might be on the other side of it. But in the midst of my cogitations and projects, I was overtaken by a tremendous storm of rain and hail, which came pattering down amongst the leaves like small shot. Wind, flashes of lightning, accompanied with terrific claps of thunder, soon added their appalling influence in this attack of the elements, and by the same code of philosophy to which the ostrich was indebted for its death, having learned that nothing is more dangerous than remaining under lofty trees during a thunder-storm, I was delighted to find myself at the edge of the wood, although I was absolutely saturated by the rain, which poured down in torrents. Judge what was my delight, at seeing a small cottage on the wood's side, within fifty yards of me. I ran towards it as fast as I could, and found easy admittance, inasmuch as the

door was open, and I observed a gentlemanly-looking man, in a shooting-jacket, with two dogs at his feet, assiduously shaking off the wet from his clothes and his hat; while an old woman, apparently by his direction, was kindling a fire, summer as it was, for the purpose of drying him.

The gentleman was evidently startled at my appearance, as a stranger in so wild and unfrequented a country; but seeing, I suppose, that I did not look very guilty or very wicked, he asked me what brought me there, in a tone which implied, as I thought, that he was disposed to be kind to me. So I told him the truth—that is as far as my natural experiment upon the ostrich, and my escape from Whango Jang went,—sinking of course, the history of the cave and the robbers.

As I anticipated, the gentleman behaved with the greatest good-nature; he gave me some brandy from the bottle which he carried, and finding that I was really ignorant of the locality into which I had fallen, told me if I chose to follow him to his house some three miles off, he would see what he could do for me. I was enraptured at his offer, and kissed his hand in token of my gratitude.

As we walked towards his residence, he never exchanged a syllable with me. He talked to his dogs, who jumped about him in playful acknowledgment of his attentions; nor did I feel myself much cheered during our progress, until I saw smoke issuing from three or four goodly chimneys, from amongst a clump of lofty trees. A few minutes more brought us to his gate. We entered the court-yard, where there were plenty of servants, and plenty more dogs. He spoke to his men, and encouraged his hounds, and then told me to follow him to his own room. I did so, and entered a large, oak-panelled kind of parlour, ornamented with the horns of numerous stags, which had been killed during the last half-century. A very few books lay huddled together upon one small table, while on a larger one, near the middle of the room, was laid a cloth covered with all the preparations for a substantial meal, such as I had not seen for many months.

We were received exceedingly well by a lady, whom I afterwards found out was the housekeeper, and two boys of fifteen and sixteen, who struck me very much to resemble the said housekeeper's master. One helped him off with his wet boots, another brought him a comfortable loose woollen gown; his pipe was handed to him, and he threw himself upon a sofa, and smoked while the dinner was getting ready.

"Well," said the worthy gentleman to me, "come here. You have interested me about you; if what you have told me is true, I will see what I can do for you. I am the superintendent of the mines here. I may be of use—but your history must begin much earlier than the period at which you joined the showman—what is your name?"

"My name, sir," said I, "is Widdlezig, of Zizzlestein."

"What!" cried mine host, dropping his pipe, and jumping from the sofa, "Widdlezig! who ran away from the house of Mr. Von Doddle, in Naples?"

"I am he!" said I, astonished to find any body who knew, and seemed so much interested about me, "but I did *not* run away."

I cannot express the warmth of manner in which the superintendent seized me by the hand, and pressed it to his heart; he seemed quite overcome; he caught me to his heart, and almost sobbed aloud.

"This is most extraordinary—it seems incredible—are you indeed



the boy Widdlezig—can it be—tell me my dear young man, what can have brought you hither so far from Italy?”

Whereupon, having no duplicity in my nature, nor any reason for reserve, I related the whole of my history from the time of my capture by the robbers to the present day.

“Then,” said the superintendent of the mines, “you must know that I was the most intimate friend of your revered father and your charming mother. I am the Count Waggenheim of whom I dare say you have heard, while under the care of the exemplary Von Duddle. I travelled with your esteemed parents, and only four years ago, heard from your dear mother that you had ran away from that admirable man, and that in spite of all inquiries you had never been heard of.”

This was indeed the Count Waggenheim, who nearly nineteen years before, shared the affections of my beautiful mother with her beautiful poodle, and who, after his return from that very tour, had been appointed to the office which he now held. A change of habit seemed to have suited him; for the duties of his vocation he had given up what is called the gay world, and associating with sportsmen and the miners themselves, had formed new connexions and entered into pursuits which, as he advanced in years, seemed to agree with him admirably.

He had not married—but as I have just said, he had a housekeeper called Caroline—a very handsome woman, who it seems had attracted his attention by her misfortunes, and eventually induced him to take her and her two orphans—their father having died somewhere abroad—into his establishment; which orphans, as I remarked the moment I saw them, were by one of those odd coincidences which will sometimes occur, as like the Baron Waggenheim himself as possible.

All these explanations between me and the Baron were made before a most excellent dinner was put down on the table—when that was done, Caroline seated herself at the board, as was her usual custom, so did her orphans; but when she saw that the Baron took the greatest notice of me, placed me at his right hand, and helped me first to all the nice bits, she grew as I thought rather sulky and silent, nor was her temper at all sweetened by a remark of mine host, that he really thought he perceived a likeness between me and her two boys.

In the course of the evening we had a most interesting conversation. I found that my mother, whom I of course did not remember, had been dead about eighteen months, having survived my father for more than ten years; that upon her death it appeared that my paternal estate was so deeply involved, that the relatives of both parties had relinquished all claim to it, and that I, being supposed dead, the whole of the property had been sold for the benefit of the creditors. So, there was an end of all my bright prospects—there, too, was an end of the hope I had always cherished of offering my hand to Bertha, who had my heart already in her keeping; and although delighted to have found an asylum, the happiness I should otherwise have felt was embittered by the reflection that I dare venture to make my feelings known to the amiable daughter of the respectable Von Duddle.

Well, I must be brief. The Baron declared himself my personal friend—Caroline, the housekeeper, began to scowl and thwart me in every possible way—the boys avoided me, and when the Baron gave me an appointment under him, and put me into possession of numerous

books tending to enlighten me in the science of mineralogy, I could not but see that they were labouring under the most signal and serious envy and jealousy; nevertheless I studied hard and laboured much, and at the end of six months had attained a knowledge of my *métier* which delighted the Baron, gained me the respect of the miners, and even astonished myself.

I began to feel happy—but still my happiness had the one alloy—where was Bertha? when should I be rich enough to address her in the strain of a lover worthy of her hand? Over and over again, did I sit down to write to her father, and as often drop the pen;—why should I take advantage of any influence I might fancy I possessed over her, to draw her away from her happy, peaceful home, into the troubles of the world, rendered only comfortable to me by the benevolence of the Baron, who might be taken from it any day, and then what had I to trust to? I should now be, excepting for the trifling salary which I received from the Baron, a beggar! So I resolved to go on hoping in silence.

But I was not destined even to so much comfort as that. The malicious, malignant Caroline and her imps strengthened in their hatred and detestation of me exactly in proportion as the kindness of the Baron increased. Until at last, one day, I was recounting at dinner a conversation which I had had with two of the miners, who assured me that one of the goblins—of whom there are crowds on the Hartz Mountains—had been into the mine the night before, and destroyed all that they had been doing for the three previous days. I said that I had laughed at the notion, and that the men were quite shocked at my impiety.

To my utter astonishment, Caroline, whose influence over the Baron was very great, burst into tears and left the room, followed by her hopeful orphans; nor was I less surprised when the Baron himself, looking extremely grave, said that it was a serious thing to endeavour to combat the prejudices of the miners, and that a belief in the existence of those unearthly beings was so strongly impressed upon their minds, that to disregard them was looked upon as a proof of infidelity certain to be provocative of the most serious calamities.

I wondered—and should have remonstrated, but the woman returned, and announced that the miners were all assembled to declare that they could not venture into the mines while the unbelieving overseer remained;—nay, added she, “already have the effects of this outrage been made manifest—your fleetest hunter is gone, although the stable-door was locked, and your favourite dog Carlo is dead.”

Imagining myself perfectly able to account for these disasters without the intervention of magic, and not believing that my most excellent friend the Baron could possibly lend himself to such absurdities, I started up to defend my conduct and deny, of course, the existence of such supernatural beings.

“Widdlezig,” said the Baron, with a gravity which, if it had not promised exceedingly disagreeable results would really have been too comical to endure, “you are in error. It would be ruinous to endeavour to meddle with the prejudices of the worthy men who work in these mountains. They believe that a goblin has had dominion here, for nearly a thousand years; nor can I,” added he with a portentous shake of his head, “affect to disbelieve its existence. Hundreds of persons during that

period have felt its influence. It is under the favour of these inexplicable beings our mines prosper; it is in the fear of these mysterious creatures our miners work."

"Why," said I, laughingly, "do you mean to say that they believe in ghosts?"

"Say!" said the housekeeper, "Baron, Baron, he is an atheist—"

"Leave us," said the Baron to the housekeeper.—She went. "This," continued he, "is a very serious matter; between ourselves, I have no great faith in the matter, but all these men have. It is clear you have outraged their feelings—you must go—nothing but your dismissal will tranquillize them. I must announce your removal—stay here till I return."

This was a pretty affair!—Here was I, who had been confined for two years in a robber's cave for trying to catch a butterfly—horsewhipped by a black for a philosophical experiment on an ostrich—now to be turned adrift out of house and home because I had the obstinacy not to believe in ghosts. "Well," said I, "what a world this is!"

I staid as I was bidden. I listened; and after hearing a confused noise arising from the subdued murmuring of a number of persons, heard a single voice speaking somewhat authoritatively. When that had ceased, shouts rent the air, and the whole body marched off, singing one of their popular songs, which never sounded so inharmonious to me as upon that particular night.

The Baron returned, and, although visibly much affected, told me that he had been obliged to promise the miners that I should be forthwith dismissed, and never again appear amongst them. "But," said he, "I will give you a letter to a most liberal and excellent friend of mine, no less a person than Prince Felderstein, whose territories, it is true, are not large, but whose spirit is noble, and whose liberality is unbounded—as far as his means permit. He is fond of the arts, of science, and encourages all sorts of accomplishments. I am sure, with the qualities you possess, you will make yourself acceptable to him; and, considering the precarious state of your finances, you must contrive to gain his favour. I have suggested his giving you any suitable appointment in his household, and you must not be too proud to accept of it, let it be what it may. The total ruin of your family estate—small as it originally was—will fully justify your humility in the eyes of the world; but here you must not stay."

After this speech, which he delivered with great feeling and energy, he presented me with the amount of my last half-year's pay in his service, and a letter to the Prince, advising me to be clear of the neighbourhood before the miners were about, or he would not answer for the consequences. Accordingly I took an affectionate leave [of him, and was quite astonished at his agitation when we parted.

In the morning I was off before breakfast, convinced, in my own mind, that the only goblin in the mines was the housekeeper—a conviction in which I was considerably strengthened, by seeing her, as I crossed the courtyard, grinning exultingly at one of the windows, with one of her brats on either side of her.

I need hardly say that I lost no time in proceeding to the court of Prince Felderstein. I hired a horse to carry me to the inn in the capital of his principality (which was but fifteen miles square), and

having been properly imbued with a sense of my own humble circumstances, carried all my wardrobe in a leathern portmanteau fastened on the front of my saddle. Wonderful to relate, nothing happened to me of any importance on my way, and I arrived at my destination late in the second evening of my journey.

At that period of my life I had never seen a prince, that I recollected, and I was proportionably nervous; but as it was late when I reached the sign of the Goldene Sonne, I resolved to have some supper, and sleep there, deferring my visit to the palace till the morning, but nevertheless letting it be understood by the people of the house that I was an accredited visiter to the court.

I was exceedingly well treated and well served, had a capital bed, and the most assiduous attendance, and heard the most unqualified praises of his Highness, who was pronounced to be the most admirable, generous, amiable, excellent prince in all Christendom; all of which greatly encouraged me in my proceedings.

Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, with my heart palpitating and my knees shaking, I repaired to the palace, which, compared with the bettermost houses in Naples, still strong in my memory, did not strike me as awfully grand. I advanced to the entrance, where I was stopped; and mentioning to an extremely civil soldier-like man that I had a letter for his Highness, he said something which I did not exactly understand, and bade me go through a doorway on the left, which led into a long passage, into which several other doors opened—at which I was to knock, or through which I was to go further, I knew not—so I stood still, looking very like a fool. Presently, a gaily-dressed officer passed along the passage, who, seeing my embarrassment, inquired what I wanted. To him I explained that I came from Baron Waggenheim, and had a letter to the Prince.

To my great delight, he showed me into one of the rooms in which, I presume, it was at first intended I should wait, and, taking my letter from me, told me he should be back in a few minutes. There, of course, I was planted. I had nothing to do, but to stop till he returned—and wait I did. I heard the palace-clock chime and strike, and strike and chime, half-hour after half-hour and hour after hour. During this suspense, one or two persons belonging to the establishment opened the door of the room, and looked in; and one came in, and unlocked a sort of cupboard, and took out a book and went away—all of which proceedings I was vain enough to imagine had some sort of reference to my recommendation to his Highness, but I was mistaken; for, after waiting nearly four hours, a servant, in a splendid livery, made his appearance. He began to lay a cloth for dinner, evidently for three persons—this looked well—I felt that the Baron's letter had had its effect, and I was about to become an inmate of the palace at once. Here I was again in error; for, after the servant had taken the initiative with regard to the cloth, and the forks, and the spoons, one of the persons, who, in the early part of my stay had looked into the room, re-entered, and asked me what it was I pleased to want.

At the moment, knowing very little of the world, and not a great deal of the language, I thought he meant to ask what I should like for dinner; but, as his manner seemed to negative any such civil invi-

tation, I told him that I had brought a letter from Baron Waggenheim to his Highness, and that an officer had taken it from me to the Prince.

"His Highness has been out these two hours," said the man, "you can have no answer to-day; and this room is wanted, for the dinner of the equerries is waiting."

"Then," said I, feeling a little of my family blood mounting, "when can I see the Prince?"

"See his Highness!" said the man, smiling. "Upon my word, I don't know; but you had better come here to-morrow morning, or leave word where you are staying in town,"—town sounded well, there were in it but twenty-two houses besides the *Goldene Sonne*,—"and you will be sent for when your presence is required."

I certainly had never been in a palace before, but it is quite impossible to describe the "tail-between-leggishness" which I felt as I retraced my steps along the passages, and had to cross the hall, where were porters, and pages, and guards, all of whom, as I felt it, seemed to be saying, "who the deuce are *you*?"

When I got back to "mine inn," I resolved not to face the difficulty again; who the gentleman was with the embroidery, who had taken my letter, I knew not, or whether I should ever hear any more about it. I staid at home all day—dined as before, and was well treated—slept as before, and rested well; but I began to despair of success, when, on the third morning after breakfast, the very officer, who had taken my letter, appeared in the front of the "*Goldene Sonne*," on a snorting, pawing horse, followed by an orderly. He dismounted—I heard my name mentioned—I saw the melting devotion of my landlady to the embroidery, and was quite delighted when it was ushered into my little sitting-room.

The object of the visit was to invite me to an audience of his Highness before he went out for his accustomed ride. I had, of course, nothing to do but to obey the command, and accordingly proceeded to the palace at the appointed time; and, without any of the difficulties which had two days before impeded my progress, found myself in the presence.

I never was more delighted in my life than with the reception his Highness gave me; instead of all the pride and formality which I anticipated, I found the Prince at once graceful and gay, and infinitely less stiff in his manner than his menial who had ordered me out of the equerries' dining-room. He spoke to me of the Baron, seemed perfectly acquainted with my family, and the circumstances connected with it, and was graciously pleased to inform me that my mother's extravagance had completely ruined my father, and that she had excited the greatest disgust after his death, by an affectation of grief and respect for his memory, when it was notorious to every body, that she had hated and ridiculed him during his life, and had been the cause of all his misfortunes.

His Highness, indeed, was so communicative that I felt my cheeks tingle—but that he did not see—he, however, told me, that I had arrived at a favourable moment, for he had an office in his household vacant, which he thought might be acceptable to me—the rangership of his Highness's parks. I was startled at the importance of the post, and was but too happy to [accept it with gratitude. The Baron had, it appears, partly in earnest and partly, I presume, in jest, communi-



cated to the Prince the fact of my having a great love for natural history, which passion, as his Highness's parks were famous for being stocked with the rarest animals of all countries and of all descriptions, would render the situation particularly agreeable to me, while my attainments and love of the pursuit might make me a valuable officer to his Highness.

His Highness having signified his pleasure upon this point, referred me to the comptroller of the Household for all further particulars, and I bowed myself out. The comptroller followed me, and I went to his room, when I was made acquainted with the amount of my salary and the advantages of apartments in the palace, and a cover at one of the tables in the establishment. No sooner said than done—the keepers were sent for, and ordered to show me round the domain and explain the particular points to which my attention would necessarily be called. I fixed the next morning for the expedition and trembled at the responsibility I had incurred.

When the morning came, I repaired to the palace, and found my subordinates in waiting. I inquired if there was a horse ready for me; whereupon my subordinates smiled, as if such an animal were not absolutely necessary to my visitation, and so it turned out; his Highness's park was not much more than a mile and a half in circumference, but it was beautifully kept, and as I had been previously told, adorned by numerous curious animals, who consorted amicably together. I felt that I should take a pride in maintaining it in all its beauty, and thanked my stars that I had found such a retreat from the cares of the world; moreover, as time wore on, and I began to make friends with my companions at the palace, I found my position growing every day more and more agreeable.

His Highness very frequently would ride round the park, attended only by myself, and taking the Baron's hint, I had "read up" for my duty, and had already attained sufficient knowledge to please the Prince, and convince him that I knew something.

Of all the objects in his collection two beautiful Spanish sheep were his especial favourites—never did Prince more prize animals than those—the *Toison d'or* itself would scarcely have repaired their loss, and he never rode in the park without going to see them, and never left them without talking of them for half an hour afterwards. It was, of course, my great object to attend to the comfort of the Spaniards, and to see them well tended and taken care of—and my assiduity, I had reason to know, was highly approved of; for at a grand birthday ball, when I had the honour to be present in my handsome uniform of office, and not looking as ill became a Widdlezig, his Highness presented me to the Countess Von Friedburg, who was a very great lady at court, and who deigned to bestow upon me a smile of gracious approbation. Encouraged by these flattering testimonials of princely goodness, my assiduity was doubled. The Spanish sheep had never looked so well—the other animals thrived prodigiously, and I began to calculate, as it was clear I was fixed for life in my office, when I should have accumulated a sufficient sum to make my projected offer to Bertha.

But, mark!—

One day I was going my rounds, seeing that all was right (and my duty had become a pleasure to me), when just by the side of a very pretty summer-house kind of pavilion, and directly at the back of a

thick shrub, I perceived that a large hole had been made in the wall of the park. It immediately struck me that it was the prelude to a robbery, and I started back with mingled surprise and delight, at having discovered the attempt. I instantly called as loud as I could, to one of the keepers whom I saw at a distance, in order to send for the stonemason to build it up, and so defeat the marauders, who no doubt had a design upon the Spanish sheep, or some other valuables; but having ineffectually endeavoured to make the man hear, I was not a little surprised by seeing a little boy of what was called the town jump through the hole, and touching his cap give me a note; having delivered which, he jumped back again, and was out of sight in a moment.

I opened the missive of course, and read,

“If Mr. Widdlezig wishes to keep his office, he will leave the park-wall as it is.

“A FRIEND.”

There was something striking and ominous in this brief appeal; but, as it was probably part of the design of the sheep-stealers, I was resolved, although I obeyed the injunction it contained, to watch the approach of the marauders, well armed; and if my suspicions were confirmed, make them pay a severe penalty for their intrusion.

Accordingly I took my rifle, said nothing to any human being, but took up a position which commanded the aperture, and remained in the silence and darkness of the evening to see what would happen.

I had not been long there, before the first object that met my eyes, by the light of a bright rising moon, was the beautiful Countess Von Friedburg attended by her maid, who proceeded to the pretty Pavilion-like summer-house, which I have before described. The maid then went to the hole in the wall, and in three minutes after, a remarkably smart officer of hussars stepped through. He was attended by a servant, who, as far as I could see, amused himself while his master was enjoying a little rational conversation with the Countess in the summer-house, by flirting with the Soubrette.

Seeing this, I let down the cock of my rifle, and stole away towards the palace, resolved never to meddle with the hole in the wall again. “Those who have made it may mend it,” said I, “I am deucedly obliged to my unknown friend who gave me the hint.”

But such was the slippery state of my footing at court, and such the ill-fortune that seemed to pursue me, when I was taking the most prudent course, that I was baffled and beaten even here. I went to sleep—perhaps I dreamed of the Countess de Friedburg—but of whatever I *did* dream, I did *not* dream of an infernal wolf which had been prowling about the neighbourhood, and which on that very night, of all others, made his way through the aperture, walked into the park, and as the deuce would have it, met on his first *entrée* the two Spanish sheep, which were taking a quiet walk, just as if one had been a Countess and the other a Hussar. The result of which *rencontre* was, that the wolf who had never tasted Spanish mutton, made no bones of demolishing them both, and subsequently retiring through the aforesaid hole in the wall without the least let or hindrance.

Oh! such a storm as the morning produced—such a rage as the Prince was in, when the Spanish sheep were missing!—How could it have happened—what caused it—did a wolf come in, or did the sheep

get out? Alas! there was evidence enough on the spot where the sanguinary deed was done to prove the fact.

Summary proceedings were taken against me; of course I dare not even hint at my reason for leaving the wall as I found it. I was charged with negligence, with carelessness, and with wilful misconduct, all in various ways, and amongst the most violent of my opponents was the Countess herself—this I thought hard; but I have reason to think that I was not altogether unseen when I quitted my hiding-place—She knew that I would suffer myself to be sacrificed, rather than betray her, and therefore she pressed the matter against me in order to get rid of a witness of her indiscretion. This added fuel to the flame which raged in the Prince's breast about his two diabolical Spanish sheep, and the result was, that I was not only dismissed from my office, but actually sent to the prison of the principality.

What ticklish places, courts are, and how little did I one week before, think what was going to happen to me!

It will scarcely be believed that I was confined in this prison, in a room about ten feet square, a bundle of a straw for a bed, one chair without a back, and a three-legged table (one leg absent without leave), being all its furniture, for three weeks; at the end of which period it happening to be the anniversary of the Prince's birth I was discharged, at the intercession I was told, of the Countess Von Friedburg, on condition that I quitted in three days his Highness's territory, which I could have walked across, in as many hours. This last mark of his Highness's lenity was extremely gratifying, and I did not stop to avail myself of his gracious permission to remove from them, one hour after I was liberated.

What was to be done?—I was again upon the world—my only friend was the Baron Waggenheim—Him I had offended by my disbelief in ghosts and goblins; or rather his miners. Well, but surely, thought I, if I do not presume to meddle with the mines, or even show myself to the workmen, I may go to the house—to the house of one who has behaved so kindly, so generously, so liberally to me, and explain to him the cause of the total failure of all his kind exertions in my behalf. Besides, if it be necessary to believe in ghosts, I have no particular objection to become credulous to a sufficient extent to secure me his protection and support.

Accordingly I resolved to return to the Baron; he could but send me away again; and so, having now every reason for husbanding my resources, I mean what money I had in hand, I resolved to walk back, and having disposed of my trunk and other superfluities, I packed into a kind of small wallet the change of linen that I might require on my journey, and accordingly started from the Principality as poor as when I entered it.

I made four days journey on my return, and when I again approached the house of my kind but superstitious friend, I felt I can scarcely say how; my sensations towards the Baron I could hardly define, but as I drew nearer and nearer to the domain, a thousand thoughts flashed into my mind, and all that the Prince, in the plenitude of his gracious condescension, had told me about my poor mother came full into my memory.

In thoughts naturally arising from such subjects I was deeply involved, and scarcely knew which path I was taking, when I suddenly



heard a cry of distress in the thicket on my right hand; I did not know what it might be, but I knew I was a child of fortune, and that every turn of my life turned upon some sudden impulse; so armed with nothing but the stick which served me as a support during my pedestrian tour, I dashed in amongst the underwood, and scrambling into an open space, which was near the centre of the copse, beheld the Baron Waggenheim on the ground, weltering in his blood; while two assassins, armed with rifles and a dagger each, were on the point of achieving his murder.

I lost not an instant in flying upon them with my stick, and immediately disarmed the bigger one of the two, who took to his heels and fled as fast as he could; the other showed fight, and levelled his piece at me, but I struck it upwards, and by still greater good fortune it missed fire, whereupon he followed the example of his companion. The reader may perhaps anticipate who the villains were. They were the two sons of the wretched woman who had driven me away, instigated by their mother to destroy the Baron, who had begun to evince his disgust at her conduct, and had excited in her bosom the most implacable hatred.

Having driven off the miscreants I returned to the unfortunate Waggenheim, who was desperately wounded. He knew me, and said, raising himself with difficulty from the ground, "You have saved my life;—I never ceased repenting the day, on which, at the instigation of others, I drove you from me; but I am happy I see you again before I die."

I found that no time was to be lost. I lifted the Baron on my shoulders, and with great effort and exertion got him to the house, where I had him laid on his bed; Caroline being suffused in tears and exceedingly hysterical. I, however, under all the circumstances, took the liberty to order her to be shut up in one of the cellars; being quite conscious that the unfortunate orphans would not have been engaged in their murderous business without her privity and concurrence.

I then sent off one of the servants for a surgeon, and gave the alarm to a body of dependents about the place, to search for the assassins, who to my great pleasure were so exceedingly silly or infatuated as to attempt to regain the house unobserved: this pleasure was greatly enhanced by seeing them soon after marched into the court-yard pinioned. I do not mean to describe the feelings I enjoyed when I beheld them kicked, cuffed, and spit upon by all the servants who had flocked to see them. The poor wretches confessed that they were set on by their mother, who, tired out by the length of the Baron's life, had secured a vast sum in gold and other valuables in a chest, with which, the moment the master of the house could be got rid of, she intended to return to her native town.

In the sequel, Caroline was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, as were the young gentlemen, in different jails, the Baron himself having for natural reasons, interceded to save their lives.

The poor Baron, in spite of every exertion, sank rapidly. The active surgeon and the pious clergyman were unremitting in their attentions; but all the efforts of the faculty were vain, and about eleven o'clock at night, the Baron, rallying his spirits a little, desired that I might be left alone with him—his wishes were of course obeyed.

I sat myself on the side of his bed; when, laying his hand on mine, he said,

"I cannot—must not quit this world, without opening my mind

to you, since it has pleased Providence to place you here—if repentance can avail me at this moment. I do repent—but—the husband of your mother—you will anticipate me—I was young—thoughtless—so was she—all his seeming friends deceived him—forgive me—YOU ARE MY SON !”

I threw myself into his arms and felt myself pressed to his bosom—we both wept—bitterly. Soon after this trying scene he sent for a lawyer, and by his will declared me inheritor of all his estates and property.

It was the last act of his life. And when the morning dawned, I found myself the possessor of extensive estates, and a large sum of money.

Having paid every attention and respect to the Baron's memory, and attended his funeral, which was conducted in a suitable manner, I resolved upon instantly putting into execution the often thought of, and as often defeated design of writing to my old friend Von Doddle, and proposing myself for the gentle Bertha, without whom I was convinced I never could be happy; and accordingly sat down and poured forth my sentiments towards her in the most ardent language, imploring her hand, and announcing my determination to go to Naples to receive it, and my offer was accepted. Little did I then think that events had occurred to render such a proceeding on my part useless.

How rendered useless soon shall be imparted; but never shall I be able to impart my feelings of astonishment when, as I was crossing the hall of my Chateau for the very purpose of sealing and despatching my missive, I beheld at the door three persons, whose sudden and unexpected appearance there, for the instant, served as a practical reproach to me for professing a disbelief in ghosts and spectres. I started back—rubbed my eyes—looked again—and saw before me alive and well, my exemplary tutor, Mr. Von Doddle himself, and at his side the beautiful blushing Bertha. In the third person, although much altered, I recognised Fritz, my late father's faithful servant, who used to be sent annually to see me, and bring me such small supplies from home as I might want.

I cannot attempt to describe the scene; it seemed like magic—that at such a distance from home, and at such a moment as this, the people I most desired on earth to see, should be under my own roof!—but it was truth—all plain truth.

My excellent Pastor described in the most affectionate terms his regret and despair at my loss; in which, added the good old man, “this dear girl most cordially joined. Every measure was adopted, every course pursued, for your restoration to home, but—as I now know—in vain; and when the honest Fritz arrived as usual to pay his annual visit, and found you gone, he resolved never to return without you, and so changed the service of your late parent for mine.”

“And our dear friend——”

“Ah!” interrupted my Tutor, “my poor dear wife is gone to a better world! Since her death, our house has not been the same place as it was before. Every hour—every object—reminded us of our privation; and these circumstances, added to the persevering—I may say persecuting, attentions of a Neapolitan nobleman to Bertha, determined me to accept an invitation, of many years' standing, to visit my brother, Joseph Von Doddle, who is, as you may remember, a wealthy and re-

spectable magistrate, resident in Brunswick; and with that purpose I sold off all my property in Naples, and have undertaken a long journey. We have travelled by short stages; for so as we were varying the scene, our object was answered. We staid at Constance nearly a month; and having last night reached the inn in the valley here, to our astonishment we heard the history of the death of Baron Waggenheim, whom I so well remember, and the more extraordinary account of your being here, and the successor to his property. That," added Von Doddle, giving his old head a significant shake, "is no more than it ought to be."

Fritz, who was standing behind his chair, drew his hand across his mouth, and made a kind of snuffling noise with his nose; and Bertha looked at me as affectionately as ever. I caught her hand—she did not draw it back—she had resisted and rejected the attentions of a Neapolitan nobleman—her heart was, perhaps, still mine.

"Excellent man," said I to the pastor, "you have heard at your inn the details of what has occurred here. You find me in possession of fortune and estates. Now, to prove to you what was the chief object of my hopes and ambition under the great change in my circumstances and position, read that letter."

Saying which, I placed before him the epistle I had just finished, the contents of which are already known. I entered into a faltering conversation with Bertha, who had, in growing up, fully justified the expectations her earlier beauty had excited; but neither of us could talk. I knew, and she, I think, guessed the contents of the paper. I watched the old man's countenance as he read it, and saw in its expression his delight at its purport. Having finished it, he said, nearly overcome by emotion,

"Bertha, my beloved, this letter, although addressed to *me*, concerns *you*—read it"—and here his eyes filled with tears; "read it, my child, and answer it;" and, throwing the letter towards his daughter, his head fell upon his hands, and he sobbed convulsively.

Bertha, trembling like a leaf, took it up—my eyes were riveted on *her*, when, to my surprise, Fritz, who had been standing behind the pastor's chair, and had taken the privilege of an old servant (half worn into a friend), by reading every syllable of it, started forward, and, grasping the fair hand of his young mistress, threw himself upon his knees, and, bursting into tears, said to her,

"Miss Bertha, I know it all—I know what it's about—that noble young man wants to make you Baroness Widdlezig. Now—I know how you have talked of him, thought of him, praised him, and lamented him while absent—don't—don't be shy—don't break his heart."

I confess I was a good deal startled by the homeliness of Fritz's earnest appeal in my behalf; but I knew how to appreciate his warmth and energy, which even broke through the rules of decorum, and, moreover, substantiated the fact that he had been peeping. The abruptness, however, proved neither ill-timed nor misplaced, for it afforded Bertha an opportunity of expressing her consent to my proposal in the quickest and simplest manner.

"Good Fritz," said the dear creature, affecting composure and placidity, "do not agitate yourself—whatever my father wishes, *that* will I do."

I answered that I thought the acceptance was couched in rather cold terms—but it was an answer to a servant, and it *was* an acceptance.

"Then," said I, "I am the happiest of men." At these words I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and was delighted to perceive that Fritz, who was evidently a clever negotiator, nudged Mr. Von Duddle by the sleeve, and led him out of the room to catch the fresh air, which his friendly servant seemed to think necessary for his recovery from his fit of agitation.

Bertha and I were then left alone—and in ten minutes I discovered that I had been during my absence the sole object of her affections, and that other offers, besides the Neapolitan nobleman, had been rejected for my sake.

Things having arrived at this point, there was but one more move to make; and accordingly, having written to summon Mr. Von Duddle, of Brunswick, to be present at the ceremony, all due preparations were made for our marriage, which was celebrated in about three weeks after the arrival of my beautiful bride.

The whole Chateau assumed a new appearance. The miners themselves joined in our gaieties, and some of them confessed to me their entire belief, that although prejudice ran strongly in favour of goblins, they believed that the worst demon that ever existed there, was the housekeeper Caroline, who is, for all I know, to this moment beating hemp and picking oakum in one of the Houses of Correction, much famed for its exceedingly wholesome dietary.

Upon this history—which, however, I have been most unwillingly forced considerably to abridge—I mean as regards a number of minor incidents, all conducing to the same point—the erudite Dr. Zlippzlopp greatly relies for the soundness of his doctrine touching small things and great. If Widdlezig's mother had not been devoted to her dog, Widdlezig would not have been left at Naples to be brought up by Mr. and Mrs. Von Duddle; if Mr. and Mrs. Von Duddle had not had a daughter fond of zoology, Widdlezig would not, in his anxiety to please her, and fill her little museum, have hunted the beautiful butterfly; if he had not hunted the beautiful butterfly, he would not have been snapped up by the robbers and immured in a cave; if, when he got out of the cave, he had followed his nose instead of sitting down upon a stone, he would not have fallen in with Whango Jang and the wild beasts; if the tiger belonging to Whango Jang had not eaten up a little boy two days before, Whango Jang would not have wanted *him*; if the Porcupine had not died, and the natural history of animals become the subject of conversation between Widdlezig and the black man, Widdlezig would not have killed the Ostrich; if Widdlezig had not killed the Ostrich, the black man never would have flogged Widdlezig; if the black man had not flogged Widdlezig, he would not have run away from him; and if it had not thundered and lightened in the forest when he *did* run away from him, he would not have run for shelter into the cottage by the road-side. If he had not run for shelter into the cottage by the road-side, he would not have seen the Baron Waggenheim; if he had not seen the Baron Waggenheim, he never would have seen his house, or been made an officer of the mines; if he had never been made an officer of the mines, he never would have excited the jealousy of the Housekeeper Caroline and her two boys; if he had never excited the jealousy of Caroline and her two boys, she never would have got him turned out of the mines; if he never had been turned out of the mines,

he never would have become Ranger of the park of Prince Felderstein ; if he had never been Ranger of the park of Prince Felderstein, the hole in the park-wall would have been mended, and the wolf would not have eaten up the Spanish sheep ; if the Spanish sheep had not been eaten up, Widdlezig would not have been sent to prison ; and if he had not been sent to prison, and liberated only on the Prince's birthday, he would not have thought of returning to Waggenheim ; and if he had not thought of returning to Waggenheim, he would not have passed the thicket, in which the assassins were murdering the Baron, at the precise moment to save him. If he had not been there, at the precise moment to save him, he never would have known of his relationship to him ; and if he had never known of that relationship, he of course would never have succeeded to his property ; and if he had not succeeded to his property, he would not have been residing on it at the time when Von Doddle and his daughter were passing through the country towards Brunswick.

"Hence," says Dr. Zlippzlopp, "we perceive that all the events here recorded of the life of Widdlezig, with many others (which, as I have already said, I have been compelled to omit), arose from nothing more nor less, than the affection of a FINE LADY for a POODLE DOG."

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## THE POLAR STAR.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A STAR has left the kindling sky—  
 A lovely northern light—  
 How many planets are on high,  
 But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,  
 It was a friend to me,  
 Associate with my native place,  
 And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,  
 Shone o'er our English land,  
 And brought back many a loving eye,  
 And many a gentle hand,

It seemed to answer to my thought,  
 It called the past to mind,  
 And with its welcome presence brought  
 All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends  
Soon on a foreign shore ;  
How can I but recall the friends,  
Who I may see no more ?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—  
How could I bear the pain ?  
Yet strong the omen in my heart  
That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love,  
For absence shows the worth  
Of all from which we then remove,  
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes  
Still turned the first on thee,  
Till I have felt a sad surprise  
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk below the wave,  
Thy radiant place unknown ;  
I seem to stand beside a grave,  
And stand by it alone.

Farewell !—ah, would to me were given  
A power upon thy light,  
What words upon our English heaven  
Thy loving rays should write !

Kind messages of love and hope  
Upon thy rays should be ;  
Thy shining orbit would have scope  
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain as it is fond,  
And little needed too,  
My friends ! I need not look beyond  
My heart to look for you !

L. E. L.



NIGHT AT SEA.

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestowing  
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung  
A royal colour, such as gems are throwing  
Tyrian or regal garniture among.  
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,  
Thro' the slight vapour trembles each dim star ;  
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming  
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Do you think of me, as I think of you ?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,  
Farther am I from old dear friends removed,  
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,  
I did not know how much you were beloved.  
How many acts of kindness little heeded,  
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now !  
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,  
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Do you think of me, as I think of you ?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them  
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above ;  
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them  
At the same moment with a mutual love.  
They shine not there, as here they now are shining,  
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye sleep ?  
O'er each home pillow, midnight is declining,  
May some kind dream at least my image keep !  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Do you think of me, as I think of you ?

Yesterday has a charm, to-day could never  
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it parts  
How it turns back with tenderest endeavour  
To fix the past within the heart of hearts.  
Absence is full of memory, it teaches  
The value of all old familiar things ;  
The strengthener of affection, while it reaches  
O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Do you think of me, as I think of you ?

The world with one vast element omitted—  
Man's own especial element, the earth,  
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted  
By that great knowledge whence has power its birth.  
How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing  
Have I wished for you,—beautiful as new,  
The purple waves like some wild army raising  
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts thro'.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Do you think of me, as I think of you ?

Bearing upon its wing the hues of morning,  
Up springs the flying fish, like life's false joy,  
Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorning  
Whose very light is fated to destroy.  
Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion,  
Spring from the depths of an unkindly world ;  
So spring sweet fancies from the heart's dominion,—  
Too soon in death the scorched up wing is furled.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Whate'er I see is linked with thoughts of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters  
Are creatures, huge and terrible and strong,  
The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaughters,  
War universal reigns these depths along.  
Like some new island on the ocean springing,  
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,  
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging  
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
I read such fairy legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvass spreading,  
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,  
From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding  
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.  
Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendour,  
Hunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep,  
The very glory that she wears is tender,  
The eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Do you think of me, as I think of you ?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning  
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes ;  
The spirits mount to glad endeavour, scorning  
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.



Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather  
Calls into life the energies of earth ;  
But memory and moonlight go together,  
Reflected in the light that either brings.  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Do you think of me then ? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are waking  
But the watch pacing silently and slow ;  
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,  
And rope and canvass swaying to and fro.  
The topmast sail seems some dim pinnacle  
Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air ;  
While red and fitful gleams come from the binacle,  
The only light on board to guide us—where ?  
My friends, my absent friends !  
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship the moonbeams shimmer  
Inluminous vibration sweeps the sea,  
But where the shadow falls, a strange pale glimmer  
Seems glow-worm like amid the waves to be.  
All that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling,  
Takes visionary hues from such an hour ;  
But while some fantasy is o'er me stealing,  
I start, remembrance has a keener power.  
My friends, my absent friends,  
From the fair dream I start to think of you !

A dusk line in the moonlight I discover,  
What all day long vainly I sought to catch ;  
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover  
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch ?  
No ! well the sailor knows each speck appearing.  
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand  
To that dusk line our eager ship is steering.  
Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

*August 15.*

L. E. L.

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## LETTERS FROM IRELAND.—NO. VI.\*

IN THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1837.

BY JOHN CARNE, Esq.

THIS evening party in the cottage of Glena, of the lovers of the picturesque, was more brief and silent than one to which I was invited the following week: the deep beauty and solitude of the spot, the murmur of the waters on the shore, and the moan of the wind among the trees—how different from the sounds beneath the rude rafters of Father ——, one of the cleverest and gayest priests in Ireland.

This gentleman, eminent for his intellectual and social qualities, gave an entertainment on an unusual scale, in honour of the success of an intimate friend. As he resided in the country, and had no room large enough for the occasion, a spacious barn was chosen, in which several long tables were so arranged as to contain all the guests, amounting to a hundred and ten. It was a brilliant autumnal evening, which was fortunate; for if a dark and cloudy one, it would not have been easy for the long rows of guests to distinguish each other's faces. There was a sprinkling of ladies, "few and far between;" many a squire of high and low degree; rich and poor; the ancient of descent and the no descent at all; the Catholic and Protestant, were blended together. The dying light but rendered the confusion of people the more wild and amusing. This last lustre from a crimson sky is a luxurious appendage; it gave an absolute sublimity to the brethren of Mont Meillerie, as it fell on their pale faces while singing the Gregorian chant; but here, glancing through the open windows of the barn, it faintly tinged hard, unromantic, and often handsome faces, of mighty hunters of fox and steeple, of many a squire from hill and mountain, and priests from their solitary places, who not often sat at so prodigal a table. There were hams and turkeys almost without number, and many a solid joint between, and ale, and whiskey, and wine, the last not for every one. There were five harpers who sat beside the wall, whose forms, as the light waned, by degrees became indistinct; and the airs they played, mournful or merry, seemed to come forth from "viewless hands," as harp answered to harp.

After some dancing, the ladies departed. There were few of the party who could compete with the host in powers of conversation. As the glass circulated, gently at first, his sallies of wit and fancy, and his hearty laugh, could be distinctly heard. Fond of study, yet light-hearted—as much at home with old manuscripts and tomes, as at another's or his own festive board—in his memory of past, or his funny tale of present times, he was the life of the party. But no man could long be the life of such a host, especially when the candles lit the scene, and dimly glared on the wall and rafters of the barn, and toddy of the finest old malt whiskey lent its inspiration: then there were loud and mingled sounds. The night fell softly over the barn and its joyous people; the moon gave its delicious light to their midnight and morning hours, unhonoured, save by a few dreaming spirits, who loved the ro-

\* Continued from vol. liv., p. 19.

mantic even in a barn. Many an excellent Irish story was told, and this was the richest excitement of the night, for there were two or three capital *raconteurs* present, and many a song was sung, and the hours fled so fast, that when morning fairly broke through the windows, and fought with the pale moonlight, the guests hardly seemed to know how it came there. It was time to depart long ere this: their Reverences, of whom there were several, remained till the company broke up at four o'clock. Fortunately for the inexperienced, most of whom were young men, there was a hayloft above in one end of the barn; and as the night waned, and one and then another sank at intervals on the floor, he was taken up by some strong man of the hills, and canted into the loft among the hay to sleep in peace; and as Father ——, the host, saw one after the other thus disappearing, he cast after each a look of sympathy and pity, and said, "Poor boy! and is he gone so soon?" All were not minded to depart, however, even at four o'clock; sixteen remained behind, having discovered, to their great joy, two large pitchers of whiskey-toddy untouched in a corner of the barn. They sat down, the remnant of the host, and, with a triumphant feeling, drank in the sunrise. It was, to a stranger, a characteristic scene, full of national and individual traits.

This barn was not in a desolate spot: to issue from its roof on such a pass as Dunloh as the day was breaking, would have been more in keeping with such a night than the belt of fine old trees, the cottages, and the gray castle beyond. It was a dull day when we entered Dunloh; there is something peculiarly impressive in a mountain-pass like this,—a thing apart, like some great sepulchre in the wilderness, hushed from the blast by night and the heat by day. Its gloomy bosom is rich in little solitary places, around which the mists fell down the heights, and passed as wildly away: there is a chain of small lakes, some of which are very deep; one is in a green dell, shaded by the mountain above; its waters have ever a deadly hue. Near its outlet is a neat cottage, from which issued a handsome young woman, and besought us to rest awhile, and taste her goats' milk and whiskey; her home was carefully kept in this wild, of which she looked like the guardian spirit; her fine tall figure neatly attired, and the tones of her voice, the first sounds that broke the stillness, very sweet.

The castle of Dunloh, the remnant of an ancient fortress, stands on the summit of a small hill; it suffered considerably in the wars of the Earl of Desmond, during the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. When the forces of the Parliament came into this part, the castle was again attacked;—the only part of the edifice now standing is a square tower; this has been converted into a dwelling-house, of great comfort as well as solitude: the floors are of a beautiful yew, the battlements command a noble prospect of the lower lake, and of the windings of the river Laune.

At the termination of the pass there is a rugged descent into the Comme Dove, or "dark vale;" the walk up which, not often taken, is an indelible one; wide and treeless, watered by a full and clear river, it has not a hamlet and scarcely a cabin; yet there are many deserted homes. Luxuriantly green, no shepherd and his flock were on its pastures, no hunter's cry was heard on its wilds. Enclosed on every side by the loftiest mountains in Ireland, their cliffs riven and bare, their

lower slopes covered with grass and shrubs, there is in this valley a beauty so melancholy and desolate, that it soon becomes dear to the feelings. Towards the upper extremity is a wild lake, full of fish, and there are several lesser lakes throughout the vale;—in some are little isles with shrubs on their surface. Alone, yet it is impossible to feel companionless in the Comme Dove, the spirit seems to borrow wings from the solemn scenery, and to call up the past and the future at its will: many a bitter, many an exquisite memory—many an angel hope. And the tombs of the long and the freshly-lost, rise in the wild, and our tears fall again, while the iron enters into the soul. Yet, is it not beautiful to feel, that in the passing away of our loves and trusts, the love of Nature passes not with them? that the valley, the mountain, the lake, give us as keen a pleasure as in years long past, when they first led our steps away? Time has no power over this enthusiasm—"it dieth not:" even when every face is cold, and every voice is still, of our faded life, and our "chariot-wheels drive heavily," it will bear us yet to immortal scenes, to the ruin, the wilderness, and shore!

This vale opens on the upper lake, and the cottage of Lord Brandon, shrouded amidst the foliage of its old trees; a gloomy retreat, and far inferior in situation to that of the Rev. Mr. Hyde, in a glen on the bank of a river, that falls not far distant into the lake. This stream is navigable for boats, and has a fine waterfall, in the vicinity of which is the cottage. A more delicious home during the summer and autumn cannot be, to the sportsman, the angler, the literary, or the melancholy man. Enclosed within the circle of its own secluded grounds, the lake, its isles and mountains in front; screened from the storm by its position, its resident may be sure that earth has no retreat more delightful than his lodge in this wilderness of beauty. Behind, is the fine form of the mountain of Cromiglaun, its sides and base covered with wood. In such a seclusion, the wanderer would willingly halt for a while; perhaps he recalls the hospitable times of old, when an Irish country-gentleman insisted on every traveller making his house his home, as long as he pleased. The last of this race, who long lived in the interior of Cork county, near Mill-street, and died there a few years since, was a gentleman who was head of the ancient family of O'Leary, and took pride in being one of the last of his countrymen, who maintained the ancient hospitable style of living. He was known only by the name of O'Leary; he lived in a small house, the lower part consisting of little more than a parlour and kitchen, the former of which, properly supplied with every article of good cheer, was open to every guest, and at every season, and what is more surprising, this profusion was accompanied with perfect cleanliness and decorum. His cellar, well stocked with good liquors, never knew the protection of a lock and key; for, as he said himself, nobody had any occasion to steal what any one might have for asking. It derived security, however, from other causes; from deference to his sway, and respect for his person, both of which were universally felt and acknowledged, within the circle of his influence. The appearance of O'Leary, who was a justice of the peace, was always sufficient to maintain order in fairs and meetings, or to suppress any spirit of disturbance, without the aid of soldier or constable. He was a very athletic man, and always carried a long pole, of which the unruly knew him to be no charl; to these qualities, O'Leary added an inexhaustible fund

of original humour and cheerfulness, and being very fond of the bottle himself, it was impossible for his acquaintances or guests to be long in his company sad or sober.

The upper lake has the sublimity which is wanting in the others: even its narrow confines do not diminish this; it is a splendid solitude, that seems to gird you round about, yet you never feel weary in it; its very isles look lonely: the ruined castle or monastery would become their cliffs better than the rich woods; the joyous spirit of the lower lake is not here; there are no voices in the air, no hamlet on the shore; it is a place for sweet and solemn music, rather than the wild breaks of the bugle, and the crashing sounds of the paterara, which are more the annoyances than the harmonies of Killarney.

The passage down the channel to the Eagle's Nest is very beautiful, winding among rocks and little isles, with many a precipice behind; glens at intervals, dark with woods, from which flashes a mountain stream. The guardians of Dinas and Innisfallen, may, in their island homes, match Crusoe's in his Juan Fernandez; it was easy to see, that they had little sympathy with their deep retreat: as Defoe's exile observes, "how strange a chequer-work is the mind of man! I surveyed with a secret kind of pleasure this delicious place, its groves of orange, lemon, and other fruit and forest trees, melons upon the ground, grapes upon the trees; it was all my own, my only affliction was, I was alone, condemned to what I call a silent life, I felt this in the most lively manner imaginable."

No Fernandez could surpass the glory of the groves of arbutus, holly, mountain-ash, sweet chestnut, and other trees, which cover the shores of the passage to Turk lake: the air is heavy with their beauty. A comparison between the lakes of Killarney and those of Westmoreland would seem to be superfluous. In passing from the one to the other, the eye is withered by the comparative nakedness of the scenery, and longs to behold again the loved groves and enchanting isles, and ever-changing scenes of the Irish waters. It is strange how deep is the impression of pleasure and attachment left by these lakes, even by those who have seen the most celebrated in Europe and the East.

The ascent of Mangerton was pleasant on foot, the weather being lovely, and not the faintest menace of rain: it was no peaceful pilgrimage, for we had soon many attendants, mostly women, each with her jug of fresh goat's milk in her hand, and a few with whiskey, for our refreshment. Entreaty, remonstrance, assurance that we would go on our way without them, were of no avail: the din was wild of their eager voices. "Sure his honour will be glad of the milk, and a drop o' the whiskey on the top of the mountain; and the walk's pleasant also." "And isn't the view iligant?" And another,— "would just go for company to the lady that was so lonely."

The bosom of this broad mountain contains some remarkable places:—the dark and cold lake of the Devil's Punchbowl, in its deep hollow; on its shores, are the London-pride, which in England is a garden-flower, the fir and heath mosses, the hart's tongue and the fern. The descent to the "Glen of the Horse," just beneath the summit, is precipitous and painful, but well worth the trouble. It has two small and melancholy lakes, and its wild pasture feeds a few sheep and goats during the summer. It is a desolate dell, a very prison of nature. By

the side of its black waters, or in the dismal shade of its caverns, the prophet of old might have chosen to dwell, ere he uttered his sad message.

In these caves in the rocks, there are dwellers during part of the year, who are employed in tending the few cattle on the pasture. The view from the mouth of this glen over the mountains and O'Donohue's country is wild and dreary. The ruined tower of the castle of this ancient chieftain still stands in the waste. The descent hence leads to Loch Kittane, two miles long and one broad, in the Glan Flesk mountain, a fine and desert sheet of water; two or three cottages on its shores, with their little patches of green, scarcely relieve its lifelessness, which is an impressive contrast to the gay and peopled banks of the Lower lake, from which it is but two miles distant. Cloghereen was welcome at the close of day, and yet more welcome to find beneath its roof those known in far other scenes. How wildly do they that are given to wandering and change meet where they never dreamed of.

My old companion, the celebrated Mr. Wolff, lately met in the deserts of Arabia three persons who were made captives with us by the Bedonins fifteen years ago, and he met them on the very scene of that occurrence.

In the city of Cork, lately died the relict of one who had known better days, and whose native hamlet on the wild shore was familiar to us. The only child of his parents; he dwelt in a cottage on the storm-beat coast of Cornwall; mining was his employment,—often in the sides of the precipices, and under the bed of the waves. In one of the visits of the celebrated Wesley, the miner was so moved by his addresses, and afterwards by his kind counsel, that he reflected deeply, read the works put into his hand, which awoke the mind that had slept, that was henceforth destined to a remarkable career. He was called out at length to be a minister by Wesley, with whom he had become a favourite. Handsome in his person, persuasive in his address, he married a wealthy widow, and sat beneath the shade of his own groves, and looked on his lands, his houses, and many servants.

This was a startling transition. Three years ago, the winds of the Atlantic howled around and through his poor home; his fare and dress were rude; pretensions he had none; hope might visit his dreams, but could never soar to such a reality as was now his. His wife dearly loved, and in a few years died, blessing him. The blighting of a first love may be a bitter thing, but the loss of a first wife is far more bitter, for memory is crowded with the lost mercies and fellowship of many, many years; and can there be a second destiny so bright?

It was the ruin of Trembath, for such was his name; the circle of his guests and acquaintance increased, for his bosom sin was vanity, and a constant thirst for shining in company; he was often successful, as he had a quick fancy and flow of words, and his wines and dinners were excellent. After a few years he went to Ireland, and in Cork fell in love with a young and beautiful Roman Catholic, who married him, for he had ample possessions, and was generous. The result of this match, as the warning voice of his first and still faithful friends predicted, was misery. She bore him a son: what had he more to desire? His company was courted by the best society of the place; his fine talents had been greatly improved by study in his widowhood. At the end of the third year, the beautiful Catholic forsook his home with an officer in the



army. That home had every luxury, for he had taken and richly furnished a house in Cork, as she had refused to dwell in his Cornish solitude. He did not pursue her to the continent, for his heart was broken; the love of his child was the only thing that now bound him to life. And the boy grew up in his sad home, a very clever yet melancholy being. The sight of his father's sorrow early sank into his thoughts: the former talked to him of his lost mother, whom he still passionately loved, and whom her child was never to see. Thus they became dear and almost solitary companions. As years increased, the father seemed less able to bear his bitter remembrances, and sought relief, not in the chosen circles he had kept, but in dissipation. He drank hard and gambled, neglected his affairs, and wasted his property. The son saw the beautiful interior of his home change slowly; one article of elegance and comfort followed another: the estate and mansion of the first wife were previously sold. When almost all was gone, the father at last took refuge in a humble dwelling, and, blessing his child for the last time, set out to visit the storm-beat home, where he toiled beneath the precipice, while yet a stranger to splendour or to sorrow. He came, and found it forsaken, yet it sheltered his weary head and broken heart, and here he died slowly. Oh, who can tell his agony, as he sank with the memory of his first glory and brilliant promises for time and eternity! They buried him by the grave of his father and his mother, and no one wept over him.

The son was left to struggle alone with the world. He inherited a portion of his father's genius, but not the energy that raised him from his low estate. Life had thus far been a downward road to him. He had lived so much apart from society, that he had few associates. The kindness he had not cultivated in the days of his splendour did not follow him to his poor roof: he had no comforter. Yet there was comfort in remembering the past. Better is it infinitely to descend from a memorable state, than never to have known it. His father's image, his fine features and bright eye, his words which he so loved to listen to, the portrait of his mother, radiant with youth and beauty, which was never displaced, and on which he had often seen him look till he wept like a child. He had been well educated, yet he was unfit for any profession or business, for he could not give his heart to it. Ambition had been quenched by the sad circumstances of his life.

He made many and persevering inquiries after his lost mother, and it should seem, by what occurred many years after, not wholly in vain: it was strange, that from her residence on the continent, where she could have spared from her abundance, she never wrote, or sent any tidings to her deserted child. Feeling his life too lonely, he formed an attachment to a young woman, whom he married, and having thus decided his lot, he strove to live upon the slender means which the residue of his property afforded. It was at this time my friend became acquainted with, and invited him at times to pass an evening at his house, for he saw that his spirit was at variance with his fortune, and that he was one of those on whom fate had set its doom, for a darker hour than the present. He soon after contracted an intimacy with a gentleman of a temper and career utterly different from his own, and whose chosen companion he was till the death of the latter. This was a Mr. C——, a man of independent fortune, a bachelor who lived alone

with his mother, as averse to company from inclination, as Trembath was from misery. Yet he soon attached himself so strongly to the latter, that he was not happy if he did not see him every evening. He was moved by the sad enthusiasm of the man, by the bitter scorn with which he spoke of the world, and his touching and brilliant memories of the past. To the dreamy and desolate man the friendship of C—— was a mercy; the latter, a person of good family, was a humorist: his house was a spacious and gloomy one, in one of the streets of Cork: unlike an Irishman, he never hunted or even kept a horse, gave no dinners or suppers, and no relative of the old line, either from mountain or town, ever passed a night beneath his roof. When his mother died, he entreated my friend, who at that time wanted a house in that part of the town, to take the whole front of his dwelling, and he would retreat into some dull and spacious rooms behind, where he could not look into the street, which he disliked. This was acceded to; and in these dim and wainscoted old apartments he passed the remainder of his life, whose chief excitement was in the visits of Trembath: he could not look forward to them more impatiently than did the latter, to whom the evening was the loved hour of the day: his youthful wife often accompanied him: they found a kind welcome, a blazing fire in the winter, and a supper that atoned for their own frugal meal: then came the whiskey-punch, and then oftentimes the tale and song. The poor youth's head was lifted up, and his heart cheered within him. Often, at midnight and after, were these two companions heard talking, rejoicing, or singing together; and when the summer evenings were long, they met ere the sun had set, and his dying light could not enter the gloomy parlour, whose interior was the little world of pride and hope to the guest, for here his words were listened to with attention, his tale was loved, his sorrow pitied; elsewhere no man cared for him. His health now grew infirm: there was another being, whose health was yet dearer to him, an only child, who was decrepit in both his feet.

About this time C—— was seized with an illness, which in a few months terminated in his death. He preserved his eccentric character to the last, desiring to see none of his relatives; his room constantly darkened, for the face of nature, in her lovely environs of the city he had avoided for years: his only anxiety was about his money, his only pleasure the society of his friend, to whom he forgot however to leave any bequest, though a thousand pounds in gold was found on his dressing-table after his decease. He died, as thousands die every year, from want of excitement, and mere weariness of life: not stricken by sorrow, not worn by years or disease, he passed away. His companion followed him to the grave with a bitterness known only to him whom the world hath forsaken. His heart sank within him, the last remnant of his property was nearly gone; he would have sought some employment or labour, but his failing strength forbade it. His pale wife sat silently beside the fire, his decrepit boy looked wistfully in his face. When he wandered, though but rarely, through the streets, and by the home of past luxury, and thought how it had been with him in former days, he sometimes met those who had first flattered, and then deserted his father,—the false friends of his brighter life. About two years after the loss of C—— he was taken with a fever; it was caught by his wife. My friend, who had lost sight of him for a long time, hearing of his



illness, went and found them in a chamber almost naked of furniture, in a poor bed, beside which sat the decrepit boy: they were in want. He supplied them with comforts, and sat with them every evening during the short time they lived. The wife died first, and he and the son laid her in the grave. The sorrow of the dying man was very great; it was more than he could bear, and he lifted his breaking spirit eagerly to God, he called to mind his father's repentance and his tears. According to his own confession, he was now brought to a knowledge of himself; it was a knowledge darkly and fearfully purchased.

The son took a little room and removed to it the few articles of furniture that were left. Among them was the portrait of that beautiful mother which his father would never part with; that lost and erring woman who had brought on his family all its miseries, the ruin of their fortune and peace, and their early death. It stood against the white-washed wall, in its rich frame, and the orphan in his desolate hours felt a pride in looking at it. Had he known that instead of soothing his wretchedness, she was then living on the continent in pride and affluence, he would have cursed her; a letter, a present, a message of love would have been balm to his heart. He strove to gain a livelihood by repairing to the auction-mart on the public quay. It is the custom in Cork for a bellman to give notice when the auction is to begin, by ringing his bell before the door, and this office he performed every day, and gained a pittance, barely enough for his support. In winter he was chilled by the winds, being but poorly clad, and returned on his crutches when his task was done, to his dreary room, where he would sit dreamily for many hours by the fire, mostly alone, thinking of the past, for the past was his all. The person who had soothed his father's last hours and who saw that his career would not be long, strove to cheer him; but he would smile sadly and speak, for his words were few, as one who felt that he was too friendless and forsaken for life to be a blessing. At the age of eighteen he sank on his last bed, and died after a few weeks' illness. On the morning after he had breathed his last, a foreign letter was sent from the post-office to his room, and was opened by the friend who had seen him die. It was from the long-lost mother, who was recently deceased, and was directed to John Trembath, the name of her husband and her son, in which she bequeathed to their survivor all her property, to the amount of several hundred pounds a year. Few were the expressions of affection none of penitence.

He looked on the corpse of the orphan, wasted by destitution and sorrow, and thought how great would have been the mercy, how exquisite his joy, had this letter come earlier. There was now no one to receive the property, and he sent back the letter with this information to the executor who had forwarded it. This is like a tale of doom; yet if it is a true tale, and if we could lift the veil from the sorrows and the fate of many, many a family, we should not so often ask from fiction the woes which gather round us, even in our familiar life.

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## THE TRUE HISTORY OF A GREAT PACIFICATOR.

BY HENRY BROWNRIGG, ESQ.

THOSE of our readers who have had the good fortune to visit the Hague, will probably recollect the White Hart—an humble, but remarkably neat hostelry—situated in an agreeable part of the most delightful of all European villages—a village particularly interesting to an Englishman and scholar, from the great names associated with its air of learned retirement. The whole place seems a large college, with museum and gardens. We walk there, and think of Sir William Temple, and Bolingbroke, and Bayle, and of twenty others, whose memories turn a Dutch village into an Elysium of letters; who take us back a hundred years and more, and make us people of the past, real flesh and blood of the eighteenth century. We doubt not that such have been the feelings of thousands of our readers who have visited the Hague; but we know not whether we ought to express a regret that the enjoyment of such learned abstractions is in future denied them on their return to the circle of the Dutch court; for certain we are, that they will no sooner learn the history of the illustrious individual whose birth has given a glory to the White Hart, than they will forget English ambassadors and English philosophers, in the lively curiosity that will incontinently take them to the aforesaid public-house. To begin our “true history.”

It was at the White Hart, on the 2d of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seven, in the left front-chamber on the second story, that Diedrich Van Amburgh saw the light. He was pronounced by the Vrow Kinderkid—a woman, whose word, from her long experience in such matters, passed as an authority throughout the whole of the Netherlands—the finest man-child that in all her many days she had ever seen. Great was the rejoicing at the White Hart on the birth of little Diedrich. A Hollands tub was tapped, and every body, from the solid burgher to the drudging boor, was pressed to drink long life and happiness to the new-comer.

We can, without any perturbation of conscience, declare that, during a journey undertaken for no meaner purpose, we have met with no story, no legend, illustrative of the peculiar genius of our hero during the first six months of his eventful existence; in fact, with nothing that, philosophically considered, can be viewed as a dawning, or promise of Van Amburgh's after glory; for we are inclined to receive as apocryphal an anecdote offered to us for two guilders by a Rotterdam Jew, who professed himself ready to give an authentic pedigree of the story, an anecdote involving the character of the White Hart cat, said to have been *looked* into a palsy, in her attempt to steal the pap of Diedrich, the child lying at the time before a fire of glowing turf, within eye-shot of the delinquent. If the story be true, though we must not forget that men are but too prone to invent wonders for wonderful individuals, it is an extraordinary instance of the early development of that faculty which has subsequently achieved such triumphs in the brute world. The cat (we speak on the authority of the Jew) was so completely fascinated, subdued, terrified, by the glance of the babe, that in four-and-twenty hours the animal became from a most beautiful jet black, a dirty gray white.

Now, he who at six months old could look a black cat white, may be reasonably expected at thirty years to change lions into puppy-dogs and tigers into doves. Having given our faith to the first story, belief in all subsequent wonders is easy to the meanest capacity.

We are, however, happy to state that we approach a period of our hero's life, at which we meet with well-authenticated facts; with accounts of his extraordinary influence over the lower animals, subscribed to by three burgomasters of Rotterdam, and, therefore, documents pure and speckless as Runjeet Singh's large diamond.

It was the good fortune of little Diedrich to have a godfather, who was fully impressed with a sense of the child's abilities; for at the Amsterdam fair he purchased a very splendid coral, hung round with twelve bells, in little fancy oranges—a delicate compliment on the part of the goldsmith to the house of Nassau—silver gilt, all toned according to harmonic principles, the benevolent object of the sponsor being that his godchild should cut his teeth to the accompaniment of the very sweetest music. The coral was hung about the baby's waste, and a pretty rattling and ringing he kept up, laughing and crying, and cooing, and teething all the while as if nothing was the matter. Diedrich was ten months old, when his father, who, in sooth, was never happy when the child was from his arms, took his baby with him into the cellar: for even in Holland, where British brandy is not, there are certain mysteries to be performed in vaults, which probably it is wisdom in those who love cellar-comforts not too curiously to inquire into. There was the child, crawling upon the ground, ringing his coral, squalling, crying, laughing; our host, Van Amburgh, now chirping to his last-born, now singing a snatch of a Dutch melody, and now swearing affectionately through his teeth at some playful transgression of the pretty babe. At this moment, Kidneyvat, the burgomaster of Rotterdam, alighted—if we may use such a word for so huge a man—at the door of the White Hart, and instantly there was a loud calling through the house for Mynheer Van Amburgh. Our host rushed from the cellar, strange to say, forgetful of the child, in his precipitancy to do all honour to a Rotterdam burgomaster; who on some official business, the object of which we have failed to discover, took the landlord from his house, keeping him until the late hour of ten at night from the hearthstone of the White Hart. He had left the house about three hours, when suddenly there arose a yell throughout the hostelry for the child. Every place was searched but the right one; night drew on, and, oh! the horror, the consternation, that reigned throughout the White Hart. Happily, however, the host returned to his house at seven minutes to ten, and the sternness of history refuses to conceal the fact, very drunk indeed was he, even for a Dutchman. His wife—but we refuse to describe as we might, the affecting picture of maternal love; it is enough to say, that the words, “The child, Diedrich, darling, angel, innocent, lost one,” poured from the lips of the landlady, tears dropping from her eyes, as she accosted her spirituous husband, somewhat staggered by her uneasiness, and a little moved by the burgomaster's cheer. “Where—where's the child?” exclaimed Vrow Van Amburgh: when Diedrich, after the confusion of a moment, looked very wise, and whilst a smile broke over his broad face, making it shine like a tub of butter in the sun, he softly grunted forth, “The cellar!”

At the words a shriek burst from the assembled household, “The

cellar!" And instantly armies of rats, every rat as big as any hare, galloped through the affrighted imaginations of the servants—for the Vrow Van Amburgh fainted dead as stone—"The cellar!" No man, woman, or child stirred a foot; every soul seemed petrified with horror; stood as though motion was useless, the child having, of course, been shared in little pieces among the ravenous vermin—swallowed in small bits, flesh and bones, cap and bib and tucker. Rats had been seen in that most rat-frequent cellar, big as moderate-sized dogs; they had, one hard winter, shown considerable disposition to attack Van Amburgh himself; taking, by the way, a shameful advantage of his having, contrary to his usual custom, entered their domain without a stick. Was it then to be thought of—came it within the wildest dreams of hope, to imagine the dear little innocent, Diedrich safe? No; the lovely little one was dead, and though buried, was carried about the cellar in mince-meat, entombed in the bowels of the pitiless rats.

No man stirring towards the cellar, the host himself proposed to descend, when he was followed by all the guests and the servants—for the Vrow Van Amburgh remained insensible—to the death-place of "dear little Diedrich." The cellar was exactly thirty feet six inches—(we mean, of course, English measure)—below the street; and was approached by a narrow, winding staircase, which admitted, and that with some difficulty on the part of the experimentalist, only one Dutchman to ascend and descend at a time; seven servant-girls, of irreproachable character, had left the White Hart, simply because they were found of too luxuriant a figure (Venuuses run large in the Netherlands) for the narrow capacity of that cellar-staircase.

Mynheer Van Amburgh descended first; his opposite neighbour, the cooper, a man of unblemished veracity, followed; and, as we have already stated, a long train of the affrighted and the curious descended one by one; and not a word was spoken—not, save now and then a sigh, a sound was heard. Hence, the party, when within some ten feet of the cellar, heard to their astonishment and deep delight, the musical ringing of little Diedrich's coral bells;—and more, they heard his dear sweet little voice cooing away, and laughing, and in the innocence of its little heart, trying to hum a tune to the dulcet accompaniment of mellow silver. Every man and woman paused, and exclaimed a short thanksgiving as the bells still rang.

"Let's see what the younker's about," said the father; and, as cautiously as his condition permitted him, entered his spacious cellar, which was speedily thronged by his followers. They looked around, and though they saw a faint glimmering of a light, for the host had left his lamp in the cellar—(fortunately the babe was dressed in woollen)—though they heard the bells and the voice of the baby, they could not immediately discover where the infant was. At length, the father led the party through a long lane of Hollands tubs, and there, in a corner, to the wonder and admiration of the spectators, they beheld—what?—Little Diedrich Van Amburgh seated—how the child got there was not the least wonder—on the head of a gin-tub, shaking his silver-gilt coral, and nodding his head, and conceitedly trying to snap his little, thick, turnip-radish fingers,—and, in a word, by intuition of course, delightfully imitating the graceful airs of great composers, who flourish their glittering *batons de mesure* to the gratification of an audience,

and the perfect unconcern of an orchestra ! There he was, shaking his coral bells ; but, reader, we have not yet told you to whom : in a word, then, to no less than a hundred and fifty rats, for the cooper counted them ; the least of them as big as terriers, dancing and caracoling, and, at the voice of the baby, running up the gin-tub, and licking his face, and subjectedly, as if in token of homage, rubbing their noses against his toes.

It would be a waste of time and paper to attempt to describe the astonishment of the beholders ; let the reader imagine himself in the cellar of the White Hart, at the interesting juncture whereof we write, and consider what would have been his measure of surprise. The feat of Diedrich made even Dutchmen marvel. They were silent in their astonishment ; yea, their tongues were like bits of ice in their mouths, from sheer wonder. A greater wonder, however, almost immediately thawed them.

They had gazed in dumb abstraction at the gambols of the rats—at the subjection of the vermin to the voice, looks, and gestures of the infant pacificator ; but when, at certain inarticulate words uttered by Diedrich, six of the largest rats ran up the tub, and two, standing on their hind legs, rested their fore-paws upon each of his shoulders, when a third rat sat, as in the act of begging, on the crown of his head, two other rats crouched upon his knees, and a sixth rat, taking his tail in his mouth, hung like a necklace round the throat of their baby dominator,—when the Dutchmen beheld this—no more, in fact, than an adumbration of the future group of lions and tigers—when the Hollanders beheld this, they *did* shout !

It was extraordinary, however, and certainly, the strongest evidence of the mysterious influence of young Van Amburgh over the hearts and minds of the vermin, that though several gin-tubs jumped from their bottoms—the motion caused by the vibration of the Dutchmen's shout—the rats never moved a muscle ! They looked steadfastly in the faces of the Dutchmen, and, catching the eye of their nursling master, kept their places.

Fortunately this circumstance is so well attested, the triumph of young Van Amburgh over the ferocity of the rats is so finally established by events subsequent to the scene in the cellar, that all the malignity of envy—and Mr. Van Amburgh, who has “ robb'd the lion of his heart,” cannot despoil the serpent of its poison—cannot shake it ! We have talked to people—most respectable persons now dwelling at the Hague—who well remember to have seen young Van Amburgh, when only four years old, drawn about the village by twelve of his father's rats, in light pigskin harness, attached to a small shell-like vehicle, unfortunately, only seven years since, burnt in a house at Leyden, whither it had been sent for the inspection of the curions.

At four years old—drawn by rats—would young Van Amburgh pass through every corner of the Hague—nay, proceed as far as Scheveling, and back ; and though many and many a cat sat in the doorways, and licked his lips, as he leered at the plump and whiskered teem of the infant pacificator, yet no cat dared to pounce ; for this reason—the eye of Diedrich Van Amburgh was upon him.

To this wonderful organ, be it understood, our hero ascribes all his triumphs in the brute creation. Great conquests have certainly been



made by the same instrument in the higher walks of animal life; but in the inferior parts of the *règne animal*, Diedrich Van Amburgh is a conqueror unrivalled—the Hannibal of hyenas—the Cæsar of leopards—the Napoleon of Bengal tigers.

We had almost been guilty of an important omission in this our veracious history; we had wellnigh forgotten to state that the coral of the baby Diedrich is now to be seen in the museum at the Hague, if we mistake not in the case to the left of the wooden chair in which General Chasse sat at the bombardment in the fortress of Antwerp—a relic which the Hollanders are very justly proud of. The coral, by the way, has been despoiled of one of its bells, it is supposed, by a curious Englishman on a visit three years since to the Museum.

To resume our biographical narrative.

Our hero is now four years old, and every day brings with it further evidence of his surpassing genius; he continues to grow the marvel and delight of the good people of the Hague. When at eight years of age, an event occurs which doubles even the enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic race of people, the Dutch; for the pet of the village, Diedrich, was wont to be absent whole days from morn till night from the paternal roof, usually returning very hungry and very wet. Every means were tried to learn the cause of his absence—to discover where he passed so many of his valuable hours, but Diedrich maintained a dogged silence to all queries; or, essayed to laugh them aside by some playful quip or quirk. At length, having pondered on the matter some time, Mynbeer Van Amburgh set spies upon the movements of his son; and hence, we are enabled to gladden our readers with one of the strangest recitals, perhaps, ever yet recited.

“The small village called Scheveling” (says an “English Gentleman” who, in 1691, wrote upon the Hague and its adjacent places) “is inhabited chiefly by fishermen, where is a curious hard sandy shore, admirably contrived by nature, for the divertisement of persons of quality;” this village is approached from the Hague by “a late made way, cut through vast deep mountains of sand, paved through with curious stones, a work fit for the ancient Romans;” and to this village and its “admirably contrived sandy shore,” would Diedrich Van Amburgh, when eight years old, daily resort; and thither was he watched by the spies set upon his steps.

Fables have been invented, that may be considered as somewhat bearing upon our narrative; but the circumstance only proved that the fiction was but the “shadow” to the “coming” truth. For instance, the elder Pliny—a gentleman of considerable fancy—informs us that a little boy scraped an acquaintance with a dolphin, and by bribing the fish with a portion of his morning’s bread-and-butter, would induce it to carry him on his back to school, from Baïæ to Puteoli, and from Puteoli to Baïæ. The boy, catching the measles, died; “when,” says Pliny, “the dolphin pined and died, and was buried in the same grave with his little playmate!” “These be truths!” The younger Pliny, trumping the card of the elder, tells a story of a dolphin, “at Hippo in Africa,” who, meeting a boy swimming wide from his companions, dived under him, took him on its back, and bundled off with its affrighted burden, into the “open sea;” when, having swum a league or two, the dolphin tacked, made for land, and carefully deposited the child

upon the shore. The story ran through the town, and the next day the strand was thronged with people, curious to see if the dolphin would come again; when, about half-past eleven, lo! it came; and playing all sorts of inviting tricks, the people walked up to their knees into the river, and stroked and patted it, the women kissing it and calling it pretty names. The boy, who had on the former day backed the fish, then put himself again astride it, and, doubtless, amidst enthusiastic exclamations was carried out into "blue water," by the dolphin, and again faithfully brought back. The historian adds, that "the deputy-governor" of the province believed the affable fish could be nothing but a god in disguise; and, therefore, on an early visit of the creature to the shore, ordered some precious ointment to be poured upon it. From that moment the fish lost its spirits, became sick and feeble, and in a short time was never seen again. The truth is—a truth that has escaped the sagacity of the younger Pliny—that the dolphin suspected the precious ointment to be fish-sauce, and, though grieved for the sake of its personal safety to discontinue its visits, prudentially concluded that people who had such an abundance of fish-sauce, might some day be in need of fish to eat it with. Such were the dolphin's speculations; and wisely, as we think, it turned its head to sea. "Here be truths." To return to Diedrich Van Amburgh.

He is now, gentle reader, in the ninth year of his age, and one bleak, tempestuous morning he is seen, as we think somewhat presumptuously, treading the "hard sandy shore" made for "persons of quality," at the wild, dreary, yet picturesque village of Scheveling. The youngster walks the sand with a sturdy foot, and as he walks looks out and whistles towards the ocean. He has walked and whistled but five minutes, when lo! six porpoises tumble towards the shore,—Diedrich walks fearlessly towards them, jumps upon the back of the biggest, and away goes he hurraing, laughing, shouting, riding like a cork upon the crests of the billows,—twenty Dutchmen, among whom are the spies appointed by his father, with the fishermen of the village, their wives and families, fixed upon the strand, transmuted into stone by the daring of that "marvellous boy." The story flew through the Hague, and when after a somewhat exhausting ride of four hours young Diedrich turned his porpoise for the shore, he saw it covered with the inhabitants of the Hague, with an odd thousand or two from Delf and other places, congregated there to receive him with due honours on his coming in. He came with the porpoises bounding and tumbling about him; each porpoise having a bell round its neck, unlawfully taken by Diedrich from his father's hostelry for his own ocean pets. We pass the scene of his welcome by the Dutch public—the delight of Diedrich's father—the tears of his mother: young Diedrich was presented at the Dutch court; and there were several cabinet councils held to consider the propriety of employing him as courier of the mail-bags by sea between Holland and France, when with a waywardness—alas! too frequently a baneful ingredient in the composition of genius—young Diedrich destroyed the hopes of his family in his advancement, by clandestinely eloping with a Dutch skipper, a frequent visiter at the White Hart, bound for Batavia; where, as the captain assured our hero, he might assuage his raging thirst for leopards, tigers and lions, in any number. These brilliant prospects were too

much for the filial duty of young Diedrich, and in the tenth year of his age, he quitted the *White Hart* and hid himself in the obscure port of Amsterdam until the skipper should be ready for sea; Diedrich seeing, if he remained at home, that he would inevitably be appointed to some lucrative place under his own government. However, one of those accidents to be found in the lives of all truly great men, prevented his shipment for Batavia, having been shamefully lured aboard a South-sea whaler only the night before her departure for her three years' voyage, the captain of the ship, with a base regard for personal interests, only to be found in the very meanest natures, having concluded that the wonderful genius of Diedrich Van Amburgh might be of considerable advantage to himself and owners in the South-seas.

The captain was not mistaken: he returned to Holland with the spoils of five-and-twenty first-rate fish—but for the honour of our common nature, we almost blush to state, that at the dinner given to him by his owners at Rotterdam, to commemorate his triumphant success—his success!—the skipper by no one word had acknowledged the wonderful services of Diedrich, to whom, indeed, the prosperity of the voyage was wholly and solely to be attributed. Our readers may probably be aware, that the whale-fishery is a toilsome and most hazardous employment. Diedrich Van Amburgh, however, by the force of those great gifts awarded him from his birth, made what would have been a long, miserable three years' voyage, nothing more than a long excursion of pleasure. What Diedrich had been in his infancy to the rats, that was he in his boyhood to the spermaceti whales!

Was a whale in request, the captain immediately ordered Diedrich, with a telescope of the highest power to the mast-head; where, having spied the monster, Diedrich could fascinate him with his eye through the glass, and, in an instant, leviathan would "swim a league," tamely present himself alongside the ship, and, patient as a lamb, meekly suffer himself to be harpooned, young Van Amburgh, be it understood, whistling "*Yankee Doodle*" or "*Old Kentuck*"—melodies taught him by an American, one of the crew—to quiet him during the operation.

The captain in a very long speech, fully reported in the *Abendblatt*, spoke of his own trials, of the sufferings of the sailors; but not one word of that miracle of a boy, Van Amburgh; who, by the way, stung by a sense of injustice, had deserted from the ship, on the back of a white shark—a young grampus following him on shore with his bundle, when homeward bound for Amsterdam.

Diedrich, still fixed upon the lions, entered himself on board a ship bound for Ceylon. Many disappointments, however, combined to thwart his determination to escape into the woods; where, by the mere force of character, and power of eye—such being the only means employed by Van Amburgh to subdue all beasts—he resolved to beard the lion in his den, and, in fact, carry civilization, and all its humanities, amongst the feline tribes of the wilderness. Enough for us, that Diedrich Van Amburgh has carried into practical perfection the benevolence of his early theory,—that he has shown, how

— education forms the brutal mind,  
And as the stick is used, the *beast's* inclined;



and that if there are lions who eat rajahs—tigers that have a propensity for child-stealing—and leopards, nurturing in their savage breasts, a preference for living flesh, no matter whether of man or beast,—the evil arises solely from the misfortune of their ignorance; that they know no better, and are to be pitied for their darkness.

We have placed Diedrich Van Amburgh at Ceylon. We regret, deeply regret to state, that here there is *hiatus in manuscriptis*; we lose sight of him for some years, until we again meet with him in England, a purchaser of one of our new lions, then a cub—a nursling

“With the most innocent milk in its most innocent mouth.”

On the breaking up of our national establishment in the Tower, in deference to a senseless cry of—but no; we started on the broad ground of benevolence, and we will not betake ourselves into the smoking corner of politics. The lions were sold from the Tower, and happy was the cub that fell into the hands of Van Amburgh; he, the beast himself, may possibly be ignorant of his great happiness; but we—poor mortals as we are, knowing full well the powers of temptation, with the difficulty of overcoming them—we cannot but admire the acquired temperance and meekness of that lion, who, with a young lamb rubbed against his lips, with its white wool tickling his whiskers, turns from it like a lady from a second glass of wine! We should like to see the stockbroker, with lambs of the 'Change offered to him, who would gently put them aside! It would delight us to know the exact style of countenance of the small, yet noisy patriot, tempted by a baronetcy, or the fleecy hosiery of place, staunch to his “principles,” and rock to the blandishments of the minister. We know what it must have cost the lion, to be able to turn away from a remarkably healthy child—vaccinated and all—with bloodless lips; and admiration is the fruit of that knowledge!

We have now little more to speak of than the discipline employed by Mr. Van Amburgh for the subjugation and instruction of his brutes; and it will, we are sure, delight our readers to learn that Mr. Van Amburgh, quite in opposition to the general belief, rules them with the downiest feather. To speak literally, the heaviest weapon employed upon them in their hours of schooling is a stick of cinnamon. And this, be it understood, he uses upon the hides of his pupils, not as a means of physical punishment, but as conveying to them a sense of degradation, as he has assured us, a far more bitter chastisement upon a lion or tiger of any natural goodness than stripes or chastisement. It is really delicious to witness the interview of Van Amburgh with the beasts in their time of relaxation—when not stirred up to please a vulgar audience by an affectation of ferocity; it is most gratifying to witness the interchange of caresses between the master and his servants; the mild intelligence on the one side—the confidence and gratitude on the other.

It will be seen, that Mr. Van Amburgh's treatment of the brutes, is almost wholly intellectual. He reasons with them; and has at length succeeded in conveying to their minds surprisingly clear ideas of right and wrong. He now and then finds it expedient to read something dramatic to them, when desirous of tranquilizing their rising passions. The manager has generously placed at his disposal the MSS. of tragedies, comedies, farces, &c. for the purpose, but we have it on the

assurance of the great teacher himself, that if he wishes to wholly subdue the whole menagerie, he finds nothing so efficacious as the *libretto* of a new opera.

We are, however, happy to state, that this civilization of the brutes of the forest by the great benevolent professor, is only the first of a series of improvements contemplated by him in the body social. What he has done for lions, tigers, and leopards, he professes himself ready to do for men of all conflicting opinions, passions, and interests. We have not the address of the brute-trainer, neither are we in possession of the terms required by him per lesson; but if any of our readers, male or female, will apply personally to him, having made up their minds to conform to the selfsame harmonizing system worked out with such success upon the lower animals, they need not for an instant doubt of the same gratifying results.

It is with this feeling—it is from a consciousness of the higher uses of Mr. Van Amburgh's system—that we have been induced to give this lengthened notice of it, to go thus comprehensively into what we trust will prove a most valuable exposition.

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## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.—NO. II.\*

I got out of Russia at last, after the adventure I have just related to you, and arrived with the wretched remains of the once Grand army in Poland, without any further misfortune or loss, save that of a great toe, which was frozen, as well as the tip of my right ear. These, however, and others like them, were mere trifles, scarcely worth mention, if we had been allowed to repose a little, but the Emperor wanted soldiers and there was no refusing, when he said “March;” for my part, I would not have cheated him of my blood, even if I had been able to do so securely. I loved the service, and neither liked the character nor the punishment of a *Réfractaire*, so at the very first blast of the trumpet, I was in the saddle echoing it back with my own, which was oftener at my mouth than over my shoulder.

The Emperor, as every body knows, did nothing slowly—he flew into Saxony, which he thus made the seat of war; and, at the head of the new levies, nearly four hundred thousand men, gained the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen in less time than I can recount them. Oh! after all, he was a most wonderful being, and was just upon the point of conquering all his enemies, when all his friends turned against him. The Austrians, the Bavarians, the Wirtembergers, all declared against us, and joined the English and the Russians for our ruin—even Bernadotte turned his back upon us in order to face us more conveniently; and so there we were, in the very heart of Saxony, surrounded by all Europe leagued together against us, and ready to tear us to pieces.

I remember, at that time, hearing many of the old soldiers blame the Emperor for staying at Dresden, and saying that we ought to have fallen

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\* Continued from vol. liv., page 534.

back upon the Rhine, to guard the entrance into France, and that, if he did not, there would certainly be an invasion—now, that might be, or might not, but *I* never can believe that they should know better than the Emperor, and, if evil came of his commands, it was because they were not properly executed.—Fall back, indeed! He could not bear going back—how could he? he had never made a retreat in all his life, and he did not know how to begin—so, when at last he did fall back, he left half the army to guard the towns he had taken on the Elbe, which not only weakened us exceedingly, but prevented him from rallying their numbers back to us when we stood in need of their services; for all that, we gave the enemy a parting blessing before we left Dresden, and another hearty drubbing at Leipsic; though, to be sure, we got rather the worst of it there, and were forced to return into France. Ah! that was a melancholy march; but it was necessary to defend our country, for the enemy was treading her soil, and crowding by hundreds of thousands, like locusts, upon the land.

But though the cruel campaign of France was begun, our Emperor did not go to sleep; or if he did it was only with one eye; for he used to work as hard at night as in the day, when with the army. He made new levies, attacked our old enemies the Prussians, and gave them their allowance; but the Russians and Austrians were too many for us when they joined them, and we began to lose ground with every battle that we gained.

When a man's luck once begins to change, every thing that he does is sure to be wrong; or at least all his friends say so. So it was with the Emperor—God bless him! Many of the soldiers and officers, who had hitherto looked upon him as a god, began now to discuss his orders, as they had already done those of his generals in Russia. The Emperor laid a most beautiful plan for surrounding the enemy and cutting them all off at once; for he began to be tired of their impudence in braving him, and wanted to put an end to it by a *coup de maître*; but, by trying to get behind them, he weakened his lines in front of the enemy, and lessened the number of troops between them and Paris. Oh! as soon as the howling "Hourrahs" discovered this, how they snuffed, and snorted, and trotted forwards! Nothing but "Paris," "beautiful ma'amselles," and "braunt-ween," as they called Cognac, would suit their dainty stomachs, though I had seen the beasts make court to tough old Vivandieres of sixty, and lick the train-oil off our waggon-wheels! Ah, well!—but there's no use in delaying my story, or dawdling over the truth, which sooner or later must come out:—the French campaign was a noble, but most unhappy one; the allies got into Paris, and we saw, and couldn't prevent them! And our Emperor!—betrayed by those who ought to have made their bare hearts a rampart for him—our Emperor was banished!—banished!—and to Elba! The fools!—to imagine *he* would be such a fool as to stay there!

I have always made it a point, in all my later battles, whenever I saw things going against us, to make my trumpet and sabre change places—to swing the first by my side, and take the other in my hand; for why should I wear a sword if I am not to make use of it? My sabre was given me to defend my trumpet, but as that was not very often attacked, I used it to defend my country; she wanted all our arms, and I handled my weapon too skilfully not to be of service to her: to be

sure, I drew a little more attention upon myself, and some compliments made in a language more energetic than words—but what then?—it was all in my day's work, and provided they did not disable me, a trump more or less was of very little importance. When the campaign had finished by the abdication of the Emperor, I had a notable gash on my left cheek, from eye to chin, of which, luckily, nothing now remains, and was also obliged to carry my sword arm in a sling. These circumstances disabled me for a time, but as I was well in cash, I determined not to go home, but stay and have my wounds cured in Paris. Arrived there, I found it impossible to remain quietly; I could not resist the temptation of seeing *him* once more, and I ran down to Fontainebleau just in time before his departure. I got into the court-yard among the soldiers, and when he came down among us, my wounded face struck him, for he walked directly up to me. "You have got a severe cut there, my lad," said he; "you ought to be in the infirmary, and not out in the keen air of to-day—that is an ugly remembrancer, though a glorious one."—"I would bear fifty such, Sire," said I, "to be once more led on by you.—" I tried to go on, but could not; he looked hard at me, paused a moment, and put some money in my hand. "Get thee a nurse," said he; "get thee a nurse; I may need such as thee in the spring." These words were said in a low tone of voice, and when said, he took no further notice of me, but turned round to the officers; but they had sunk into my heart. My bosom throbbed violently, I longed to run after him and throw myself at his feet, but I saw I should be regarded as a madman, and therefore quietly retired, with a hope, which I certainly had not when I entered the court-yard of Fontainebleau. Although I looked forward earnestly to the future, while in Paris, I did not get into any mischief, less perhaps from prudence than because whatever intrigues were going on for the Emperor, the knowledge of them did not come down to the soldiers and trumpeters of the regiments. Ignorance, therefore, kept us for a time innocent; in my own particular case, though determined to follow my Emperor, should he ever return to France, I would not have leagued against those good princes, who left nothing undone to conciliate their inconstant, capricious subjects, and to make them happy.

One day, at a review in the Champ de Mars, my colonel, who was now a royalist, singled me out, and mentioned me to the Count d'Artois as having done some gallant things in the Russian campaign. "Indeed!" said the generous prince, "and still only a trumpeter! let him pass into the ranks whenever he please, and if he have received any thing like education, let his promotion follow as soon as possible. When a mere boy acts thus, what may we not expect from the man? In the mean time, my lad," continued his Royal Highness, turning most kindly towards me, "I give thee a hundred francs a year to help nourish thy budding beard; when it shall be full grown, and if thou continue to do it honour, I will double the sum." God bless the generous prince! though I felt most sincerely grateful, I secretly determined not to touch his money, being certain that if my old leader should come back—as many began to whisper—that I *must* fight under his orders against all the world beside, therefore would not take a reward I certainly did not deserve from his bounty.

The new Princes were certainly very much beloved at first—no won-

der ; they were as polite and amiable, as if they had never been out of France. The King gave the Charter, which made him very popular. Nay, the only fault *I* ever heard them find with him was, that he was fat, and had a large foot ! This Charter was, as I and others understood, a book of laws to supersede military law, and to enable the people to shirk the conscription. I thought *that* foolish enough, for military law is by far the most expeditious ; there is not half so much squabbling about a sentence, and a fellow is clean shot, before, in other tribunals, preparations are made for his trial. However, we put up with all this patiently, knowing very well that the little Corporal would set all to rights again at his return, which took place exactly as we hoped and expected. March came round again, and the violets, and with them, and as welcome, our Emperor. It was only some few days before his landing that I was initiated in the secret of the violet bouquets, and as soon as I had it, off I went to Cannes, determined to be one of the first to welcome and to join him. Nor did I go alone, half the regiment followed, though more slowly ; and the other half, with the colonel at their head, seeing how things were likely to go, was not long in following their example.

I need not recount to you all the circumstances of his glorious march to Paris ; all France rising up, town by town, as he approached them, to meet him. Nor of his triumphant entry in the Tuileries, at nine o'clock in the evening, borne on the shoulders of his people ; nor all the dressings which they say he gave to his false friends who had deserted and betrayed him, and whom he believed only wanted opportunity to do as much again. They say he trounced some of his generals finely. They deserved it, no doubt ; but he had better have let them alone till after the war, for they began to think that if he should be conqueror, he might bestow some ugly recompences for their past services, and therefore determined that he should not, by all turning against him. It certainly was not prudent ; he should have been quiet, but he could not—his noble nature could not brook their base hypocrisy and ingratitude, so he blurted out his hurt feelings in their faces. Their treachery, however, did not prevent the new levies. A hundred and thirty thousand men answered the call of their Emperor, and right glad we were to do so ; for we had the insult of the invasion upon our stomachs, and longed to be revenged. And well we began ; for we marched to Charleroi, drove out the Prussians, and were, once more, victorious.

I do not know how the thing could be for my part, or how it came to be talked of so openly among the soldiers, but every body said that the Emperor was no longer the same Emperor that governed us before his visit to Elba—*that* Emperor, they said did all that he did, because it was his will and pleasure that such things should be done. He gave no account to any body, decided of all on the instant, and his decisions were received and obeyed with a word, because they were his—but that this Emperor, on the contrary, was slow to decide, hesitated, consulted all the world, forgot to-day what he had planned yesterday, and neglected the work of to-day in order to provide for that of to-morrow. Then he fell into fits of sudden anger, bullied the Marshals, found fault with the generals, officers, and soldiers, and instead of speaking of himself as formerly, as the “ Master of all,” he took it into his head that he was



the choice and servant of the people, and that he would do nothing without their advice and approbation! This is so queer that I can hardly think it true, though to be sure some of his proclamations to us said something very like it. It greatly vexed his friends to see how low he had fallen, and as greatly rejoiced his enemies, who began to take liberties even in speaking to him, which was no longer with the same awe and respect as in former days. None of the generals, no, nor any others, now, thought of soliciting an audience three or four days beforehand. No; they bolted into his presence, and told their business with as little ceremony as you or I should use in calling upon the Mayor of our parish. Now, if this was true, it is no wonder that his temper should grow sour, for his great heart must have swelled under such treatment, especially as he could not punish it as it deserved. But all their infamous conduct could not prevent him from being again victorious. On the 16th of June he led us against the Prussians: it was the battle of Fleurus—my last, as it turned out. As I told you, we had already kicked them out from Charleroi, and here at Fleurus we showed them that we were still enough for them; but brave as we were, even with our Emperor at our head, we could not stand against a million of troops from all the countries in Europe. Our victory, therefore, did not encourage us, for we all felt that it would be our last.

‘I had almost forgot,’ continued Joseph, interrupting the regular course of her history, ‘a little incident which happened to me at Charleroi, and which gave me too much satisfaction at the time to allow me to pass it over altogether in silence; but as you are an Englishman, it may not be uninteresting to you, as it concerns a family of your country-folk, and I shall mention no names. As I told you, the orders of the Emperor were not now obeyed so precisely as formerly; they were executed indeed, but by no means strictly, as he now seemed as desirous to conciliate all the world, as he had formerly been to brave it. He had forbidden the plunder of Charleroi after we had driven out the Prussians; the town, therefore, was not fairly and regularly given up to pillage, but several companies of different regiments, more impudent, and more enterprising than the others, stole in, and did a little private thievery, quite in a quiet way. The company in my regiment, to which I belonged, was one of these; and as I had no objection to earn a little in the way of business, though rather on the contraband, I was one of a small party of about a dozen who entered the town, but as I did not choose to be discovered by my officers, and was already well acquainted with the town, I led my comrades to the most retired streets, and to the country-houses in the outskirts, which were on the opposite side from our bivouacs. One of these, a large rich habitation, we entered in the dusk of the evening, and, after making prisoners of the servants, completely cleared the lower story and outhouses of every thing which we thought likely to be useful to us, and then mounted to the first floor, knowing *that* to contain the apartments of the masters. Arrived there, we found all open to our good pleasure: rich furniture, fine clothes, plate, money, and even jewels. We secured all we could, and were mounting to the upper story, when one of our number discovered a closed door in the last chamber on the floor, and which was doubtless the retreat of the family, as we had seen nobody in our march. We

called to the inmates, desiring them to open the door, which, unlike all the others, was fast. Nobody answering the summons, we were proceeding to employ force, when it was suddenly opened from within, and we all started back from the apparition which presented itself to our sight.

An elegant, slender, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, not more than eighteen years of age, placed herself in the doorway with a pistol in each hand, and raising her noble forehead which was as pale as death, looked steadily at us, and addressed us firmly in French. "Gentlemen," said she, "all the apartments in this house were thrown open by my orders, to show you that all it contained was at your service; and I should hope, that the booty which you have found may content you. This chamber alone was shut, because it is the bedroom of my wounded father, who lies dangerously ill, who knows nothing of the motives of your visit, and upon whom your presence would probably have a fatal effect. I give you my word the chamber contains nothing of value, and I implore you not to imbitter the sick bed of a noble officer, who never in his life was other than the friend and protector of a conquered enemy." She paused a moment to wait for an answer from these brutes, who, recovering from their first astonishment, began to consider the value of this new prize; and one of them, in the name of all the rest, took upon himself to declare, that they would "butcher the dog of an Englishman," unless the young lady would consent to put herself "under their protection, and return with them to their quarters;" and the soldier who made this gallant proposition, advanced towards the door; but the noble, resolute creature was not to be daunted: she stepped firmly forward in the doorway, and raising her pistols said, "I know that I shall not be able long to prevent your entrance, but the contents of these are for the first man who shall attempt it;" and her face grew so deadly pale, and her blue eyes looked so unnaturally bright, that I thought I saw one of Heaven's brightest angels driven mad. Of course, the struggle would not have been long, but I had determined from the first to come in to the rescue, and save the sweet girl and her wounded father, if possible:—now then, was the time, and I did not let it pass. "Hark ye, gentlemen," said I, "you will be good enough to recollect, that as it was I, who led you here, by our laws I have a right to the first choice of the booty. Hitherto I have not enforced that right, but have allowed each man to choose for himself, and keep what he had chosen; but here, the case is different—this girl pleases me, I prefer her to the plunder; therefore I use my prerogative, and insist that you shall neither force her father's chamber, nor her to accompany us back to our quarters; she has, as she says, allowed us quietly to pillage, let us show ourselves grateful by leaving her in peace."

I was too popular in the regiment not to be listened to, and I had besides the reputation of being rich, an inculcable advantage in the service. But I had overrated my influence in believing that they would allow me so much more than my prerogative in this matter. They, however, consented to leave the fair girl the liberty of choice, but promised to respect her father's life, only upon the condition of her accept-

ing a temporary husband of some days. This was particularly insisted upon by the soldier who had first made the proposition, and who, being a remarkably handsome man, had sneered openly at my pretensions, and believing the lady would be as much struck by his beauty, as he was by hers, seemed to entertain no doubt but that her choice would fall upon him. She stepped back, however, with such an expression of disgust and despair, as left no doubt as to her decision; and I, taking advantage of the momentary pause, pretending to look into the room, said to her in a low voice in my native German, which none of my company understood, "Accept their conditions, and choose me." She looked surprised, but still kept her pistols pointed towards the foremost men, turning as they turned, her quick eye following the slightest movement, and passing from one to the other with the greatest rapidity. I saw they were growing impatient, and in whispers consulting together how they might surprise her, when I again approached her and said softly, "For Heaven's sake do not delay—choose me, I am a woman." She started, looked at me for a moment, but seemed to doubt my truth, for she had heard my voice, which, as you may perceive, has nothing in it very feminine, when I begged my companions to fall back, and allow me to try my chance with the maiden. "No, no, she shall choose from among us all, and that directly," said the admiring soldier. "We have no time to lose, and she's too rich a treasure to leave behind; therefore——" "I choose," said the fair girl walking forward, and placing her armed little hand in mine, "I consent to your terms, and accept this young soldier." I expressed my joy in such highflown expressions, that I saw her turn pale, suspecting that I might have deceived her, till a sign from me slightly reassured her. My handsome rival was outrageously mortified, but the laws of the regiment were absolute, and he was obliged to quit the field and leave me the victory. But all was not yet gained, it was necessary to get rid of my companions, to secure the safety of the family. Turning round to them, after kissing my fair wife's hand, which I took care to pass over my beardless cheeks and chin—

"Gentlemen," said I, "I should for once like to know what it is to be a gentleman: instead, therefore, of dragging my bride to our quarters, I shall celebrate my nuptials in this magnificent mansion, and I invite you to-morrow to my bridal dinner, which shall be as plentiful and handsome as my booty can make it."—"Bravo! bravo!" and "good, good," shouted they all. "But remember, when we shall be gone you will be but one; and if the young lady should take it into her head to release the servants, what would you do?"—"Do!" replied I resolutely; "do you think I am such a dunce as not to know how to keep the prize which I have so hardly won? I'll not trust my bride out of my sight, and if she play me any trick her papa's life shall pay for it. So get you gone, and leave me to my good fortune."

They obeyed me immediately, promising to return on the morrow; and to my great relief, I found myself alone with the English lady and her father. She had not laid aside her pistols, and I perceived that she grasped them the firmer as I approached her: a proof that she was not quite confident in my assertion. Observing this, I threw away my pistols, my sabre and my cap, and opening my jacket and drawing away



the little light cuirass which always covered and defended my bosom, pointed to it, at the same time making as low, and as feminine a courtesy as I could possibly manufacture upon so short a notice. The effect was instantaneous, but rather different from what I expected ; for, whether it was owing to the oddity of my appearance, or my courtesy, or both, I cannot exactly say, but my fair protégée instantly lowered her pistols, and burst out into the most ungovernable fit of laughter I think I ever heard in my life. In a moment I joined in the mirth ; and it was so real and so hearty, that the wounded colonel called out to his daughter, to know what in Heaven's name was the matter. Her laughter ceased in an instant ; but before she replied to his question, she flew to me, clasped me in her fair arms, and covered my dusky cheeks with her kisses—bless her sweet, soft lips ! I do not know that ever I felt a happier moment in my life than this, in which a lady, so superior in every thing, deigned to consider and caress the poor, dirty, dusty Wanderer, as an equal and a sister.

While the fair English girl explained matters to her father, I went down and released the servants, to whom I related in part what had happened, and after well barricading the doors and windows we proceeded to hold counsel as to what was next to be done. The wounded colonel thanked me in the most earnest terms for my conduct, but seemed exceedingly alarmed for his daughter in the prospect of the promised visit of to-morrow. To remove him was impossible, both from the state of his wounds, and the absence of all means—horses, asses, and all their appurtenances having been abstracted by our friends—there was, therefore, no question of flight, and at last I suggested an idea which received the approbation of all. This was, that the colonel should make application to the general commanding this division, and whose quarters were in the town, to grant a safeguard for himself and his family, which, in the present disposition of our Emperor I had good reason to think would not be refused. I was quite right : in a few hours the safeguard was granted, and accompanied by many apologies for the alarm and injury the family had suffered. I returned happy to my quarters, laden with the good wishes of my new friends, and a solid expression of their gratitude, in the shape of a bill for a hundred pounds sterling, which the good colonel gave me “to keep me in breeches,” as he said, “seeing that I wore them with more honour than many of their natural owners.” I satisfied my comrades that the safeguard had been procured by the intendant of the family, who was absent on that service during the attack and sack of the house ; and, that I had been dismissed in consequence with civility, but without being as happy as I might have been. As I had exacted secrecy from my new friends, I ran no risk of their ever discovering the share I had in the business : and thus ended the only marriage from which I ever derived any satisfaction,

*(To be continued.)*

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## SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY.—NO. VIII.\*

BY THE RIGHT HON. T. P. COURTENAY.

THIS play opens with the Yorkists† breaking into the parliament-house, and each chief boasting (how inaccurately I have already shown in the case of York's children) of his prowess in the battle of St. Alban's. At the suggestion of Warwick the duke takes possession of the regal throne. Henry enters with his followers,‡ to whose vows of revenge he appeals, but presently retires into "frowns, words, and threats." He then alternately boasts of the superiority of his title, and acknowledges its weakness :—

" Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?  
No : first shall war unpeople this my realm.  
Ay, and their colours often borne in France,  
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,  
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you lords ?  
My title's good, and better far than his."

Yet, in a moment—

" I know not what to say ; my title's weak."

And when he endeavours to satisfy his conscience, that Henry IV. was lawful king, as the adopted heir of Richard II., Exeter turns against him, and gives an opinion in favour of York.

Warwick then summons the soldiers who were without. York bargains with the king.

" Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.  
*K. Hen.* I am content. Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease."

Here we have an anticipation of five years. This compromise was made in 1460, after an interval full of important events, which I must briefly relate ; though I am quite aware that not even a play in three parts could, with any regard either to theatrical propriety, or human patience, dramatize the whole of them.

After the battle of St. Alban's the parliament met,§ in which that occurrence was treated as an affray occasioned by the treason of Somerset, who had kept back the letters which the complainants had addressed to the king. York and his friends were solemnly acquitted of disloyalty.||

Before the next session\*\* the king suffered a relapse, and York was

\* Continued from No. ccxvi., p. 514.

† Duke of York, his sons Edward and Richard, Norfolk, Montagu, Warwick, and others. Among these the only new character is Montagu. This was John Nevill, third son of Richard Nevill, Earl of Salisbury (ccxvi. 494) and younger brother to Warwick. But he had not, at this time, received his first title of peerage, and was not created Marquis until 1470, fifteen years later. *Nicolas*, ii. 434.

‡ John, Lord Clifford, and Henry, Earl of Northumberland, whose fathers were killed at St. Alban's ; Ralph, second Earl of Westmoreland ; John Holland, Duke of Exeter (ccxv. 391).

§ *Westm.* May 26, 1455. *Parl. Hist.*, i. 396. *Rolls*, v. 278. *Lingard*, v. 150. *Hol.*, 242. || *Rolls*, 280, 282 ; *Wheth.*, 369. \*\* *Parl. Hist.*, 398 ; *Rolls*, 284.

appointed to open the parliament as his lieutenant. He was afterwards appointed protector, when he gave to Salisbury the great seal, and to Warwick the government of Calais. On the recovery of Henry, York relinquished the protectorate,\* and Salisbury the great seal.

About two years after the battle, parliament began to exhibit a feeling of discontent at the ambitious practices of York, who, be it nevertheless observed, had not even now put forward his claim to the crown: complaints against him came principally from the lords whose fathers were killed at St. Alban's; and Buckingham, on the part of the peers, besought the king that such conduct as that of the duke might not go unpunished.†

York once more swore fealty, and engaged, with the rest, that all differences should be arbitrated by the sovereign;—a tacit condemnation of his taking redress into his own hands at St. Alban's. In June, 1458, the two parties met in and near London, and Henry pronounced an award,‡ the principal article of which appears to have been, that “a chantry should be erected at the expense of York, Salisbury, and Warwick, for the souls of the three lords (Somerset, Clifford, and Northumberland) who were slain at St. Alban's.§

This award, however, as might have been expected, was not effectual in contenting either party, and preparation appears to have been made throughout 1459 for a contest, the causes and objects of which were still, however, not very definite.|| The court, we are told, distributed “*white swans*,¶ the badge of Prince Edward” (for we hear nothing of the red and white roses). Salisbury and York were preparing to unite their forces on the borders of Wales, when the former was met at Bloreheath\*\* by Lord Audley,†† at the head of a royalist force, which was defeated or successfully repulsed,‡‡ and Salisbury pursued his march.

But a large royal army, under the king in person, was assembled at Worcester, which approached the camp of the Yorkists, offers of conciliation were made to the duke, and rejected. York was now deserted by some of his followers, and retired into Ireland; his friends and sons being elsewhere dispersed.

A parliament met at Coventry,§§ in which York and his adherents were attainted by that act of parliament which we have already cited. The Duke of Exeter was now appointed to supersede Warwick in the command of the fleet, and Somerset to replace him in the government of Calais; but Warwick successfully resisted his entrance into the port. After this act of rebellion, Warwick joined York in Dublin,|||| and concerted further measures. The result was the landing of Warwick in Kent. His army increased as he marched, being joined even by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Articles were circulated, complaining of the mismanagement of the king's household, the oppression of the people by taxes, the murderous designs entertained against York, Salisbury, and Warwick, and especially the extreme enmity of Shrewsbury,

\* Feb. 25, 1556, Rolls, 421; Hol., 243.

† Lingard, 342; but this is all from the Lancastrian recital. See last number, p. 512. Leland, ii. 496. ‡ Wheth., 418. § Ib., 418. || Ib., 454; Cont. Croyl., 529.

¶ Lingard, 155; but whence?

\*\* Sept. 30, 1459.

†† James Touchet, fifth Lord.

‡‡ Leland, 496; Wheth., 456.

§§ Nov. 20, 1459. Parl. Hist., 401; Rolls, 345.

|||| W. Wyr., 478.

Wiltshire, and Beaumont.\* The insurgents marched through London, and met the royal army at Northampton,† where an action of no long duration, in which Buckingham, Shrewsbury,‡ and many other considerable persons were killed, put Warwick in possession of the king's person.

A parliament was called at Westminster,§ which repealed all the acts passed at Coventry against the Yorkists. To this parliament York repaired, with a retinue of five hundred horsemen, and then occurred the incident from which, as I apprehend, Shakspeare took that of the occupation of the chair of state, in the first scene of this play.||

For the duke entered the parliament-house, and stood for some time, with his hand upon the throne. Nobody, however, invited him to ascend; but, when he withdrew, he occupied the royal apartments in the palace of Westminster. He then delivered to the chancellor a written claim to the crown, as the lineal descendant of Lionel, son of Edward III. The story is thus told by Holinshed :

"He came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday before the feast of Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, with trumpets also sounding and accompanied with a great train of men-at-arms, and other of his friends and servants. At his coming to Westminster, he entered the palace; and, passing forth directly through the great hall, staid not till he came to the chamber where the king and lords used to sit in the parliament-time, commonly called the upper house, or chamber of the peers; and, being there entered, *stept up unto the throne royal, and there laying his hand upon the cloth of state, seemed as if he meant to take possession of that which was his right*, (for he held his hand so upon that cloth a good pretty while,) and, after withdrawing his hand, turned his face towards the people, beholding their pressing together, and marking what countenance they made. Whilst he then stood and beheld the people, supposing they rejoiced to see his presence, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Thomas Bourchier) came to him, and, after due salutations, asked him if he would come and see the king, with which demand he, seeming to take disdain, answered briefly and in few words, thus: '*I remember not that I know any within this realm, but that it beseemeth him rather to come and see my person, than I go and see his.*' . . . The duke went to the most principal lodging that the king had within all his palace, *breaking up the locks and doors*, and so lodged himself therein, more like a king than a duke."¶

After many objections, and an assertion from Henry of his right, unaccompanied by the manful defiance which Shakspeare puts into his mouth; the compromise was proposed and accepted as in the play. I know not upon what authority Exeter is selected as foremost in acknowledging the right of the Duke of York; for he is named by Holinshed, among the lords who, with Queen Margaret at their head, refused to acknowledge the new settlement of the crown, and assembled their forces in order to defeat it.\*\* And a more ancient authority tells us, that he absented himself, with Somerset, Northumberland, and Devon, from the meeting in which the Yorkists obtained this advantage;†† and he fought under the queen, as we shall see presently.‡‡

The play, after correctly representing the hostile protest of the chiefs of the Lancastrian party, brings forward Edward and Richard, the two

\* Lingard, 158, from Stow, 407; but where did Stow find them? Wiltshire was James Butler, so created. Beaumont, John, first Viscount.

† July 20, 1460. Wheth., 479; Hol., 260. ‡ John, eldest son of the famous Talbot.

§ Rolls, v. 373.

|| Wheth., 484; W. Wyc., 483.

¶ Hol., 261.

\*\* Hol., 268.

†† W. Wyc., 483.

‡‡ It is said (Banks, ili. 290), that he married Anne, the daughter of York; but as he was divorced from her (I know not when or why), there was probably no close attachment to her family.

sons of York, lamenting their father's concession of his rights during Henry's life, and calling upon him to disregard his oath of allegiance to Henry. Edward urges him boldly to break his oath for the sake of the crown; Richard argues sophistically for the unlawfulness of the oath; and York has just been persuaded, when he is advertised of the queen's advance with twenty thousand men, to besiege him in his castle. This is the first of a series of imputations, the justice of which I shall have hereafter to examine, upon the morality of Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester. It is clear that the present imputation cannot be sustained, as Richard was at this time only eight years old. Edward, Earl of March, his eldest brother, was eighteen, and may therefore possibly have urged his father to hostilities. But there is no reason to believe that either Edward or his father contemplated hostilities, before the queen put herself in warlike array.

In the battle of Wakefield which ensued, York was defeated, as in the play, and put to death, though there is some doubt whether he was slain in the battle or beheaded afterwards.\*

For the paper crown there is the authority of old writers† as well as of Holinshed:—

“Some write (for he had mentioned that York was slain in battle, and his head presented to the queen upon a pole), that the duke was taken alive, and, in derision, caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned or made of sedges or bulrushes; and having so crowned him with that garland, they kneeled down before him as the Jews did unto Christ, in scorn, saying to him, ‘*Hail king without rule, hail king without heritage, hail duke and prince without people or possessions.*’ And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like despiteful words, they struck off his head, which (as you have heard) they presented to the queen.”

And this latter is the story in Whethamstede, whom Shakspeare, as Ritson‡ says, has implicitly followed. But I must say, that in amplifying the reproaches which the Lancastrians heaped upon their captive, the poet has not improved upon his original in language, while his interpolations are as contrary to chronology as to good taste.

“What! was it you that would be England's king?  
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George,§  
And where's that violent crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?¶”

I do not find in Holinshed, or elsewhere, the foundation of the lines that follow:

“Look, York; I stained this napkin with the blood,  
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point,  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:  
And if thine eyes can water with his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheek withal.”

\* Lingard, 164; Hol., 269; W. Wyrcester (485) says that he was slain in battle; and so the chronicle in Leland, 498; but Whethamstede (489) says, that he was taken alive. The Croyland Cont., 530, may be construed either way.

† W. Wyrce., Wheth., and Croyl. Cont. as above; but according to the first, it was the dead York that was crowned.

‡ Bosw., 395.

§ George was not twelve years old.

¶ Act i., sc. 4.

There is much more in the same space, and York's reply does not fall short of the provocation; but enough of this, which I hope is not Shakspeare's.

I know not in what sense Mrs. Jameson speaks of "the celebrated speech"\* of York. She says truly, that the story of the *napkin* is not historical; but she goes too far in saying, that the decapitation of York after the battle (which she assumes as the true version) was "not done by the order of Margaret." Surely the queen commanded on the occasion.

The killing of Rutland by Clifford is from Holinshed.

"The Lord Clifford perceiving where the Earl of Rutland was conveyed out of the field (by one of his father's chaplains, and schoolmaster to the same earl), and overtaking him, stabbed him to the heart with a dagger as he kneeled afore him. This earl was but a child at that time, of twelve years of age, when neither his tender years nor dolorous countenance, while holding up both his hands for mercy (*for his speech was gone for fear*), could move the cruel heart of the Lord Clifford to take pity upon him; so that he was noted of great infamy for that his unmerciful murder of that young gentleman."†

In the play, the eyes are closed from fear, but much use is made of the speech, in vain supplications to Clifford, who always answers, according to the fiction of the play,—

"Thy father slew my father, therefore die."

This address of Clifford to Rutland is in Hall,‡ but not in Holinshed; a circumstance overlooked by Malone, to whose theory it is favourable.

Rutland, who is here described as a mere child, was above seventeen years old, only one year younger than his brother Edward, and several years older than George and Richard. He had been associated with his elder brother in the acts for attainting the Yorkists,§ while the younger brothers were unnoticed. Not only Clifford's reference to his father's death by the hand of York, but all that is *pitiful* in the story, all that is beyond the simple fact that Rutland was slain by Clifford, appears to me to rest on the insufficient authority of Hall alone.||

The second act places Edward and Richard Plantagenet, on "a plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire." I can make nothing of this first scene. It is true enough, that Edward (not Richard) was in Gloucestershire, at the time of the battle of Wakefield, and obtained a victory at Mortimer's Cross over the Earl of Pembroke.¶ But here he is made to talk as if he had been present in the battle of Wakefield, and to have come away without knowing the fate of his father! Of this, however, he is soon apprized by a messenger. And the play describes not any victory or battle.\*\* Johnson has remarked,†† that Shakspeare has judiciously discriminated between "the generous tenderness of Edward, and the savage fortitude of Richard, in their different reception of their father's death;"—

"*Edw.* Oh! speak no more for I have heard too much.

"*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will bear it all."

\* Charact., ii. 254.

† Hol., 269. Whethamstede says particularly, that Rutland was slain by Clifford.

‡ P. 251.

§ Rolls, v. 349.

|| Not only the old writers to whom I have referred, but Fabyan and P. Vergil are silent.

¶ Jasper Tudor, half-brother to Henry VI.

\*\* Mortimer's Cross, as the heading of the scene, is not in the old play. It was probably added by some half-informed commentator. †† Bosw., 405.



And,

*Edw.* Never, oh ! never shall I see more joy.

*Rich.* I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.  
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll 'venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it."

The critic is led by the common prejudice to be very unfair towards Richard. He displays more energy of character, but there is nothing *savage* in his resolution to avenge the death of his father. However, as the whole is imaginary, I leave it.

The appearance in the heavens of

"Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,"

is not a creation of Shakspeare's imagination, as it is to be found in Holinshed, who, as well as the poet, transfers the suns to Edward's shield.

Warwick and Montagu with their troops, now join the brothers; and announce their ill success in the second battle of St. Alban's;\* this is correct, Warwick and Edward did at this period meet and unite their forces, at Chipping Norton.

But the introduction of "Lord George your brother," is gratuitous. That prince was seven years younger than Edward, and thus only twelve years old at the present time. Edward, too, is made to ask,

"Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick,  
And when came George from Burgundy to England?"

To which the earl answers,

"Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers,  
And for your brother,—he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war."

The Duchess of Burgundy was not Edward's aunt, nor did she send over Clarence, who, as a boy, had been sent to Flanders with his brother Richard, to be out of the way.†

Warwick adds, that the king and his friends are going to London, to put an end to the settlement to which he had sworn. He advised that Henry's movement should be anticipated: and so it was.

But Shakspeare now brings the king and queen with Clifford, Northumberland, and the Prince of Wales, "before York."‡ Here they are met by Edward and the Yorkists, and a long colloquy ensues. The new Duke of York reproaches Henry with perjury.

"I was adopted heir by his consent,  
Since when his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
Have caused him by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in."

No parliament had sat, but Henry had by proclamation declared that the agreement for York's succession to the crown was void.§ And though there might be no specific article to the effect,¶ such a departure from the agreement clearly put the Yorkists in the right.

The battle of Towton follows; but previously to this, the army which had been victorious at St. Alban's refused to march to London. Henry

\* Feb. 15, 1461. Hol., 272; Wyc., 486-488. The Duke of Exeter is mentioned as now with the queen.

† Ritson, in Bosw., 410. ‡ Sc. 2. § Lingard, 166; Rolls, 465. ¶ See Bosw., 417.

announced by proclamation that his assent to the late compromise had been extorted by violence ; and he gave orders for arresting the young Duke of York ; but Edward, as I have said, marched with all his friends to that important place. And now, with the apparent consent of the people, as well as of the "great council of lords spiritual and temporal," Henry was declared to have forfeited the crown, *by breaking the sword*, and Edward was placed upon the throne. This important event occurred early in March, 1461 ; but although it is related by Holinshed,\* it is unnoticed by our poet.

It is true, that the king and queen assembled their forces at York ; but it was after he had been acknowledged as king that Edward marched against them, and gained the decisive victory of Towton.† It is hardly necessary to say that the long parley between the two parties, on the eve of the battle, is altogether imaginary ; but some of the allusions are founded upon the chronicles. Of the knighting of Prince Edward,‡ who was now about nine years old, I know nothing.

In the play, the fortune of the day is, at first, against the Yorkists ; and it is said to Warwick,

"Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth has drank."§

Here is only a slight deviation ; there was an action at Ferrybridge, where Lord Fitzwalter was surprised by Clifford. In this a *natural* brother of Warwick was slain by the Yorkists, as well as Northumberland and Clifford himself. This fierce Lancastrian, however, was killed not by Richard, but by the Lord Fauconberg.||

And it is on Holinshed's¶ authority that Warwick is made to say,

"I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly."

I am sorry that we have not room for the insertion of a part of the soliloquy which Henry is made to utter in the midst of the battle—

———"Methinks it were a happy life  
To be no better than a homely swain."

The speech is characteristic, and may be read as an illustrative specimen of Shakspeare's mode of amplifying the old plays.

Of the dead Clifford, Warwick says,

———"Off with the traitor's head,  
And rear it in the place your father's stands."

This substitution of heads is from Holinshed, who, however, does not mention Clifford by name, but "the Earl of Devonshire\*\* and three others."

Warwick proceeds ;—

"And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned England's royal king."

King Edward was crowned on the 29th of June, 1461,†† and then, not on the field of battle, as in the play, he created his brothers George and Richard, Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. Richard's objection to his title, as unlucky, is suggested by a remark of Holinshed.‡‡

The third act commences with the taking of Henry prisoner. We are thus carried over three years, to 1464. After his defeat at Towton,

\* P. 272. † March 29, 1461. Hol., 477 ; W. Wyr., 489 ; Croyl. Cont., 533.

‡ Bosw., 415. § Ib., 426. || Another Nevill ; William, brother of Salisbury.

¶ Monstrelet, iv. 474.

\*\* See No. ccxvi. 513.

†† Hol., 279 ; W. Wyr., 490.

‡‡ Hol., 211, enumerates Hugh Spencer, who was Earl of Gloucester ; Thomas of Woodstock ; Duke Humphrey ; and lastly, this Richard himself.



Henry, who may be considered as having, for the time, abdicated the throne, had retired into Scotland with the queen and prince. According to Scottish historians,\* James II. had, two years before, promised assistance to Henry, in return for the promised cession of Northumberland and Durham. Only the town of Berwick,† however, was now given up to James III.

From Scotland Margaret went into France, to beg succours from Louis XI., who gave her some naval and military succours with which she returned to Scotland, and thence, with some assistance from the Scots, she invaded the north of England, and obtained some slight advantages; but Warwick soon got the success on his side, and the queen, after suffering many personal hardships,‡ repaired to the court of the Duke of Burgundy, and thence to Bar, in Lorraine, where she remained for some time. Meanwhile, Henry made an incursion into England, was defeated at Hexham,§ by Warwick's brother, Montagu; he took refuge in Lancashire and Westmoreland, but was betrayed, taken, delivered to Warwick, and imprisoned in the Tower.||

In the play, he is seized in a park by two keepers; there has been some doubt as to the names of his takers, but it is certain that Sir James Harrington, and several Talbots, were rewarded by King Edward for the caption.¶

In the midst of these events, Edward had been in possession of the government, and had held three parliaments, the first of which\*\* had declared the Lancastrian dynasty an usurpation, and amply retaliated the attainders enacted by the adverse party.

We have now†† the petition of Lady Grey, for the restitution of her husband's lands.

"This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain;  
His lands then seized on by the conqueror;  
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands,  
That we in justice cannot well deny;  
Because in quarrel of the house of York,  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life."

Malone says that these lines are full of error. Grey was slain at the second battle of St. Alban's, fighting for Lancaster, and the lands were seized by Edward himself.‡‡

In the play, Edward's intention to marry Elizabeth is at once announced to his brothers, who greatly disapprove of it. Holinshed says, that it was opposed by the old Duchess of York.§§ It certainly is not likely that Richard, who was still a mere boy, should have made any active opposition. The marriage, according to Holinshed, was private.

"She was a woman of a more formal countenance than excellent beauty, and yet both of such beauty and favour, that with her sober demeanour, sweet looks, and comely smiling (neither too wanton nor too bashful), besides her pleasant tongue and trim wit, she so allured, and made subject unto her the heart of that great prince, that after she had denied him to be his paramour, with so good manner, and words so well set as better could not be devised, he finally resolved with himself to marry her, not asking counsel of any man; till

\* Tytler, iv. 158; Henry, ix. 362.

† Rolls, v. 478.

‡ Including the story of the Robber, which rests on the authority of Monstrelet, iv. 108: there is much doubt as to time and place, if the event happened at all. See Henry, ix. 186; Turner, iii. 259.

§ May 15, 1463.

|| June, 1465.

¶ Lingard, 181; Rymer, xi. 548.

\*\* Westminster, Nov. 4, 1461. Parl.

Hist., 419; Rolls, 463, 476.

†† Act iii., sc. 2.

‡‡ See Malone's note in Bosw., 454.

§§ See Laing (in Henry, xii. 403), from Sir Thomas More.

they might perceive it was no booty to advise him of the contrary of this his concluded purpose. . . But yet the Duchess of York letted this match as much as in her lay, and when all would not serve, she caused a precontract to be alleged, made by him with Lady Elizabeth Lucy, that all doubts resolved, all things made clear, and all cavillations ended, privily in a monastery he married the kind Lady Elizabeth Grey, at Grafton, aforesaid, where he had first fancied her.\*

In the play :

" *K. Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,  
Her words do shew her wit incomparable,  
All her perfections challenge sovereignty.  
One way or other, she is for a king ;  
And she shall be my love or else my queen.

" *Lady Grey.* I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine."

Other parts of this wooing, are equally supported by the chroniclers.†

Contemporary historians‡ give us no circumstances, simply stating that the marriage was clandestine, and without communication with the great men of the land, to whom, when known, it was very unacceptable, by reason of the inferior birth of the lady. Nevertheless, we are told, Elizabeth Grey was at Michaelmas, 1464, presented to the nobles as queen, *by Clarence and Warwick*.§

Shakspeare closes this scene with the first of the speeches in which Gloucester laments the deformity of his body, and disclaiming all the gentler feelings of humanity, announces the evil tendencies of his mind.

—" for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She|| did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;  
To disproportion me in every part."

This description is carried further than in the original play, and Shakspeare has also enlarged upon the powers of mischief of which Richard boasts. But

" I can smile, and murder whilst I smile."

And

" Can I do this, and cannot get the crown ?"

Are in both plays.

The scene¶ now introduces us to the French court, where Louis XI. receives the supplications of Margaret for succour against the Yorkists :

" Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help."

Louis promises aid, but Warwick arrives, to demand the Lady Bona

\* Hol., 283.

† See Bosw.

‡ Croyl. Cont., 539 ; Hearne's MS., 292 ; Fabyan's traditions are a little more particular, but not important, p. 654. § W. Wyr., 500. ¶ Love. ¶ Act iii., sc. 3.

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(described as sister to Louis, but really sister to his queen) in marriage for Edward. This had been announced before by Warwick himself:

“From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen,  
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;  
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread  
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again.”\*

This story of the Lady Bona, and of Warwick's taking offence, is in Holinshed;† but the meeting between Margaret and Warwick *at this time* at Paris, and its consequences, are Shakspeare's own. The embassy of that earl to obtain for his master the hand of the Lady Bona is assigned to the year 1464, after the battle of Hexham, and he found Louis not at Paris, but at Tours.‡ Margaret was not then in France.

With one exception, however, of doubtful authority, there is, no ground in contemporary historians, French or English, for Edward's suit to this Lady Bona.§ It was probably taken from Polydore Vergil.|| It is remarkable that Hearne's fragment repeats and refutes a story which sends Warwick not to France but to Spain; to seek in marriage, not Bona of Savoy, but Isabel of Castile. But all such suits, it is added, were fruitless, because the princes of Europe had not confidence in the stability of Edward's throne.

On the arrival of the news of Edward's marriage, Shakspeare reconciles Margaret and Warwick, who now becomes a zealous Lancastrian; and when Louis, who now promises succours to Margaret, not unnaturally asks for some pledge of the loyalty of the convert, Warwick answers,

“This shall assure my constant loyalty,  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.”

Margaret's visit, as we have seen, was earlier, and the promised aid was actually given. As the poet has placed this visit too late, so has he placed another, at which some of the circumstances of the play did occur, much too soon.

It was in 1470 that Margaret and Warwick did unite against Edward, and cement their union, under the mediation of Louis, by the marriage of their children. Prince Edward was betrothed to Anne (not eldest, but), second daughter of Warwick. It does not appear that the French king sent any succours to the Lancastrians at any period after the declaration of Edward's marriage.

In the fourth act there is a glimmering of the truth, but by no means a clear development. We have the outbreak of the dislike of the nobles to Edward's marriage.¶ Clarence openly tells his brother that he has

\* Continued from p. 63.

† P. 280.

‡ Hol., 283.

§ See Ritson's note in Bosw., 467; and Lingard, 189, who shows that Warwick was not in France at the time of Edward's marriage. The authority which he overlooks is the chronicle in Leland, ii. 500.

|| P. 513, edit. 1546. He was probably not even born at the time.

¶ The persons present, besides the king, queen, and the two princes, are Somerset, Montagu, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings.

made an enemy of the King of France, and dishonoured Warwick, and Montagu regrets the loss of the alliance of France. Some notable lines follow :—

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montagu, that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?\*

*Mon.* Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using France than trusting France :  
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,  
Which he hath given for peace impregnable.  
And with their helps only defend ourselves ;  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies."

*Cla.* For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heiress of the Lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,  
And for this once, my will shall stand the law.

*Glou.* And yet, methinks, your grace has not done well,  
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales,  
Unto the brother of your loving bride,  
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence,  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*Cla.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

*Cla.* In choosing for yourself, you showed your judgment,  
Which, being shallow, you shall give me leave,  
To play the brother in mine own behalf,  
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

The passages in which the power of England to maintain herself without foreign alliances, are enlarged and strengthened in this play, form those which are found in "the Contention." They are conformable to Shakspeare's general views, so far as we can collect them, and to the policy of the English court at the time of his writing.

The discontent expressed at the favours bestowed upon the queen's relatives, is warranted by history. The estrangement of Warwick could not have arisen at once, or directly, out of the marriage with Lady Grey, to whose eldest daughter (afterwards the wife of Henry VII.) he stood sponsor.†

I do not know whence Shakspeare took his enumeration of alliances. It is true that the son of Lord Hastings was married to the heiress of Hungerford,‡ that the queen's brother, Anthony Widville, married the heiress of the last Lord Scales,§ and that her son, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, had the heiress of Bonville.||

The queen herself speaks conformably with her character :—

" My lords, before it pleased his Majesty,  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess,  
That I am not ignoble of descent,  
And meaner than myself has had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to when I would be pleasing,  
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow."

\* See King John, in Bosw., xv. 374.

† W. Wyre., 505.

‡ William, first Lord Hastings, of Ashby ; married Warwick's sister. Banks, iii. 397.

§ Ib., p. 631.

|| Ib., ii. 52.

These few lines, which, though there is not much in them, strike me as decidedly Shaksperian, are not in the old play. Elizabeth assuredly was not "ignoble of descent;" her father, Sir Richard Widville, of a family of considerable antiquity, had been ennobled by Henry VI.\* previously to the alliance with royalty. Her mother was the widow of the Duke of Bedford, and daughter of the Earl of St. Pol, and sister to the Duchess of Burgundy.

The messenger now brings from Paris the news of what we have seen (in the play) to pass there; Clarence now departs, declaring his intention to join Warwick, and to marry his other daughter. He is followed by Somerset; but Gloucester, to whom this aside had already been given,—

"I hear—yet say not much, but think the more,"

refuses to join his brother, and announces in another *aside* his ambitious views:—

"Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter. I

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown."

It may be asked how it is that Somerset, who is mentioned in the *dramatis personæ* as a "Lord on King Henry's side," and whose predecessor was slain fighting in that king's cause,† is placed at King Edward's court.

The duke who was slain at St. Alban's, left a son Henry, who fought for Henry VI. at Towton, and escaped. He afterwards made his submission to Edward (in company with Sir Ralph Percy and others), but again revolted to King Henry when Margaret obtained her brief successes in the north.‡ At Hexham he was taken and beheaded. All this was really prior to Edward's marriage and to Warwick's defection; but I can find no other ground for the tergiversation of a duke of Somerset in the play. The successor§ of Duke Henry was faithful to the Lancastrian side, and was beheaded after the battle of Tewksbury.

Pembroke and Stafford|| are correctly made faithful to Edward. Montagu was the brother, and Hastings the brother-in-law of Warwick, and they were therefore reasonably suspected.

There is an important error in making the marriage of Clarence with the one daughter of Warwick *subsequent* to the marriage of Prince Edward with the other.

The marriage of Prince Edward, far from being together with that of Clarence a part of that arrangement by which the duke and Warwick became Lancastrians, was rather the cause which estranged Clarence from that party, with which his own marriage had, through Warwick, connected him. There was now a new participator in the great inheritance of the Nevills. It is obviously impossible to trace with certainty the causes of personal dissatisfaction, but there is sufficient reason to conclude that the estrangement between Edward and the man to whom he owed so much, arose out of the king's impatience, fomented by the queen's relatives, of the power and influence of Warwick,

\* In 1448, 26 Hen. VI., Banks, iii. 689.

† See part ii. of the play.

‡ Hol., 281; W. Wyre., 495-498; Leland, ii. 499. The story is not very clear.

§ Edmund Beaufort; it is doubtful whether he was ever styled Duke of Somerset. Nicolas, ii. 593.

|| Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke; Humphrey, Lord Stafford, of Southwick, afterwards Earl of Devon.

and Warwick's jealousy of the increasing favour of those relatives.\* It is impossible to fix a date to the rupture. The great seal was taken from Archbishop Nevill in June, 1467,† which may be deemed either a symptom or a cause of enmity. In 1468, it is supposed that there was a political difference between the king and his late favourite; the king being desirous of allying himself with the Duke of Burgundy, whose son about this time married his sister Margaret, and Warwick seconding the views of Louis XI. to whom he had lately been sent upon a special mission, and whose ambassadors now accompanied him to England with a view of preventing their alliance with Burgundy. Whatever discontents existed were apparently assuaged in January, 1468, when Archbishop Nevill and Lord Rivers met for that purpose, and Warwick openly escorted the Duchess of Burgundy to the court.‡

By this time Clarence had united himself with Warwick, probably from sharing with him the jealousy of the Widvilles, and discontented at his brother's opposition to his marriage with Isabel Nevill. This marriage took place in July, 1469. An insurrection soon broke out in the north, in the course of which the father and the brother of the queen were put to death. The Nevills were suspected, how justly, it is really impossible to pronounce, of encouraging this outbreak. After a summons, in which Edward's suspicions were pretty plainly insinuated, Warwick and Clarence joined the king in England, and treated him as a prisoner. But all this was previous to the espousal of Henry's cause by Warwick and to the renewal of the war between York and Lancaster. For it is remarkable, that while Edward was a captive, Warwick marched against and defeated a body of Lancastrians, who raised the standard of Henry on the Scottish borders.§ Soon after this Edward was set free; with the consent, as some suppose, of Warwick himself, who obtained from him the office of Justiciary of South Wales.|| Others say, that the Archbishop let him escape.

After this the two confederates were ostensibly reconciled to the king, and obtained a pardon for all offences committed. The king even visited the Archbishop of York at his country-seat, but suddenly left the place on an information of intended treachery. Whether this was true or false, the quarrel now became mortal. An insurrection broke out in Lincolnshire, encouraged, as it is said, by Clarence and Warwick; it was defeated; they were summoned by the king in March, 1470, to come in and vindicate themselves, if possible. Not obeying this call, they were declared traitors,¶ but escaped to France. And *then* it was that Warwick was reconciled to Margaret,\*\* and espoused the cause of the house of Lancaster. But this reconciliation was not effected easily, as Shakespeare has it. Many days elapsed before Warwick's excuses and Louis's persuasions brought the high-spirited Queen to agree to the connexion.

Clarence and the Earl landed in Devonshire, and marched northward in pursuit of Edward, who receiving information of their approach while he lay at Doncaster, fled precipitately to Flanders. The new confederates then proceeded to London, and released King Henry from the Tower. A parliament was held,†† and now again Edward became the usurper, and the Yorkists were subjected to attainder.

\* Croyl. Cont., 542; W. Wyre., 505-507.

† Lingard, 188.

‡ Ib., 189; W. Wyre., 510.

§ Ib., 195.

|| Rymer, xi.

¶ Rolls, vi. 233.

\*\* July or August, 1470. Ellis, Second Series, i. 132.

†† Westm., 26 Nov. 1470. Rolls, vi. 191.



Edward rallied, being secretly supported by the Duke of Burgundy, in Yorkshire,—at the very place, Ravenspear, it is said, where the feat of the Lancastrian kings had disembarked; and like him, Edward at first disclaimed—though he could scarcely expect to be believed—his pretensions to the crown; vowing that he sought only his paternal inheritance as Duke of York. It is even said, he raised the cry of ‘*Long live King Henry*,’ and wore in his own cap the ostrich feather of the Prince of Wales.\* Some historians affirm, with doubtful accuracy, that the municipal authorities of York, required him to abjure his pretensions to the crown, on the high altar of the cathedral.†

Clarence continued with his father-in-law but for a short time after his open declaration in favour of Henry. He was, however, a professed Lancastrian long enough to be declared by parliament heir to the crown after Henry and his son, to the exclusion of his elder brother.‡ Nevertheless, he transferred to the side of his brother the forces which he had raised in the cause of his rival, and once more assumed the badge of York.§

I have thought it right to give this sketch of the history, upon a very general notion of which the play is founded; but the truth is, that the histories are not much more precise than the drama; and it is not possible in every case to compare the two.

Returning to the play, we find the Lancastrian force in Warwickshire, under Warwick and Oxford, with their French auxiliaries. These are joined by Clarence and Somerset, when the marriage with the daughter of Warwick is agreed upon. Edward’s camp is in the neighbourhood, very ill guarded; he is surprised and taken prisoner. Being placed in the custody of Archbishop Nevill, at Middleham, in Yorkshire, he is liberated while hunting by Gloucester, with Sir John Stanley and others. These improbable events, excepting always as to Gloucester, who is improperly brought into every occurrence, are taken from Holinshed.|| Some historians disbelieve them, but Lingard, on the authority of one contemporary, and an ambiguous record,¶ gives credence to the statement of the captivity of Edward. The error of the dramatist consists in placing the event after the junction between Margaret and Warwick. There is no authority for the mode of escape, which, on the contrary, is said to have occurred with the consent of the Earl of Warwick. There is, in this whole transaction, a mystery which I cannot solve.

When released, Edward did not, as in the play, fly to Lynn and thence to Flanders; that flight was in 1470. There is another anachronism in Warwick’s announcement of his intention to “fight with Pembroke and his followers;” their defeat at Edgecote had already occurred.\*\*

\* Lingard, 207; Leland, 503.

† The “Restoration” says (p. 5) nothing of this oath, nor does Leland’s MS. It is from Pol. Verg. Fabian says, 660, that he professed only to claim his dukedom, and confirmed it with an oath. Bruce says truly, that he is poor authority. Comines says, liv. 3, ch. 7, in Petitot, 12, p. 46, that Edward on landing, went straight to London.

‡ Rolls, vi. 194.

§ “It is told me by the under-sheriff, that the lord of Clarence, is gone to his brother, late king, insomuch that his men have the gorget on their breasts, and the rose over it.” Fenn, ii. 62; Lingard (207) says, the white rose, I know not on what authority.

|| P. 293.

¶ Rolls, vi. 193, where Edward, in enumerating Clarence’s offences, says, that he put him in strait ward.

\*\* Cont. Croyl., 551; Rolls, vi. 223.

We have now\* Warwick and Clarence in the tower with King Henry, whom they once more acknowledge as king, and who appoints Warwick and Clarence joint protectors.† Then says Henry,

“ Let me entreat, for I command no more,  
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed ;  
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.”

In February, 1671, the Grand Prior of St. John's of Jerusalem was furnished with money for the conveyance of the queen and prince.‡

The Duke of Somerset is also present, having with him the young Earl of Richmond, whom Henry thus addresses :

“ Come hither, England's hope ! If secret powers  
(*laying his hand upon his head*)  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown ;  
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make most of him, my lords ; for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.”

In Holinshed,§ it is by his uncle, Lord Pembroke, that Richmond is introduced. The king's speech is thus :

“ Lo, surely this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give room and place.”

This boy, we all know, was afterwards Henry VII., grandfather to Queen Elizabeth.||

In this scene, it is repeated that Edward, after his escape from Middleham, had gone over to Burgundy ; but in the next,¶ he appears before York, into which city he is admitted upon his bare assertion that he disclaimed the crown. He fled to Flanders;\*\* and now instantly falsifies his declaration, and calls himself king, at the instigation of a Sir James Montgomery (who refuses otherwise to join him), Gloucester, and his other friends.

I apprehend that this is the first scene in which Gloucester, who even now was only nineteen years old, ought to have been mentioned. Until now, he was a boy, at the court of Burgundy.

We have now once more Henry as king, surrounded by Warwick and other nobles, including Montagu, who, since Edward had expressed ap-

\* Act iv., sc. 8.

† Hol., 300. I believe that Warwick was alone in this commission. See Restoration, p. 8.

‡ Rymer, xi., 693.

§ P. 502.

|| He was Earl of Richmond from his father, Edmund, son of Owen Tudor and Catherine, the widow of Henry V. Edmund was so created by his half-brother, Henry VI. He married Margaret, daughter of John, first Duke of Somerset. The Somerset introduced into this scene is he of whom I spoke in p. 68.

¶ Act iv., sc. 7.

\*\* Cont. Croyl., 554. Lingard says (204) that he fled upon receiving information, while he lay at Doncaster, that Warwick was approaching, and that 6000 men, who had hitherto worn the white rose, had, at the instigation of Montagu, thrown away that device, and, tossing their bonnets in the air, cried, *God bless King Henry*. He refers to Croyl. Cont., Comines, Hearne's Fragment, Stow, and Hall. I cannot find the white rose in any one of the passages to which he refers.



prehensions of his fidelity, had in fact been playing rather fast and loose.\* Warwick thus appropriately assigns the parts :

“ In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;  
These will I muster up :—and thou, son Clarence,  
Shall stir up, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee ;  
Thou, brother Montagu, in Buckingham,  
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou commandest ;—  
And thou, brave Oxford, wond'rous well beloved  
In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.”†

Warwick, and all but Exeter, now leave Henry with Exeter alone, to meet the enemy in Warwickshire.

The meek Henry now enumerates his own claims upon his people, as giving him a probability of success :

“ That's not my fear, my meed has done me fame :  
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears ;  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress'd them with grent subsidies,  
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.  
Then why should they love Edward more than me ?  
No, Exeter ! these graces challenge grace ;  
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him.”

How far the mildness of Henry's character affected his government, or whether justice was promptly administered, I know not ; there was certainly no extraordinary grant of subsidies in his reign ; but the expenses of the war and his household occasioned great embarrassment in his finances.

He is cut short in this soliloquy by his rival, who enters with troops, seizes Henry, and sends him to the Tower. And the Yorkists, too, proceed to Coventry, to meet Warwick.

But, in truth, the gathering of the two parties in that part of England had taken place without a meeting in the field, before Edward came to London.‡ Into that city the Yorkist king was admitted by the influence of Archbishop Nevill, who deserted the cause which his brother had espoused, and then it was Henry was again made prisoner ; though not in the first instance incarcerated, for Edward took him about with his army.

In the fifth act we have all parties assembled near Coventry ; the Lancastrians being in possession of the city ; and Edward soon appear-

\* See *Restoration*, p. 5, 7, 12 ; and *Leland*, 503.

† I do not know why the eastern counties and Kent are assigned to Clarence. The Beauchamps and Nevills possessed Warwick Castle, as the Greilles, who are descended from them, now do. The Montagus have possessions in Northamptonshire, and it is possible that the marquis had some connexion with that property. The De Veres were Earls of Oxford at the time the title necessarily implied a connexion with the county.

‡ Lingard, 207, from *Leland*, ii. 508 ; and see *Restoration*, p. 16.

ing before it. Warwick is soon joined by Montagu, Oxford, and Somerset; but Clarence discards his *red rose*. One of those impossible dialogues occurs which are, perhaps, unavoidable in dramatising history according to Shakspeare's plan; in the course of which Gloucester tells Warwick,

" You left poor Harry at the bishop's palace,  
And ten to one you'll meet him at the Tower."

This is wrong: Henry was now at large, and in possession of the government; but had this scene been put before that which precedes it, the history (with this exception) would have been tolerably accurate.

While Warwick held Coventry, a parley took place between Clarence and his brother's party, which ended in his leaving Warwick; and it is at least doubtful whether he ever sincerely connected himself with the present views of his father-in-law, in favour of the house of Lancaster.\*

It is very reasonable to express his defection from the Lancastrian side, on the stage, by the action of throwing away the *red rose*. I can hardly believe otherwise than that the inveterate tradition which assigned that badge to the one side, and a *white rose* to the other, is founded on truth. Yet I am bound to say, that as I could discover no foundation for the dispute in the Temple garden,† which in Shakspeare is the origin of the roses, so neither can I find any authority for the use of the roses themselves, as an especial and popular symbol. So far as I can ascertain, Polydore Vergil‡ is the earliest and the only chronicler who mentions the two roses, and his notice is, that they were adopted by the respective partisans of Edward I. and his brother Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, maternal ancestor of the Henries. However this may be, I am assured by the best-informed antiquaries and heralds,§ that the two roses, with the colours assigned to them by Shakspeare, were borne by the chiefs of the rival factions, among their heraldic devices; and it is certain that the Tudor kings bore the red and white roses conjoined. But the kings of both houses had other devices, some of which, we have seen, are specially named by writers who are silent about the roses. A passage already quoted, which mentions the *rose* as the *Yorkist* symbol, is all that I have been able to find in contemporary writings concerning that flower—nothing of any distinction of colour—nothing to show that the rose was borne except in *heraldry*.

We have now|| the battle of Barnet,¶ in which the Nevills, Warwick and Montagu, were both slain. Queen Margaret landed on the same day, as the play correctly relates, and Somerset and Oxford, escaping from Barnet, joined her before the battle of Tewksbury,\*\* in which, as the play also tells us correctly, the queen was defeated and taken prisoner, with Oxford and Somerset,†† who were afterwards beheaded.

\* See Restoration, p. 9.

† See No. ccxv., p. 388.

‡ P. 320.

§ This is the general result of personal information, referring to *Excerpta Historica*, p. 160; *Archæologia* xxi. 14. *Retros. Rev.*, 2d ser., ii. 502; *Cole. Top.*, iii. 53, and other works. This information is quite inconsistent with the story of the temple gardens.

|| Act v., sc. 2.

¶ April 14, 1471. Restoration, 19; Hol., 313; Cont.' Croyl., 555; Leland, 504, where it is said that Montagu had "privily agreed with King Edward, and had gotten on his livery: one of the Earl of Warwick's servants spying this, fell upon him and killed him." It is also said that Warwick's men mistook the star of the Earl of Oxford for the sun of King Edward, and fired upon Oxford's men, who thereupon cried *treason* and fled.

\*\* May 3, 1471.

†† Rest., 28; Hol., 318.

*K. Edw.* Away with Oxford to Hammes castle straight ;  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head !”

And they were treated accordingly.

We come now to the first of the incidents which enters into the controversy raised in Horace Walpole's "Historic Doubts,"—the manner of the death of Prince Edward.

To this young prince, Shakspeare ascribes a manly spirit, worthy of his mother, whose encouraging exhortations he thus seconds :

“ Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this as worthy any here :  
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes ;  
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here, (as God forbid !)  
Let him depart, before we need his help.”

That Edward inherited the boldness of Margaret, rather than the meekness of Henry, we may fairly infer from his accompanying her in her dangers ; but we have no contemporary authority. After the battle, Edward asks,

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward  
Shall have a large reward, and he his life ?

*Glou.* It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes !

*Enter soldiers, with Prince Edward.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.  
What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,  
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to ?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !  
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth ;  
Resign thy chair ; and where I stand, kneel thou,  
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,  
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

*Q. Marg.* Ah, that thy father had been so inclin'd !

*Glou.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's night,  
His currish riddles suit not with this place.

*Glou.* By heaven ! but I'll plague thee for that word.

*Q. Marg.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glou.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty—you are all undutiful :  
Lascivious Edward,—and thou, perjur'd George,—  
And thou, misshapen Dick,—I tell you all,  
I am your better, traitors as ye are !—  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

*K. Edw.* Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

*Glou.* Sprawl'st thou ? Take that to end thy agony [*Stabs him.*

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

Holinshed's account is this :

“ After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring forth Prince Edward alive or dead, should have an annuity of a hundred

pounds during his life, and the prince's life to be saved. Sir Richard Crofts nothing mistrusting the king's promise, brought forth his prisoner. Prince Edward being a fair and well-proportioned young gentleman, whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him, how he durst so presumptuously enter into his kingdom with banner displayed? Whereunto the prince boldly answered, saying, 'To recover my father's kingdom and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me, lineally descended.' At which words King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or (as some say) struck him with his gauntlet; when, incontinently, George, Duke of Clarence, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Grey, Marquis Dorset, and William, Lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenly murdered, for the which cruel act, the most part in their latter days drank of the like cup, by the righteous judgment and due punishment of God."\*

Shakspeare thus follows Holinshed, adding, however, the taunts of young Edward at the perjury of Clarence, and the deformity of Gloucester.

Holinshed copied Hall,† but Hall greatly improved upon his predecessor Fabyan.

"In which battle she (Margaret) was taken, and Sir Edward, her son, and so brought before the king. But after the king had questioned with her Edward, and he had heard him contrary to his pleasure, he then struck him with his gauntlet upon the face, after which stroke so by him received, he was by the king's servants incontinently slain upon the fourth day of the month of May."‡

Fabyan is thus the earliest authority for the blow given by the king, (which Hall mentions doubtfully), and for the murder in the king's presence; Hall is the first who names the king's brothers as concerned in the deed. It may be observed that the king is the only killer; the *stabs* of Clarence and Gloucester were added by Shakspeare.

But Fabyan himself is not warranted by contemporaries. The continuation of Croyland only mentions the death of Prince Edward, *while that of the others*, as occurring either in the field or afterwards.

"At last King Edward gained a signal victory, there being slain on the part of the queen, as well in the field as afterwards by the revengeful hands of certain persons, Prince Edward himself, the only son of King Henry, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Devon, and other lords."§

One word here apparently points at something like assassination; otherwise the contemporary Yorkist Chronicle, recently published¶ agrees with Croyland.

"In the winning of the field, such as abode hand-strokes were slain incontinent. Edward, called prince, was taken, fleeing to the townwards, and slain in the field. There were also slain, Thomas, called the Earl of Devonshire,\*\* John of Somerset, called Marquess Dorset, Lord Wenloke, with many others in great number."

The English Chronicle in Leland says,

"There was slain, Prince Edward, *crying on the Duke of Clarence, his brother-in-law, for help.*"††

It is quite clear, that there is nothing like *evidence* either of Prince

\* Hol., 320. † P. 301. ‡ P. 662. Stow follows Fabyan, p. 424.

§ "Tandem potitus est Rex Edvardus præclarâ victoriâ, interfectis de parte reginæ, tum in campo, tum portia, *ultricibus* quorundam manibus, ipso principe Edvardo unigenito regis Henrici, dicto duce Somersetiæ, Comite Devonis, ac aliis dominis omnibus singulis memoratis."—p. 556. Even Walpole has not observed that these words were not applied to the prince alone. Lingard (p. 211) sees no reason to discredit Stow's narrative, that is, Fabyan's, but he introduces the king's brothers, who are not mentioned in this narrative, into his tent, with a rather unfair *perhaps*. Comines says, that Edward was killed in the field, p. 50.

¶ P. 30.

\*\* John Courtenay, I think; brother to him who was beheaded at Towton.

†† Leland, 506.

Edward's smart reply to the king, or of his assassination by *any body*; and that there is not even the report of one who lived near to the time, of the participation of either of the king's brothers in the assassination, if it occurred. There is little in reason for believing any part of the story, though there is not—as there seldom can be—any proof of the negative.

I have already noticed the anachronisms of Shakspeare, dependant upon the *ages* of his heroes. His Richard calls the prince scornfully, *brat*; the prince was just one year younger than Gloucester; the one was then about nineteen, and the other eighteen years of age.

The presence of Margaret, at her son's examination and death, are dramatic incidents; as in Gloucester's attempt to murder her. She was taken, kept prisoner for five years, and then ransomed by Louis IX.\*

We have now Richard's crime the second,—the murder of King Henry in the Tower. The address of the unhappy king to Gloucester, which is but slightly altered from the old play, exhibits, I think, evident traces of Shakspeare's hand:—

“Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophecy that many a thousand,  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,  
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,  
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,  
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;  
The night-crow cried, boding luckless time;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope:  
To wit, an indigest deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,  
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world.”

And so does Gloucester's soliloquy, in which he traces the deformity of his mind to that of his body:—

“Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother—I am like no brother;  
And this word *love* which grey-beards call divine,  
Be resident in them like one another,  
And not in me,—I am myself alone!”

As to this murder, Shakspeare is justified by Holinshed, who, however, contrary to what we have just heard, makes Richard a very zealous brother, willing to imbrue his hands in blood, for his brother's sake:—

“Poor king Henry the Sixth, a little before deprived (as we have heard), of his realm and imperial crown, was now in the Tower, despoiled of his life by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, (as the constant fame ran,) who (to the intent that his brother Edward might reign in more surety) murdered the King and Henry with a dagger.”†

Going back to Fabian, we find, that upon Ascension eve the corpse of Henry VI. was exposed to public view in London:

\* Lingard, 214. † Hol., 324, from Hall, who copies from Polydore Vergil, p. 531.

"Of the death of this prince, divers tales were told, but the most common fame went, that he was sticked with a dagger by the hands of the Duke of Gloucester.\*"

The Croyland Continuation is very mysterious :—

"I forbear to say that at this time, the body of Henry the Sixth was found lifeless in the Tower of London. *May God forgive, and afford time for repentance to him, whoever he may be, who dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon the anointed of the Lord!* Hence the doer may obtain the name of a *tyrant*, the sufferer of a glorious martyr."†

The Yorkist manuscript after mentions the death of the prince, and the total discomfiture of the Lancastrians :—

"The calamity of all which came to the knowledge of the said Henry, late called king, being then in the Tower of London; not having, afore this, knowledge of the said matters, he took it to so great despite, ire, and indignation, that of pure displeasure and melancholy, he died the 23rd day of the month of May."‡

The Leland Chronicler goes nearer to the point :—

"A none after came King Edward to London, with three thousand men. And the same night, being the 21st day of May, and Tuesday, at night, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clock, was King Henry, being prisoner in the Tower, put to death; *the Duke of Gloucester and divers others being there that night.*"§

This passage contains the only approach to credence of a fact, but the evidence is very weak, and the fact affords no proof of the murder. I quite agree with Walpole as to the improbability of Richard's becoming the murderer of the captive and childless king. On the other hand, it is sufficiently clear, that, from the very first, it was suspected that Henry was murdered, and that the perpetrator was in station so high as to be called a *tyrant*, and that a rumour was prevalent at an early period, but perhaps not until *after Richard's death*, that Gloucester was the murderer.

The closing scene, in which the king, queen, and royal brothers, with the infant prince, appear in domestic harmony (dissimulated, of course, on the part of Richard), is necessarily the poet's. On this occasion, Edward recapitulates the foemen who have been destroyed in the war :—

"Three dukes of Somerset,|| threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Clifford's,¶ as the father and the son;  
And two Northumberlands; \*\* two braver men

\* P. 663.

† P. 556.

‡ P. 38, 47.

§ Leland, ii. 507. I have necessarily gone over the same ground with others, and my quotations are nearly the same as those of Mr. Bruce, the editor of the Camden M.S. I subjoin his note. "The contradiction between the date of the exposition of the corpse, as related by the Leland Chronicler, who is a very good authority, and by Fabian, who is generally pretty accurate respecting matters which took place in London, and the date of the death as given by the author, now published, if considered with reference to the position of the various persons interested in Henry's death on those days, and the circumstances of his hurried interment, will be found, to the destruction of the credit of our author's version, of what was in all probability an infamous murder."—p. 47.

|| Edmund, slain at St. Alban's; Henry, beheaded at Hexham; Edmund, beheaded at Tewksbury.

¶ Thomas, killed at St. Alban's; John, killed at Towton.

\*\* Henry (son of Hotspur), slain at St. Alban's; another Henry, at Towton.



Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound :  
 With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montagu,  
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd."

Dr. Johnson, who ascribes all the three plays to Shakspeare, says of him—

"These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narrations in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished, than those of King John, Richard II., or the tragic scenes of King Henry IV. and V. . . Of these three plays, I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry and his queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted."

I do not agree with Johnson in ascribing to these pieces any one point of superiority over the former historical plays. On the contrary, the second, though, as he says, the best of the three, is inferior, in my opinion, in good scenes and speeches, to the second part of Henry IV., which is the least admirable of those other plays. Comparisons, however, of works, are as difficult as they are odious as to persons.

The character of Henry VI. is correctly and consistently drawn. Malcolm Laing wrongs this prince, when he says that it was "because he was a fool, that he was reputed a saint." \* He was certainly deficient in the energy that was required in the holder of a disputed throne, and was more calculated for a private life or for a cloister, than for a palace. Such is he described by contemporaries,† and such has Shakspeare well painted him. Even the exception which I have noticed,‡ to his usual submissiveness, in his peremptory refusal to hear excuses for Suffolk, may be traced to the religious respect which he paid to an oath. The character of Edward is as clearly marked as history allows. In the period of the play, he could only be known as a brave soldier, with the habits and notions of a libertine. Warwick appears, very properly, as a brave, able, proud, and ambitious nobleman, as he unquestionably was. As Richard has a play to himself, his much-disputed character will be considered hereafter; but, although Margaret also reappears in that play, it is to these that she properly belongs; especially since Mrs. Jameson is of opinion that the character of this woman is of itself sufficient to prove that the play was not originally designed by Shakspeare. She is, however, of an equally decided opinion, that there are passages in the second and fifth parts which Shakspeare alone could have written. Though I agree with this lady, that Shakspeare

\* Henry's Great Brit., xii. 399.

† See particularly Blackman, in Otterbourne, 287. Holinshed says, "He was of a seemly stature, of body slender, to which proportion all other members were answerable; his face beautiful, wherein continually was resident the bounty of mind with the which he was inwardly endued. Of his own natural inclination, he abhorred all the vices as well of the body as of the soul. His patience was such, that of all the injuries to him done, (which were innumerable,) he never asked vengeance, thinking that for such adversity as chanced to him his sins should be forgotten and forgiven. What losses so ever happened to him he never esteemed, nor made any account thereof; but, if any thing were done that might sound as an offence towards God, he sore lamented, and, with great repentance, sorrowed for it."—iii. 324.

‡ No. ccxvi. 505.



did not write the original play, and that he did write or retouch many passages in it, so as to produce the play that we have, I cannot feel that there is any thing in the character of Margaret that Shakspeare might not have conceived. "He excites," she says, "our respect and sympathy even for a Lady Macbeth, and would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism,"—or "left her without a single personal quality which would excite our interest in her bravely-endured misfortunes."

Now, Johnson says, that "Lady Macbeth is merely detested:"\* and I suspect that, if she does excite an admiration, which her crimes do not deserve, it is owing to the splendid acting which she has occasioned, especially with those of us who remember Siddons. But, surely, Lady Macbeth has less right than Margaret to be deemed *heroic*, who braved all dangers in defence of her crown, husband, and son. Nor is there any personal quality in which the Scottish exceeds the French woman. That the character of Lady Macbeth is the more poetical conception, I readily admit; and, perhaps, Mrs. Jameson has a fair right to say that it is so because it is Shakspeare's own; whereas, in the other case, he had no part but that of amplifying and improving the speeches which a former dramatist had assigned to her. Yet I confess, that if there were not other grounds for ascribing the original play to another hand, I should not deem the character of Margaret impossible to be drawn by Shakspeare.

I am not of opinion that any convincing argument, on one side or the other, as to the authorship of these plays, is to be drawn from the comparison with history. Mrs. Jameson has noticed his deviations from history injurious to Margaret, her love for Suffolk, and her too ready reconciliation with Warwick. These Shakspeare found in the old play.

I believe that in adopting the works of dramatists, he took little pains except with the language and versification. In amplifying a speech he did not often introduce new ideas, but he enlarged, and clothed in more correct language and more stately verse, those which he found prepared. It is chiefly because I cannot think that the *language* of the "Contention" was Shakspeare's, that I concur with Malone and Mrs. Jameson in ascribing it to another. The language of the *first* part, as it stands among Shakspeare's works, is inferior to that of the corrected plays, but it is much better than that of the uncorrected. It may therefore be presumed, either that it was the entire work of a writer, ranking in merit between Shakspeare and the author of the *Contention*, or that Shakspeare was unusually careless and hasty in correcting it. I give these opinions with real diffidence, and with an admission of ignorance of some of the circumstances which ought to affect them.

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\* Bosw., xi. 276.

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## PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TRISTRAM DUMPS, ESQ.\*

## CHAP. V.

THE adventure related in the preceding chapter was one of which I did not feel proud, and therefore did not mention it to any one. Thanks to the comparative privacy of what one may call newspaper life in France, I was not publicly shown up the next morning under an article headed "Police Extraordinary," nor had my name to run the gauntlet of a dozen paragraphs, concocted by the penny-a-line "gentlemen of the press" for the London prints—thence to be transferred to the sooty chronicles of Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, and Leeds; and finally shot in the last beams of its *éclat* to Land's End or Johnny Groat's house in the pages of the Western Luminary, or of the Northern Star.

Nevertheless, with that guilty consciousness which, although the affair was no fault of mine, would never permit me to dismiss a sense of the ridiculous in all that had occurred, I imagined symptoms of discovery in every face that approached me. I thought the waiter put on my dinner with a particular smirk—and that as I went down stairs, the master of the hotel made me a different—a sort of patronising, laugh-in-the-sleeve kind of bow—but particularly did I think that the face of Frank Delaroue, which always expanded into an arch expression when he saw me, betrayed on this occasion a double charge of suppressed drollery. In this I was mistaken; but, nevertheless, was destined "*fra breve*," as the Italians say, before the lapse of many days—to give him a similar opportunity of entertainment, and an incident occurred which contributed greatly to increase the familiarity of our acquaintance.

After having been kept in the house the whole of the morning by rain, I took a sudden fancy, from mere weariness of spirit, to go to the Opera Comique. I always go to those sort of places early; so having ordered my dinner a little before the usual time, and having despatched it with much more alacrity than usual—with the air of one who has something new in hand, I looked almost impatiently at the dessert as the waiter was putting it on—the rogue guessed the reason immediately.

"*Peut être que Monsieur va au spectacle ce soir—mais il y a du temps*," added he, throwing up his hand with the usual gesture. I unluckily, therefore, trusted to his watch instead of my own, and on arriving at the door of the theatre, found myself, by the crowd already collected, later than I had intended. It is the custom in France, and an admirable one it is, for the expectants at a theatre to range themselves two and two in a file along the passage of the entrance to which they aspire. There they stand, and when the time comes, proceed with the order and regularity of soldiers to the pay-box and entrance—no one ever thinking of stepping out of his place, or of trying to give another the go-by. Few persons can duly appreciate this, who have not had a squeeze into an English theatre, but more especially into the pit of the Opera-House on the night of some favourite performance. To wait a

quarter of an hour on a spring or summer evening in a dense crowd of gentlemen who "occasionally smoke" (if they are not at that moment puffing in the faces of those next them), with all the cuffs, pushes, and squeezes, which occur between individuals, besides the general undulations of the whole mass which, from time to time, lift one off one's legs, is bad enough at any theatre—at most of them, however, men only, or women of the hardiest sort, are the sufferers—but at the Italian theatre, ladies—delicate females, allured by the music, but driven by the exorbitant prices of the boxes into the pit, are here subjected to the same process. This greatly increases the evil in more ways than one—firstly, every gentleman's personal sufferings are multiplied tenfold by witnessing those of the females around him, and secondly, such considerations greatly impede the progress, and aggravate the confusion of the crowd. When the rush takes place at the opening of the doors, it is frightful. "Oh! Maria, what *will* become of us?" cries one. "Take care of the ladies!" bawls a man with the voice of a Stentor, who has already secured a good place close to the door. Screams, faintings, shoes lost, the cracking and slitting of dresses, are heard on all sides. "Please, sir, will you be so good as to take your finger out of my ear?" "I am very sorry, ma'am, that I am so hemmed in, I cannot oblige you." Then, each person who is shot out of the crowd on to the empty space within the bar, has to stand a little to collect his scattered senses before he takes to his heels along the corridors to secure the desired place—the pantings, puffings, noddings, and congratulations, when all are seated in the contested places, are sufficient to show both the sufferings and the danger of such a process.

All this is avoided by the means adopted at Paris; and when once it becomes an understood thing—a point of honour or of custom—never to encroach, those who wish for a good place have only to make their calculation, go early, have patience, and get in without inconvenience or peril.

It was so long since I had been at a theatre in Paris, that I had either altogether forgotten this custom—or was in a reverie—or how it happened I do not know; but certainly it was not by design—that instead of placing myself at the end of the file, I lounged up the corridor towards the entrance, passing the patient expectants ranged thus almost with the military precision of "eyes right—eyes left," and presenting certainly, it must be confessed, rather a ridiculous appearance. No sooner had I proceeded a short way up, than a violent cry was raised, "*En arrière! en arrière!*" which cry, however, without the least intention to resist, I did not obey with the same alacrity that a foreigner perhaps would have done, but with the dignified, deliberate, half-affronted air of an Englishman—continuing to take a step or two in advance, and assuming a kind of manner as if my return would be more to oblige the company than a matter of necessity. The cries were renewed—" *En arrière! en arrière!*" and, whether in joke or earnest, I did not know, but some one called out, "*Vivent les Anglais!*" and another, I thought, said something about "*bifstek!*" One is not always in the humour for a joke. I felt offended—disgusted—insulted—and my eye particularly fell upon a great tall fellow, an officer of dragoons, whom I considered especially active in the first cry that had been raised

against me. I, however, said nothing, but retired to my post at the end of the file. When we were seated in the theatre, and the performance began, it was not one calculated to soothe my irritated feelings: it was English, the tall dragoon, who was seated at no great distance behind "*Les Anglaises pour Rire*"—and at every joke, quiz, or cut at the me, laughed, I thought, a great deal louder than was necessary. Between the two performances, I, with others, put on my hat; and the curtain had scarcely begun to move for the second, when the tall dragoon bawled out, "*à bas les chapaux!*" I turned round, and gave him a fierce look. On coming out, at the end of the last piece, the dragoon in the crowd, was first at my side, then before me, and when there, purposely as I thought, gave me a rasping on the ankles with his long spurs. On this, I gave him a push, which, big as he was, sent him several paces nearer the wall than was his intention. An exchange of cards was the result, and I returned to the hotel. In the morning, while preparing to take the usual steps on such occasions, I received a note, directed simply "*à Monsieur Dumps,*" demanding an explanation and apology. One is more critical at some times than others. The apology I had no intention to give under present circumstances; but the superscription of the note did not in the least incline me thereto. It appeared to me that there was something designedly uncivil in addressing me *Monsieur*, and not according to custom, *Monsieur—Monsieur Dumps*. In my reply, I simply declined giving any apology; stated that it was not the custom in my country for principals to correspond on such occasions; and, as I had determined before I received his note, referred him, at a venture (feeling sure of obtaining a previous interview), to Solomon Upsyde Down, Esq., *Hotel de Bourbon, Rue Louis le Grand, Boulevard des Capucins, Quatrième étage*. Having despatched the note, the first thing was to hurry off to my friend Solomon, whom I found at breakfast and shaving—his attention being pretty equally divided between soapsuds and *café au lait*. I put him in no small perturbation by a request, that as he was the only person whom I happened to know upon this emergency, I hoped he would excuse the shortness of our acquaintance, and serve me in the present juncture, by becoming my second in a duel. The buttered toast came out of both sides of his mouth, and the soapsuds mounted to his eyes, as, in a jumbling way usual to him, he ran over the pros and cons of the case as well as its perplexities—honour and glory—prosecution and flight—character and chivalry—constables and costs; but recollecting suddenly that we were in France, and shielding himself under the "glorious uncertainty" of the law, about which he knew nothing, he consented to open the communication. We then began to bother and bungle together (neither of us being at all practised in such matters) about the proposals or terms which it would be proper to put forth. An apology I positively refused—on the contrary, I required one from my opponent, asking whether he was aware of the effect of his spurs, and of my contact therewith—but, above all, for my wrath of the night before was on the wane—above all, I required that he should distinctly state in what spirit, intention, and signification, he had addressed me *Monsieur*, and not *Monsieur—Monsieur Dumps*. These matters may seem trifling to some, but only to those who know nothing of duels.

The whole of that day was taken up in demand and rejoinder. Towards evening I was sitting over the fire, in no enviable humour (one is sometimes more bilious than at others), conning over the words of the last article of my proviso, "*Que Monsieur le capitaine, explique de pourquoi il a donné au dit Sieur le titre de Monsieur seulement, et non, selon usage du pays, de Monsieur—Monsieur Dumps,*" when the door opened, and Frank Delaroue came in. I saw by his face that something had greatly amused him, although he tried to conceal it. "I am come, sir," said he, rubbing his chin, to prevent me seeing the play round his mouth, "I am come with a note and a message from my friend Captain Hautbras, who has commissioned me to assure you that he had no intention of insulting you last night, nor of otherwise annoying you, and hopes that you will in return favour him with a written statement of your regret for what passed at the theatre."

It seemed that my friend Solomon, proud of his new avocation, towards the latter part of the day unburdened himself of the whole affair to his nephew, George Gilbert, who told it to Frank; and these two youths, more experienced in the rules and regulations of these proceedings, were not a little amused by all the negotiations concocted by Down and myself. Frank, moreover, knowing intimately my antagonist, lost no time in making his appearance before him in the character of umpire; and after having explained to him some matters, known only, I suppose, to the initiated, and having, perhaps, had some diversion at Solomon's expense, the result was as described.

"Captain Hautbras, sir," said he, "was greatly surprised, and at a loss to know what gave you offence last night."

"Indeed!" said I, "then I do most sincerely beg his pardon."

As I was writing the note, I saw by the way in which the laughing eye of Frank was upon me, that whatever might have been the folly of the proceeding, I had gained something in his opinion—so readily do the young sympathize with any thing that has even the appearance of—courage, shall I say?—no—that is too dignified a term for such an occasion—the vulgar word must out—of pluck.

I confess, too, that the conduct of the lad on this occasion enhanced the favourable impression he had already made upon me; and our intercourse became more frequent. He was probably amused by a few peculiarities in my character, and I found something cheering in the young, fresh views he took of all the things of life, which to me were sufficiently stale, flat, and unprofitable. I perceived, moreover, under an almost boyish heedlessness of manner, a fund of good sense and principle, and we soon fell into that kind of intercourse which goes on smoothly between those of different ages, where neither foolish rivalry, nor assumed authority, step in to trouble the ordinary course of things.

## CHAP. VI.

I HAVE occasion to reproach myself, and feel the duty of apologising to the reader for having thus long delayed a more full introduction of Solomon Upsyde Down, Esq., to their acquaintance. The agitating events recorded in the preceding chapters must plead my excuse. Although unmentioned, his society had filled a considerable portion of

what busy people call the "leisure hours" of my time. The reader will himself have already observed that he was one of those persons upon whom "the blight"—that one sad epoch which under some form or other comes to most—had fallen, and will therefore easily conceive a certain sympathy of feelings and views which might exist between us. But independent of this, there were, I soon discovered, peculiarities in his character, which still more arrested my attention; a mixture of motives, habits, and sentiments; a topsy-turvy kind of way of thinking, as well as of arranging all those little matters of daily life—a trick of doing things not only in an odd manner, but at *odd times*, which I found it difficult to unravel. That there was some peculiarity either of temperament or education—some obliquity, either natural or acquired, was quite evident. Above all, I was puzzled to assign to him his precise orbit in the social system; for although he had evidently once possessed considerable pecuniary means, and incidentally mentioned circumstances connected with what is called a first-rate education, and a subsequent career in the beau-monde; yet there was that about friend Solomon—that indescribable something, which neither tutor nor tailor, reading nor routs, Melton nor Mayfair, can overlay, every now and then peeping forth to puzzle my speculations. There was, moreover, in friend Solomon's "something," an indefinable tinge of difference from that of other people under similar circumstances, which gave edge to my curiosity. His frequent and poignant expressions of regret about his altered circumstances at last gave me an opportunity of drawing from him a few particulars of his life. One day, as we were walking in the Luxemburg gardens, he commenced, with some formality, the following account of his ancestors and of himself.

"The families of the Upsydes and of the Downs—"

Heaven defend us from a pedigree! thought I; if not two.

"The families of the Upsydes and of the Downs, to trace them back—"

"Don't you think, sir, you had better begin with one at a time, and at the other end?" said I.

"Well, then; the family of the Upsydes, which is variously written Upsayde, Apsaide or Ab Saide, is of Hebrew origin, and in the antepenultimate generation was of that persuasion."

Worse and worse, thought I; we shall be up to Judas Maccabeus, at least, on the one side, and down to the root of the Downs on the other, before we are done.

"At the time of the flood—"

I felt my eyes start in their sockets.

"At the time of the flood caused by the inundation of the river Ouse in the city of York, towards the beginning of the twelfth century, (for I will not refer you further back) mention is made of the losses of one Simon Ab Saide, which is the Arabic term for Sidon. '*Item, Simon Ab Saide decem balos (sic) veterum*———(*hiatus*).' A son of his married a daughter of Abraham of York, whose heroism is upon the page of history, in consequence of having had a tooth drawn every day for a week, in resisting the exactions of the cruel King John. The fifth generation upward from me, and the third downward from them, settled in a part of London peculiarly appropriated to a species of merchandise to which the Hebrew speculators have been ever attached."



"What is that?" said I.

"And nothing remarkable occurred there," continued Solomon, without seeming to notice my question, "except the realization of a large property, which was the foundation of the wealth of the family. My great-great-grandfather, Solomon, married my great-great-grandmother's brother's daughter Deborah, and had a son, Solomon; and my great-grandfather was (in consequence as was thought) so indifferent a physical specimen of the Upsydes, that the whole family rose in arms against these intermarriages in future. This Solomon, who was an irritable little man, though of feeble temperament, being disappointed in his affections for Deborah, daughter of Deborah Upsyde, who had married her first cousin, and who was herself daughter of that first Deborah's daughter, by a marriage previous to her alliance with my great-great-grandfather, Solomon—that Solomon, I say, not this—that is, Solomon, my great-grandfather, being thwarted in his affections for that Deborah, to the horror of the whole synagogue, married Sally Down, the Quaker clothier's daughter of Cheapside. The confusion of rites which took place on the celebration of their union would, I understand, puzzle the interpretation of all marriage acts. I have now brought you down to the Downs, but not to the union of the names of Upsyde and Down.

"The immense wealth of my great-grandfather was eagerly jumped at by old Down, whose family property, once also large, had been nearly annihilated by the unwise speculations of his father, and two uncles; who, in one firm, had ventured too largely in the South Sea 'bubble;' nevertheless, considerable resources were still scattered among collateral branches, to which Sally, being an only daughter, was also in line of succession.

"My great-grandmother Down, on becoming an Upsyde, stipulated that the children born of this marriage should not be Jews; and my grandfather was accordingly christened, although my great-grandfather insisted that the name of Solomon should not only be retained in the present instance, but should become hereditary."

"I hope," said I, "that you will have many successors, as you doubtless have had predecessors, worthy of the name of the wisest of men."

After a slight bow, but, as I thought, rather an awkward sheepish look, he continued:

"As soon as my grandfather was baptized, the heralds, on being well paid for it, made out a coat of arms—a man and a mouth on a field *or*, which was as near as they could get symbolically to the street in London which was the scene of the most successful speculations of the Upsydes, and which they also thought contained a clever allusion to the heroism of my illustrious ancestor, Abraham of York. These were quarterly with the arms of the Downs, which old Down, to show a contempt of his unsuccessful ancestors, decided might be three gulls proper, on a field *azure* (or blue), and the two united bore a shield of pretence with three cups reversed, signifying the prospective union of the Upsyde and Down properties. These latter emblems, my grandmother, who was a cheerful woman, used to say had a hocus-pocus look, and while patting me on the head, always foretold that I should



be the confusor of the family—in fact, the property did first unite in me; my father, to make matters more sure, having married my grandmother's uncle's son's daughter.

“ I lost my father very young, who left me in possession of an ample fortune, which had accumulated considerably in his hands by judicious management, and careful habits. My mother, I regret to say, was of a different disposition, and rather addicted to frivolity and expense. As soon as I could understand any thing, I was diligently taught not the value of money, but of him who possessed it; and by the time I was seventeen, had perhaps a higher opinion of Solomon Upsyde, Esq., than any of his majesty's lieges. At that age I was sent to college, being only the third heir of the Upsydes, who, under the present contested exclusion of Jews, Turks, &c., could obtain admission into that celebrated place of learning. Well do I remember the glory of putting on a gentleman commoner's silk gown at Christ Church, and the pleasure I experienced in the idea of all the extravagance to which it gave license. I say the idea, because whenever it came to the point of spending money, I may as well here confess, that I always experienced a kind of counter-feeling—a struggle—a retention as if by instinct, for which I can only account, by supposing that I inherited the common mixture from the different characters of my two parents. Nay, the blood of the Solomons—the male side of my pedigree, used to actuate me, I thought, even in minor matters. Thus, although, like my dear mother, I was, when young, proportionately fond of dress, and had the vanity, I remember, to order at one time, five-and-twenty pair of white cord trousers, I wore two nearly threadbare, before I could find in my heart to touch the others; and always had a strong kind of liking for the old ones, even after they were only fit to hang upon a peg in my dressing-room. It was the same in every thing I did—there is no use in concealing it. I used to buy the most highly priced horses for the pleasure, I thought, of riding and exhibiting them; but no sooner was I on their back, than I felt myself tormented by involuntary guesses at what each passer by might be induced to come down with in cash or exchange. The first of my many unfortunate speculations, indeed, was in this line: a pair of piebalds, in Gray's Inn Lane.”

“ Say no more,” cried I; “ the name of the place is enough. I have had my experience there, as well as you.”

“ You know, then, all about the paint, and the trick about the match?”

“ Yes,” replied I, rather sharply; “ go on.”

“ On leaving college, I was thrown into all the dissipation of the great metropolis, without any one who had the least authority over me. I formed a *liaison* with a celebrated opera-dancer, then in great vogue. I was proud of the conquest—if I may so call it—though she tied me pretty well down, both as to the first pecuniary deposit, and subsequent annual stipend,—and, in case of a separation before a certain period, still further conditions were considered binding. However, she praised the colour of my hair and the shape of my nose, and I really loved the girl, or thought so at least, which is the same thing; yet though I liked the reputation of spending thousands upon her, I never could resist urging her to raise her demands upon the lessee of the theatre—which

disgusted her so much, that she took flight at the end of the season with Hyacinthe, jun., the Zephyr of the ballet. In such a mixture of feelings as these I ran on from one extravagance to another, vying with all the most thoughtless young men of my own age; although I myself generally went by the name of 'Old Sol' amongst them. Well would it have been if this had been all, and I had confined my emulation to the west-end of the town. In an unlucky moment a new ambition took hold of me—that of showing my spirit, and of trying to swell my fortune by some lucky hit in the city. At first I confined myself to semi-secret speculations, sometimes by commission, at others, by confidential association with firms to whom I advanced large sums of money with my usual mistrust of ostentation and love of lucre. The civility with which I was universally received in the city gratified me much, but I lost large deposits, and this, frequently repeated, began to make considerable inroads upon my property. At last, irritated by my losses, I openly made a large speculation in the celebrated Hymnapotopouski mines, capital ten millions, shares by instalment,—committee, chairman, vice-chairman, treasurer, secretaries, sub-secretaries, &c. But, although all other mines appeared to be doing well, according to the accounts received from the other side of the Atlantic, the Hymnapotopouski entirely failed: two majors and a captain, who had sold their commissions, and gone out in official capacities returned, and I found myself reduced to an annual income of a few hundreds a year. I had luckily paid my mother's jointure, as well as the fortune of my only sister, Lady Gilbert, so had only to think of myself. I took lodgings in Green-street, and amused myself by attending all the sales in London from Christie's downwards, including that of my own house in Portland-place, at which I could not resist taking a clandestine peep.

"The contrivances to which I was put to live and make any figure in society had for me a strange sort of pleasure in those days, which nearly counterbalanced the many bitter pangs my own reflections but too often cost me.

"At this critical period of my life, my uncle Down died, leaving me the whole of his property, which more than reinstated me in my former wealth. I was now restored to every thing I could desire in existence, yet, will you believe it—"

"I can believe any thing," said I, "at my time of life."

"Will you believe it? The fascination of those confounded Companies and speculations again seized me. The project of 'The Grand Joint-Stock Anti-feather-bed-Thistledown Company—' "

"The what?" said I.

"'The Grand Joint-Stock Anti-feather-bed-Thistledown Company,' which was the conception of myself, and (as I thought) of a friend. The project was vast—no less than that of totally superseding feather-beds, and placing the whole British nation (to say the least) upon beds of down. The machinery and details of the enterprise were equally extensive; and in consideration of certain localities connected with the peculiar article of speculation, a second central committee, with all its adjuncts, was to be established in the Scottish, as well as the English metropolis.

"As soon as it was known that some project of this sort was afloat,

nothing surprised me more than to find that I had so numerous an acquaintance in Scotland. I had already settled in my own mind to offer the place of chairman of the committee to my friend, Sir Archy Macgroats; but it seemed as if the whole genealogical tree of every family in Scotland was agitated to the very roots by the mere rumour of the new company (for my colleague never allowed the name to transpire for reasons of his own). There were applications for sons, sons-in-law, grandsons, nephews, brothers-in-law, first, second, third, fourth, and fifth cousins; there was Alec, whom any little appointment would save from going out to India—and Archy, who had no taste for the law—and Andrew, whose commission was not yet purchased, and might be saved by a secretaryship—emolument no great object at first—and Charlie; who was endued with every virtue under the sun—and Bob, if you would believe his father, a second admirable Crichton—all gasping for —ships and deputyships of every description.

“The affair, however, never got beyond a project—neither committee, chairman, secretary, treasurer, nor any office of the sort were appointed: for before my colleague would allow any communication of the scheme to be made in detail, he went off to America, carrying with him one-half of my entire property, over which I had given him control, and I have never heard of him since.

“This really did cure me for a time of speculation, and I lived many years a respectable and happy life amongst my relatives and friends on a reduced, though sufficient income. It was only a month ago that the old infirmity again came upon me, and I lost nearly—I may almost say the whole of my property in a rash dip into the funds. A dip I call it, because it was what I thought such a clever saying of the late Mr. Rothschild that tempted me on. ‘The — Bonds,’ said he, ‘are like a cold bath, you must in and out again directly.’ This dictum of the great speculator flew from mouth to mouth, and I so far profited by it as to go in, but out I never came again in any way that deserves the name.

“You now know the whole of my financial history, the mischances of which are, at this moment, pressing upon others as well as myself—and for that reason, I can sincerely say, more heavily on me. I had fully made up my mind to continue now a single life, and, in that intention, had given George Gilbert to understand that he should be my heir; but, in addition to this, had it been in my power, how readily would I have assisted him in those distressing emergencies, a hint of which brought me to Paris, and in which I so truly sympathize now that he has related to me all the particulars. If Erminie La Fleur—”

Down would here no doubt have proceeded to enlarge also upon the subject he had thus broached, had not the very young gentlemen in question at that moment made his appearance, and concluding that they might have matters of business to discuss, I shortly after left them to a *tête-à-tête*.

(To be continued.)

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## THE LESSON OF LIFE.\*

A HOUSEHOLD ROMANCE.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

## CHAP. XI.

"MARQUIS," said Belleville, as the two friends hurried from the prison, "Paris is no longer a place of safety. We must hence."

"And whither?" asked the careless De la Jonquille. "Shall we to your estate in Westphalia? or, with no further word, shall we pack up for your Roman palazzo?"

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Belleville—and at the adjuration, his companion suddenly stopt, and cast at the Chevalier a look that seemed to wither him; then, with a bitter laugh, observed,

"My best friend, Belleville, I pray ye, conjure in some other name!"

"Wilt never be grave?" asked Belleville, despondingly. "What's to be done?"

"What has been done?" answered the Marquis. "Fools grow with the season, and we must wait the harvest."

"But not in Paris; not where blood still cries against us."

"Us! My hands are white as Alpine snow. What should I fear? And for yourself, dear Belleville, you might as well hope to flee from your own shadow, as from the voice of blood that here in splendid, laughing Paris, still pursues you. Turn hermit—take lodging in a cave—drink from the brook, and eat from the herbs of the field, that voice will still be at your ear—the face of the Jew will still peep out from the trees—and the laugh of poor Narcisse—his light and rapid step, will still come to you from every bush—will still follow you."

"Why do you tell me this?" exclaimed Belleville, in a voice of terror.

"Because I'd do the office of a friend, and save ye travelling expenses. Can you not die here as well—"

"Die!" cried the Chevalier.

"Die," replied the stolid Marquis. "You must die somewhere, eh? Though I have marked that men of your persuasion—bloodshadders for gain—are apt to think themselves immortal by their crimes; they no sooner become unfit to live, than they give up all thoughts of death."

"In the name of the great fiend!" muttered Belleville.

At the same moment De la Jonquille slapt the speaker encouragingly on the shoulder, crying, "Now thou hast it! swear on."

"De la Jonquille! why do you thus torment me?" cried Belleville, imploringly.

"Well, well!" replied the Marquis, "for the sake of poor humanity, I will respect its qualms, and talk no more of death. Thou shalt live, Belleville, for ever, and that granted, where shall we sup?"

As the Marquis spoke, a low long groan, as from the earth, fixed Belleville to the spot: he griped the arm of his companion, and asked "Did you hear nothing?"

"Very like Narcisse," was the cool reply; and Belleville, for the moment, more appalled by the unconcern of his friend, who appeared on a sudden removed from the sphere of all human sympathies, than by that which tested it, was about to quit his arm and hurry from him as from a demon: another moment, and he grasped him more firmly, as if to lose him was to lose his surest safeguard against every ill. Belleville feared and hated his comrade, whilst with a slavish superstition he could not but consider him the arbiter of his destiny. Again the groan was heard, and Belleville still clutched the arm of the Marquis, who repeated, "Very like Narcisse."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Belleville, "impossible! Said they not he was dead?"

"Hark! Eh—what have we here?" and De la Jonquille dragged his companion towards the gateway of a dull, massive building; and, at length, discovered through the darkness a man, apparently writhing in the agonies of death. "Say, friend, who are ye—and what has brought ye to this plight?"

"If you have Christian hearts, a priest—a priest," answered the sufferer.

"Good Belleville," cried the Marquis, "I pray ye, run for some holy man. Hark! who comes?"

At this moment, several forms were seen to move slowly and cautiously towards the spot, and the Marquis and Belleville, standing far in the gateway, observed, unnoticed, the approach of the new-comers; four of whom bore apparently a heavy burden on their shoulders.

"*Benedicite!*" exclaimed De la Jonquille, as the men reached the gateway. They suddenly paused, and the voice of Father George responded, "*Benedicite!*" On this the Friar, motioning his followers, hastened his steps, when a louder "*Benedicite!*" from De la Jonquille made him stop.

"Who is there?" asked the Friar.

"A dying sinner, Father George," answered De la Jonquille.

"It is the Monk!" exclaimed Belleville. "I pray ye, let him pass."

"And leave a dying man unshriven? Fie upon you, Belleville!" said the Marquis, who again addressed himself to the Monk. Father George, having whispered to his followers, they proceeded on with their load, leaving him to perform his ghostly office on the dying man.

"As I live," cried the Friar, "the gentlemen with whom I had such goodly talk in the prison!—and who is here? Nay, tarry a moment;" and the Monk, winged, with good intentions, flew towards his companions, already arrived at their destination, and in a few moments—they had deposited their load within—returned with them to the Marquis, who earnestly prayed the Friar to give his speedy consolation to an expiring sinner. By the orders of the Monk, the wounded man was borne onward in the arms of the men, when Father George entreated the Marquis and Belleville to give him their company beneath his humble roof.

"Thanks! many thanks, kind father!" answered Belleville, "but we have business—urgent business."

"Trust me, no," interrupted De la Jonquille; "at least no affairs that should not give way to hospitality so holy—so we follow, excellent

father ;” and Belleville found himself compelled to yield to the Marquis, who whispered to him, “there might be danger did we appear to suspect.”

“Suspect ! What have we to fear of him ?” asked Belleville.

“Halters—halters, nothing more ; hush !” and De la Jonquille significantly pressed the arm of Belleville. “A sweet retreat,” observed the Marquis, as Father George showed his guests beyond the first gate of the house of the Carmelites. “A charming school for saints, i’faith !”

“Thus far you may enter,” said Father George ; and as he spoke the gate was closed behind them.

“We are trapped,” whispered Belleville.

“Ay, Carmelites for life,” answered the Marquis. “Well, with all my heart ! what say ye ?” Belleville, confounded, sick at heart with the banter of his companion, bit his lip, and answering not, groaned inwardly.

“Sit, and what the house affords, that shall ye partake of,” said Father George, who departed, leaving his guests to indulge in their anticipations of a Carmelite repast. In a few minutes, Father George returned, attended by a brother, who laid a large black loaf upon the table, and then placed beside it a pitcher of water.

“Eat, and may it profit ye !” said Father George, stretching his hands above the banquet. De la Jonquille seized a knife, and, with the air of a man determined to make a hearty meal, cut a large slice from the loaf.

“And is this,” said the Marquis, “is this the fare of the saints ? I marvel not they look so beautiful. Delicious !” he added, chewing the bread, and winking at Belleville. “Exquisite ! it tastes of good men’s prayers—of the grateful tears of the widow—of the balmy sighs of the orphan—ha ! this is bread, indeed ! Who, having once filled himself with this, can find flavour in the cates of the naughty world. without ? Do you feed Cardinals on this ?” asked De la Jonquille, turning a black crust between his finger and thumb. “Is the Pope made infallible by such luscious fare ?”

“Who would question it ?” observed Father George, evading a direct reply.

“Ha ! ha !” and the Marquis poured the water into a wooden cup. “I never saw water until now ! How it sparkles and bubbles ! And is it this divine liquid that paints the cheeks, and sometimes the nose of the Church ? Is it this that gives bloom to the Abbots—that makes your Priors rosy ? ’Tis a marvellous liquor, *if* it do these things.”

“It is,” answered the Friar.

“Come, man, eat and drink,” cried De la Jonquille, and he pressed the black loaf and the water upon Belleville.

“I neither hunger nor thirst,” observed Belleville ; “but I would fain to bed.”

“Eat and drink of these, and they will bring appetite ; is’t not so, holy priest ? By the belly of Silenus, if so profane a vow may be spoken here, the water is bright—bright—bright as”—and the Marquis leered at Belleville—“diamonds.”

“Will ye stay all night ?” asked the Chevalier impatiently, and started to his feet.



"True—I lose time," answered the Marquis, "and so, now to business. We would fain confess to ye, most worthy father"—

"Confess!" cried Belleville; "confess—what?"

"All our sins," continued De la Jonquille; "and, having done so, beg of ye permission to enter your holy order, and live and die most reverend Carmelites."

"Is this a place—is this a theme for banter?" asked Belleville.

"No," replied De la Jonquille, and he raised his eyes towards the roof, and placed his hand upon his heart.

"If thou hast aught to confess," said Father George, "follow me."

"Nay, not so," replied the Marquis. "The Chevalier and myself have had our peccadilloes, as we have had our pleasures, in common; so 'twill save time, if we confess together."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Belleville. "Let us begone! Are you mad?"

"No—not mad, but contrite," answered De la Jonquille, with looks and voice that staggered his companion. "Would he really confess?" thought Belleville, and he shuddered at the supposition.

"Confess, then," cried the Monk: "but, as for admission into our holy brotherhood"—

"Nay, we come not empty-handed," said De la Jonquille; "we have that which shall enrich the common stock, devoted as it is to acts of charity and goodness; we come not without a few crowns; and, moreover, look ye, we have this"—and with these words, the Marquis plucked from his bosom, and flung upon the table, the diamond bracelet—the cause of the murder of the Jew, the murder of poor Narcisse, and the imprisonment of the innocent De Loire. Had it been a deadly snake, Belleville could not have started with greater terror—could not have betrayed more agony of heart. "They are real, I pledge my honour," said the unmoved Marquis, "real."

The Capuchin turned the bracelet in his hand, and a smile of grim satisfaction lurked at his lip, as, with his eye fixed searchingly on De la Jonquille, he asked, "And how obtained?"

"So—so! The church is become a rare catechist," cried De la Jonquille. "How obtained?"

"How obtained?" coolly reiterated the Capuchin.

"'Tis the free offering of penitents—and is not that enough?" asked De la Jonquille. "Nay," he added, staring at the terrified Belleville, "I am tired of this life of useless pleasure—this barren and monotonous round of worldly delights,—and yearn for black bread, pure water, and a hair shirt."

"Farewell, then," exclaimed Belleville, "choose for thyself. Father, bid them unlock the gate;" and the Chevalier, pale and trembling, stood at the door.

"Tarry a little—but a little, good son," answered the Friar; and he hastily quitted his visitors, taking the bracelet with him, and carefully bolting the door without.

"Fool!—wretch!—villain!" cried Belleville in a paroxysm of passion, shaking his clenched hand in the unmoved face of De la Jonquille.

"My good friend, my present patience shall best testify my altered state. I will take thy reproofs, and pray for thy amendment," said the Marquis.



"Pray for thine own damned soul," exclaimed Belleville, and drawing his sword, he thrust furiously at the Marquis, who retreating against the wall, the door of a small ante-room was burst open, discovering therein a coffin.

"Would ye fight, and before such a witness?" asked De la Jonquille, pointing to the bier.

Belleville reeled backward, and his sword dropped from his hand. "Who is there?" he gasped.

"Poor Narcisse!" sighed the Marquis, and was about to remove the lid, when Belleville darted upon him, and gibbering inarticulate sounds, dragged him from the spot, and dashed to the door. Overcome by terror, he sank speechless into a chair, hiding his face in his hands. Thus he sat for some moments; and when he ventured to look around, he found himself alone! De la Jonquille was gone. He was alone with his second victim; the poor, racked, murdered wretch, the victim of his own fidelity and the guilt and cowardice of his master. He did not dare to look towards the door which closed upon the body; and yet he thought he heard whisperings bidding him look—almost felt the near approach of some gigantic hand about to force him to look—felt that the victim himself stood there beckoning with his finger, inviting him to look!

The door opened, and Belleville rose with a shriek, then falling huddled up at the foot of the unseen friar, cried and moaned for mercy.

"Where is thy friend?" asked father George, taking no notice of the condition of Belleville; who, assured by the monk's voice, rose from the earth.

"Demon!—devil!" groaned Belleville.

"Not so; for he has the seeds of repentance," said the Monk.

"May the saints award thee the like treasure!"

"May I depart?" asked Belleville.

"And leave the diamonds?" inquired the Monk.

"May I depart?" repeated Belleville furiously, taking no heed of the question of the Monk.

"Ay, and as thou shalt deserve them," answered the Friar, "may the blessings of the good go with thee. That way will lead thee to the outer gate," and the Monk pointed to the door of the antechamber.

"Not that way—not that way," exclaimed Belleville, and he recoiled from the spot with looks of horror and disgust. "I—I pray ye, some other outlet, I could not pass it."

"Nay, thou hast seen him living—hast talked to him—a poor, foolish, wicked boy! Come, give me thy hand, I'll lead thee through the passage." Saying this, the Monk grasped the hand of Belleville, who, weak as infancy, suffered himself to be led towards the door. It was opened by the Monk, who, approaching the coffin, laid the diamond bracelet upon it. Belleville cast in the unmoved face of Father George, a look of supplicating anguish: then, with clasped hands, sank, almost insensible, at the foot of the bier.

"Rupert, the woodman—Chevalier Belleville!" said the Monk, in a stern, accusing voice, "before the ashes of thy victim, I conjure thee to confess, and to repent."

"Confess!" exclaimed a voice, and Belleville shrank at the sound,

and gnashed his teeth in agony. "Confess!" again conjured the unseen speaker.

"Oh, God! 'tis he!" cried Belleville; and he fell senseless upon the stone pavement, the blood spirting with the blow from his head and nostrils. Still, the next word of which Belleville was conscious, was "Confess!" That word rang through his brain and his ears burned with the sound. "Confess—confess!" seemed to reverberate from the roof—the pavement—the walls.

"I will confess,—ask what thou wilt," cried Belleville.

"Who murdered the old man? Who slew Aaron Ezra?" asked Friar George.

"Behold the hand!" answered Belleville, and he lifted it tremblingly towards the Monk.

"And the young Count de Loire is innocent?" questioned the Father.

"Innocent!" replied the culprit.

"And the lackey—the footman—the poor, witless boy, Narcisse?"

"Innocent!" answered Belleville, and the tears gushed as he spoke the word. "I thank God! though murdered for me, innocent."

"And thy wife, Edith—thy noble-hearted wife!" probed the Monk, "Where is she?"

"Ask me not—I know not!" replied Belleville, moodily.

"And thy child—thy sweet daughter, Marie?"

"Mad—mad!" screamed the father, and he leapt to his feet, and for a moment the Monk recoiled in terror from the penitent, whose face was swollen and livid with agony: locking his hands in his hair, he stampt upon the earth, and in the voice of a maniac, screamed "Mad—mad—would to God I were!"

"And thy companion, the Marquis de la Jonquille?"

"Devil—fiend—monster! that has snared me," shouted the wretched man.

"Where is he?" asked the Monk.

"Where is he?" inquired an unseen speaker.

"Dost thou not hear him?" cried Belleville.

"It is thy disordered wit!" answered the Monk; but Belleville shook his head, and groaned. "And this bracelet was stolen?" questioned Father George.

"I won it—in fair—in honourable play of—of that hell-hound, who has destroyed me," replied Belleville.

"And thou hast nothing more to confess—consider, nothing?" asked the Friar.

"Nothing!" answered Belleville. "May I depart?"

"Go! and may peace wait upon thy repentance. Ho! Brother Francis!" and instantly a Monk obeyed the summons of the Friar; "show this man to the gate." The Monk slowly led the way, Belleville following with beating heart. At length the Monk unlocked the gate; the moon shone with purest brightness. Belleville, as he crossed the threshold, turned towards the Monk; when he beheld beneath the cowl of his conductor, the laughing face of De la Jonquille. "Peace wait upon thy repentance!" he cried; and with a crowing laugh, he closed the gate, and Belleville, bleeding and exhausted, fell upon the earth.

## CHAP. XII.

It was deep midnight, when Pierre Grognon—whose vigilance as an humble servant of justice, we have already noticed—was heard to thunder at the gate of the house of the Capuchins; the waiting-officer having found at the very threshold a gentleman bleeding, and for aught he knew, dying. In due season, the unceremonious summons of the officer was answered by brother Francis. A brief discourse passed between the Monk and the man of justice, when the wounded man was immediately carried off by two of the guard; and next morning, the gay Chevalier Belleville found himself a tenant of the prison of Paris,—accused of theft and murder.

“And can it be?” asked Jacques Tenebræ. “Is it possible? So, you have confessed?”

“I have confessed nothing,” answered Belleville, who still clung to a horrible existence.

“Well, well, ’tisn’t for me to question,” said the hangman; “but I had my doubts of the guilt of that poor boy.”

“Begone!” exclaimed Belleville, “or is it thy duty to attend me here?”

“No, not here—not here,” replied Tenebræ: “but we needn’t talk of my duty at present. I came as a friend to ye; this is a place where ye cannot grow friends, like a dish of salad. Do ye want nothing?”

“Nothing—nothing,” answered the prisoner.

“Humph! you want a better pallet at least. That lazy Seraphe! why, the cell has not been cleared since—Ho! Seraphe,” and immediately the fellow entered. “Are ye not a pretty villain to eat the bread of the most worshipful city of Paris, yet take no more heed for the comfort of its prisoners?”

“You’re too tender for the place, good Master Jacques,” answered Seraphe, with a leer, “but what’s the matter now?”

“Matter! why hast not cleared up the cell for new company? The gentleman lies on the very straw that poor Narcisse died on.”

At these words, Belleville sprang from the pallet as from burning coals. Pacing the narrow precincts of his cell, the prisoner took no further notice of the movements of his gaoler, who now whistling, and now humming a tune, turned anew the straw, and—Jacques Tenebræ having left the cell—contented himself with so slight a ceremony; saying, as he took his leave of Belleville, “’Twill doubtless last your time, most excellent Chevalier.”

Days passed, and the next day was the day of trial. Belleville was awakened from a dream to prepare himself for the judge. The wretched prisoner, harassed, worn, slept, and soundly on the bare flint; his gaoler having refused to change the death-straw of poor Narcisse, and Jacques Tenebræ paying no further visit to the criminal, Seraphe remained sole master of his charge. Belleville lay dreaming of the old wood, the place of his childhood—his cottage—his wife and children—his foolish, faithful boy, Narcisse—and then, the tyrant, the Lord de Loire passed in the vision—and again he heard the temptings of the strange spirit in the forest—again he saw his cottage unroofed—his

wife and children houseless, starving—again he struggled with Locust—again heard the whisperings of the evil spirit—when the voice of Seraphe roused him from his slumber.

“Yes—yes,” cried Belleville, and his head fell upon his breast—“I heard the demon—I followed him—and I am here!”

“Most worthy Chevalier, the court sits early,” said Seraphe, who, believing the boy Narcisse to have fallen a victim to the ingratitude of his master, took a wayward pleasure in tormenting him,—“the court sits early, and ’twould be bad manners, nay, bad policy in you to make them wait, even were they inclined to be so condescending. They might, you know, think of the incivility in the sentence. Eh?”

“Am I wanted now?” asked Belleville, smiling contemptuously.

“If you please,” answered the gaoler, bowing with affected deference. “Your coach is ready.”

Belleville passed from his dungeon—was received by his guards—and in a brief time, stood arraigned at the bar. There, still fighting for life, the prisoner endeavoured to parry every dangerous question, strove to explain away the circumstances alleged against him—argued, battled with his judges—now treating the accusation as the fruit of a base conspiracy—and now laughing to scorn the feeble malignity of his enemies. The auditory—and there were present many of the noblest men of Paris, many of the fairest women—applauded, admired, and wondered at the capabilities, the courage of the prisoner. Slight murmurs of approbation at times disturbed the serenity of justice—applause awakened by the adroitness or eloquence of the accused. Belleville, for a time, forgot the terrible stake at issue, in self-complacency at the homage paid to his talents: he felt himself an actor playing a part to an admiring crowd not an arraigned felon pleading for name and life: he saw not the wheel and the executioner, Jacques Tenebræ; they were lost, forgotten, in the bright eyes, and balmy lips of the ladies, smiling on the prisoner. Death and shame were unthought of; and the mind and heart of Belleville glowed and throbbed with the glory, the delight of female conquest!

The cause had lasted several hours, and Belleville, assured of triumph gazed airily about him. He had foiled every testimony brought against him—nothing remained to be adduced. As for his confession to the Monk, the laws of the holy Church made that sacred in the breast of Father George. What, then, had he to fear? At most, a vague suspicion might rest upon his name—but, it was impossible that any means of proof could exist to make manifest his infamy. With these thoughts, Belleville stood gazing at the beautiful faces looking intently upon him, when he felt his garment pulled, and turning, beheld an old woman, dressed in black, who, with outstretched finger, pointed to a new witness; whose back was turned towards the prisoner, but whose appearance denoted him to be a peasant. He had already given his name—the name had escaped the ear of Belleville—to the judge; who proceeded to question him. At every answer of the witness, Belleville shrunk within himself—all was lost—the face of Jacques Tenebræ hideously distorted, swam before the eyes of the prisoner—he was a doomed man!

In brief, the witness professed himself an old companion of the prisoner, when a lowly, happy man. He had worked with him in the same forest; had followed him in his better fortunes to Paris; had en-

tered his services ; had attended him at the gaming-table ; was with him on the Quai des Orfèvres ; nay, more, had assisted him to escape from the hands of justice, when closely pursued at the house of the murdered Jew.

" Prisoner ; what answer make you to this ? " demanded the Judge. Belleville was about to reply, when, at the moment, the witness turned and gazed upon him. Belleville beheld the face of De la Jonquille ; and horror-stricken, yet sufficiently possessed to answer, replied, " No answer—none ; I can die."

" Ha ! ha ! ha ! " shrieked the old woman, who had directed the attention of Belleville to the fatal witness, " death—death ! "

" Peace ! " exclaimed the Judge, " Who is that ? "

" The widowed mother of the murdered Laval ! " cried the woman, casting for a moment her load of years, and standing erect before the Judge. " The blood of my boy—my only boy is upon him ! " and she pointed to Belleville, " justice hath found the slayer ! Death—death—death ! " she exclaimed, and the hearts of the auditory quailed at the shrill, piercing note of the childless widow. She sat down, with her eye immediately fixed upon the face of the culprit, who felt relieved by the sentence of the Judge—albeit it doomed the murderer to a cruel death—for it rescued him from the torturing stare of the mother of his victim.

" Well, Chevalier," said Seraphe, as the prisoner re-entered his dungeon, " for to-night, at least, you shall have clean straw ; you should sleep soundly to-night, for by the saints, you'll have a rough day's work to-morrow."

" Reptile ! " exclaimed Belleville, " but, no—I can pity, endure even thee. Begone ! "

The prisoner remained but a short time undisturbed. " The most holy Father George ! " said Seraphe, " thou wilt see him, doubtless ? " Belleville answered not ; when the gaoler, with a contemptuous growl, retired, and almost immediately the friar entered the dungeon.

" Peace be with ye ! " cried the Monk.

" Amen ! " responded the culprit. " Where—where is the—the Marquis ? "

" Think not of him," answered the Friar, " consider thy precious soul."

" He has snared it—damned it," exclaimed Belleville in the wildest agony.

" Thou wilt confess ? " asked the Father.

" I have confessed ! " cried Belleville ; " If you have one touch of Christian charity, leave me. I have confessed ; leave me."

" To-morrow early, I will attend thee," said the priest.

" To-morrow ! " groaned Belleville, and he writhed amidst his straw. The priest quitted the dungeon, and a Sister of Charity, attended by a youthful female form, closely veiled, entered the cell.

" Peace be here ! " cried the holy sister."

" Art thou not gone ? Leave me ! " cried Belleville ; in his misery not distinguishing the voice of the woman from that of the monk. The sister replied not, but, with her companion, stood silent and apart in a corner of the cell. " Edith ! Edith ! " cried the prisoner, in bit-

terest remorse.—“Why, why, did I close mine ears—why turn from thy true counsel? ‘Twill end in wretchedness—in death!’ Such were thy words—and death will find me—Oh God! to-morrow, he will come to me—in blood and anguish on the wheel—amidst the hootings and the curses, and the laughter of the mob—death, like a fiend, will come upon me—delivering me to fiends eternal. Edith! Edith! where art thou?”

“Rupert!” cried the woman, and the sister of charity, the faithful Edith knelt beside the straw of her murderer husband.

“So, so,” cried the wretched man, “thou hast come—in kindness come, to see me die.”

“Thy death is certain,” answered Edith. “Heed it not—a passing pang.”

“The shame—the ignominy—the crowd—”

“Rupert—Rupert! there is a greater crowd that view the evil which we think and do,—a crowd outnumbering the multitudes of earth. Thou hast planned and acted sin, with myriads of God’s angels beholding thee—and dost thou fear the looks of men, vain eyes of clay?”

“It were happiness to die, and die thy hand in mine—but to die—Oh! thou canst not think the horror.”

“School thy heart, in the few hours left thee upon earth—such hours in which is quickened the wisdom and the worth of years—school thy heart, and thou wilt pass to death as to thy rest, without a thought, a knowledge of the horrors that strew thy path.”

“Thou hast not heard my sentence—thou dost not know,” exclaimed the husband.

“I have heard—I know,” answered the wife, “and I have counselled thee.”

“And with that placid face—with voice so passionless—and eyes without a tear?”

“Rupert, the heart may be wrung and bleed the most—the words of peace be killing to the speaker—the eye-strings crack—and yet the lip shall quiver not, and as thou sayest, the eyes be tearless.”

“Forgive me, Edith—forgive me—in my last hours—my ignorance of thy true nature—my littleness—my weakness, forgive me all, and pray for me.”

“And with thee!”

“Not with me—for I cannot pray. I have been a wronged, an outraged man; the iron heel of tyranny crushed from my heart the seeds of goodness, and from that hour did I become a monster and a wretch. I was wont to pray—thou knowest it—in our cottage, with our—our—” and Rupert gazed wildly in the face of his wife; then turning from her, muttered, “Thou knowest what I would ask, yet dare not!”

“Marie,” answered the wife.

“Ay!” groaned Rupert.

“She is come,” said Edith, “come to take your blessing;” and when the prisoner turned, he beheld, kneeling at his side, his forlorn daughter.

“And I—I have killed her mind,” cried the wretched father. “Is’t not so?”

“Marie is better—much better,” said her mother.



The father grasped the hands of his child, gazed earnestly in her face, then cried, "No! dead—dead!" and burst into tears.

"Why do you cry—why weep?" asked Marie. "I have been ill; sick—most sick—but I am well now."

"And still—still beautiful!" cried Belleville, as shudderingly he ventured again to look upon her.

"She begged to come—she hath talked of you—she told me—"

"What! She knows, then?" asked Rupert. "She is cursed with sense enough to know the wretch—the monster that I am?"

"No! She knew that you were ill—were dying; she had dreamt you were—and prayed to come to you! She said you must, and should bless her!"

Rupert raised himself—and, laying his hands upon his daughter's head, his throat worked convulsively, but he could not speak. Frantically flinging himself down, he cried, "I cannot do it! I!—a murderer—bless! The devils laugh at me—I cannot do it!"

"Bless me, father!" said Marie, still kneeling.

"Rupert!" cried Edith, in a voice of appealing tenderness—"Rupert!"

"Bless me, father!" said the girl, "and I—I will pray for thee, for thou art dying!"

"How knowest thou, my sweet Marie—how knowest thou that?" asked Rupert.

The girl looked in her father's face, mournfully shook her head, then replied, "I'm sure of it!"

"But how art thou sure—why art thou sure?" inquired the father, who tried to smile as he caressed the girl, passing his hand across her brow and down her hair.

"Your flesh looks not living flesh—your breath is not as the breath of life—your words come as from the grave, whereto you speed! So bless me, father!—bless me!"

"But thou hast dreamt this, Marie? Thou hast seen, as in a vision, that thy father was dying? Is it not so?" asked Rupert.

"Ay, a bright vision; and it was told me that thou wert going to the judgment!"

The face of Rupert became livid—the sweat rolled from his temples—and, as he grasped the straw, the muscles of his hands swelled with the agony he strove to master.

"I was told it," repeated the girl, unconscious of the misery she inflicted.

"And who"—gasped the father—"who told thee?"

"Who should tell me? Who, except my mother, should now tell me any thing? Who—for thou hast been long from us—who should bring news to Marie now?"

"Yet somebody, thou sayest, told thee," said the father.

"Truly, truly," answered Marie, quickly. "And canst thou not guess?"

"No, Marie; no!"

"Thou canst not? Who should it be, if not my true, my only love?"—

"Thy only love, Marie?"—

"Antoine Laval," sighed the heart-broken maid; and her father,

his murderer, exclaiming "Edith—take her hence," sank in his straw, and was again alone in his dungeon.

### CHAP. XIII.

THE next day was a holiday for thousands in Paris; a culprit was to be broken on the wheel; and, on the morning that brought anguish and death to one miserable wretch, thousands of his fellow-men rose and prepared themselves as for a festival. Hundreds talked, and laughed as they talked, of the coming ceremony, and hurried to the spot. Of the thousands who crowded to the place of execution, how many, by their words or looks, revealed a sense of the horror they flocked to witness? How many left for a time, the occupation of the day, to see and be instructed by the executioner? To take away with them a terrible example—to have their hearts and minds impressed anew with hatred of evil, and love of good—to be warned from wickedness by the shrieks and blood of the wicked? Many laughed and jested on their road to the spot—some, whilst the culprit screamed and writhed, would feel a touch of pity for his sufferings, his guilt forgotten in his agonies; and the malefactor dead, the beholders would return to their homes, many shocked by the operation of the law—and more, hardened against it. The execution of Rupert was the fête-day of death to thousands in Paris, who rose with no other thought, no other aim for the morning, than that of making holiday.

"Ha! ha! neighbour Philippot," cried a small shopkeeper, as with running feet, he came up with an old man of his own class, "I thought you wouldn't miss the show."

"I never missed one yet, Master Paul—never, as I'm an honest man," answered the complacent Philippot.

"And is it like to be worth the seeing?" asked Paul. "Is he a stout fellow, or a poor thing like the last?"

"I hear, a brave, bold rascal," said the sight-seer; "but the wheel will show. I have known many a knave mount the scaffold, snapping his fingers, and with a grin upon his cheek—who, at the first crack of the wheel"—

"Ha! that must try a man, indeed, my master," said Paul, seriously.

"I believe ye; and it does me good—stirs me a bit—to see how some suffer it; not a squeak—not a groan—not a sigh,—will escape 'em! Fellows with nerves of steel, and hearts of gold," said old Philippot. "I recollect such a one at Cologne; I was then scarce eighteen,—he was racked for a murder; and, as for racking now, compared to that, 'tis mere child's play. Then, the executioner had his red-hot pincers, and his molten lead—his slashing knife, and I know not what to help him, when the truth was to be pulled out of a culprit."

"And this man—this murderer—did he confess?" asked Paul.

"Not a syllable. Ha! that was, indeed, a sight to see. I recollect it, as it were but yesterday. First, my gentleman was brought out of the jail, naked to the girdle; and being bound fast on high in a cart, that we might all have a fair sight of him; the hangman, having a pan of coals near him, with red-hot pincers, nipped"—

"Ugh!" exclaimed Paul, shuddering at the recital.

"With red-hot pincers," repeated the unmoved Philippot, "nipped"—

“For God’s sake, speak no further of it! I would not have seen that sight for”—

“No!” cried Philippot: “then what makes you out to-day, if you’re so squeamish?”

“Nay, we’re not such heathens, as to use such torments,” said Paul. “The wheel is well enough—is necessary for the protection of honest folks; but to use pincers, and such devil’s inventions, is unseemly among Christian men. But tell me, did the poor creature confess?”

“Why, that was the ugly part of it,” answered Philippot; “for after he had been racked, and served, as I never saw flesh served before or since, why what do you think? the poor wretch was found to be innocent. The true murderer couldn’t rest with the blood upon him—confessed all—and I saw him racked, too. A plague upon your gossip! What a mob!” cried the dissatisfied old man, as abruptly turning a corner they came upon the place of execution, already thronged with thousands. “There’s no getting a place near Jacques, and my eyes ar’n’t what they used to be,” said Philippot, disappointed; and vainly trying to espy an opening in the crowd, through which he might be able to get nearer to the scaffold.

“They’ll never rack him,” said one of the mob, “not they; that wheel’s only to gull us; he’s one of the gentry. You’ll see how, at the last minute, a message will come with royal mercy, to chop off his head, and so cheat us of half—nay, of the best part of the sight.”

“If I’d ha’ thought as much, I’d never have lost a morning’s work to come here,” said a second.

“No—nor would I have stayed here to get a place, all the night; and then, at the last minute, too, when I’d fixed myself so nicely, to be driven away by the soldiers! You really think,” asked the speaker, with an air of much anxiety, “you really think they won’t put him to the wheel?”

“I’ll bet a crown they won’t,” replied the man appealed to.

“I’ll take that bet,” exclaimed another.

“Agreed—it’s good! it’s—hush—ha! here they come.” And the sudden silence of the mob—a silence, succeeded by a slight murmur—gave notice of the appearance of the procession.

“Where did he come from?” exclaimed one of the crowd, as Jacques Tenebræ suddenly appeared upon the scaffold.

“He wasn’t dropt from the sky, depend upon it,” answered another.

“Peace—silence—hush!” and again the crowd stood almost breathless as one man.

Rupert, preceded and followed by guards, with his arms bound, his feet naked, and his head uncovered, walked slowly, yet firmly, to the scaffold; his eyes upon the earth; his lips moving; and Father George, the Capuchin, whispering at his ear.

“A fine fellow,” said Paul, “a noble-looking fellow.”

“Humph! my life for it, man,” said Philippot, the gray-haired critic of the performances of the scaffold, “my life for it, he’ll yell at the first pinch, I can see it by his lip.”

Rupert mounted the scaffold; and though Jacques Tenebræ seemed as he would fain avoid the gaze of the culprit, yet Rupert looked upon

him, sighed "Poor Narcisse! thou art avenged," and then faintly smiled.

"Ha! I've known them laugh before, who screamed the hardest afterwards," muttered Philippot, unwilling to lose faith in his own discrimination; "we shall see."

Jacques approached Rupert, and the buzz that began to rise among the crowd at the motion of the executioner immediately subsided: not a breath was heard.

"He doesn't quiver yet," whispered Philippot, incapable of suppressing his disappointment.

At this moment Jacques laid his hand upon the culprit, and motioned one of the assistants towards him: as the fellow approached the criminal, Rupert started back, and trembled from head to foot.

"I knew it! now he winces—now he shakes!" and Philippot rubbed his hands.

"You—you here!" shouted the culprit; for, in his agony, he saw in the hangman's assistant the malicious face of De la Jonquille; who, with his customary smile, nodded; then stretched his finger towards the crowd. The eye of Rupert unconsciously followed its motion, when he beheld but a few yards from the scaffold, the forms of old Aaron Ezra and young Antoine Laval. They, his victims, seemed risen from the dead to witness his last agonies, making them more horrible by the satisfaction, the triumph that glistened in their corpse-white faces.

"Quick—quick!" cried Rupert, "for the love of mercy!"

"Be patient," whispered Father George.

"Now—now, Jacques,—now!" exclaimed the culprit; and the crowd screamed and shouted, wrought upon by the intense passion of the criminal.

"Now, Jacques—now!" bellowed the multitude, sympathizing with the sufferer.

"Now—now!" exclaimed two voices.

"You hear them—you see them, father!" shrieked Rupert to the monk, and he pointed where, in his imagination, stood the Jew and the youth, but, daring not again to look, fell into the arms of the monk.

"Heaven receive ye!" said Father George, and blessing the criminal for the last time, he delivered him into the hands of the executioner, and his assistants gathered about him, to receive him.

"Ha! ha! I win my wager! no pardon—the wheel—the wheel!" Such was the shout of triumph from one of the mob, as Rupert received the first blow.

"He doesn't shrink yet," said Philippot.

"Nor yet," said a near companion, as the blow was repeated.

"Nor yet," remarked a third.

"Eh? Yes—no!—firm as a rock still!" cried another; and thus did numbers of the crowd, habituated to scenes of lingering death, coldly gaze upon, and calculate the sufferings of a fellow-creature.

"Is he dead?" asked one.

"He must be," was the answer.

"Dead! Nonsense!" observed Philippot: "we shall hear him yet—though, to give him his due, he has put a stouter face upon it than I—eh?—he can't be dead!" cried the old man, impatiently.

“Dead enough—another crown upon it!”

“Be it so. He—he moves!”

At this moment the wretched malefactor uttered an awful shriek.

“Not dead—I win!” cried Philippot. “See! now for the *coup-de-grace*.”

Jacques Tenebræ lifted the weapon, which descending on the chest of the miserable Rupert—

#### CHAP. XIV.

“Eight,” said the old man.

“Nine,” cried Ernest.

“Ten!”

“Eleven!”

“Twelve!”

“Ernest—ho!—Mercy!”—cried their master, waking as from a hideous dream.

“My lord!” answered the youth.

“It was a vision! Thank God!” cried the domestic tyrant, and falling upon his knees, he prayed, an altered man. “Where’s Rupert, the woodman?”

“Below, my lord, come here to beg your mercy.”

“He has not been driven from the forest? I dreamt my orders were obeyed—that I myself was made that houseless, hopeless wretch, the victim of my own sentence—that I had fallen step by step, until at length upon the murderer’s wheel—Oh, God!—that vision! Yet has it profited me—has taught me that to deal mercifully with our fellow-men, and thereby, in their day of destitution, to preserve them from the temptations of evil, is to fulfil the prime duty of our existence—to carry out the first and the greatest Lesson of Life!”

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#### FARMING IMPROVED.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

G. says, “the Prize-sheep, having wool smooth as flax,  
Made him long for a rubber of Whist on their backs!”

What a hint for the new Agricultural School,

As a quick, easy method, of “*Carding*” the wool!

Yet the chance of *fair dealing* is greatly decreased,

Who cuts in at such tables,—can’t help being “*Fleeced*!”

**"A CLOUD OF CANVASS;" OR, "THE OLD ADMIRAL  
IS RIGHT."**

BY EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "OUTWARD BOUND," &c.

SIR HOMINY BLOODYER commanded his Majesty's ship, "The Oak-tub," one of the oldest and roundest ninety-eights in the service. Who was Sir Hominy? That, indeed, is the very important question, so often asked, and never philosophically or satisfactorily answered.

The herald and the navy-list told you what he was officially, and it was a pompous telling. At the levee and the drawing-room no man's breast glittered with more stars, or was gorgeous with more ribbons. These he had plucked from the whirlpool of actual conflict, and every decoration had the wound of an enemy inflicted by his own hand for its source. Yet speaking morally and psychologically, who he was, formed the mystery.

What he was, physically, is soon described. Ye, who love to contemplate our naval heroes, and ye ought to be many, figure to yourselves a tall and well-made man, of a shape more rotund than graceful, possessing a head perfectly orbicular, with the exception of the trifling inequalities of his exceedingly minute features. His nose, mouth, chin, and ears, were all delicately small. His huge gray eyes were nothing but two copies of his head done in chalk. He had a marvellous voice; he could "roar you gently, like any sucking dove." Indeed, when much excited, and he exerted himself to the utmost, he could be heard across—his own dining-table.

However, he was a riddle. He had become a naval hero in spite of himself. Happiest of happy men was Sir Hominy. He was continually in a blissful abstraction, seeking for his qualities of heroism. He found himself pre-eminent among skilful and eminent men, their astonishment and his own. Wrapt up in the pleasing contemplation that he was actually and substantially the very great personage that the world and his destiny had made him; it is not to be supposed that he had an idea to throw away. Ideas were too precious for his own private use, to be expended in conversation. He had fought like a Paladin during the best part of his life, and he believed himself now privileged to talk like an idiot for the remainder.

I, as his midshipman aide-de-camp, have observed him in action, and his demeanour puzzled me much more than the very odd and sinuous courses that the enemies' shot would sometimes take. There sat he, Sir Hominy, on the hammock-nettings, his whole person rashly and needlessly exposed, with something as nearly approaching contentment on his rotund face, as that face could express any thing. His fine ruddy colour was neither heightened nor paled. His round eyes were, perhaps, a little more opened than usual, and, being so conspicuous a mark, whilst the musket-balls whizzed by him in showers, and tingled in his ears, not a muscle of that jolly round visage quivered.

I then began to conjecture in what manner this hero was contributing towards the great victory we were fast gaining. He did nothing except gloating with his eyes on the enemy's ship nearly alongside of



him, and when he caught a distinct view of any particular person, he would clutch the hilt of his heavy service-sword, as if he longed to give him a composing stroke on the skull. It is true, that from time to time he would exclaim to the master who was conning the ship, "A little closer, if possible, Mr. Snikes." But to every demand for orders or instructions, his answer was only "Do what is necessary and proper, Mr. ——" whoever it might be, varied by "Do what is proper and necessary;" but which pithy, lucid, and comprehensive speech was always concluded with, "But mind, sir, I head the boarders!"

The only real service that I could discover that he rendered during the engagement, was causing the enemy uselessly to direct much of their musketry upon him, which might have been fatally employed elsewhere. Iron seemed to dread a contact with his cranium, and lead to have a fellow-feeling for his head. In all his multiplied engagements, he never was hurt, and he went peacefully to his grave, an old unwounded admiral.

I have been, perhaps, a little diffuse upon the character of this hero, but it was necessary, in order that the ridicule of what follows may be better understood. It must be easily supposed, that a person who, like Sir Hominy Bloodyer, was continually in a sublime ecstasy of sweet self-contemplation, was not often visible on deck, and that he took most of his exercise in his solitary stern walk. Of course, on deck he sometimes came; but though, when there, he could conceive the existence of midshipmen, he could hardly conceive it possible that he should notice them.

We must do him justice. At his own table he remembered that one requisite of a British naval officer was to be a gentleman. There he could be more than condescending; he could be, nay, he always was, cordial. But, upon deck!

Now, by all the laws that govern the moral world—and those laws are as fixed as the principles that govern the physical one—it must follow that Sir Hominy, snubbed as it was, must be led by the nose, and, as his eyes were always turned inwards upon himself, he could never discover it. It was a great marvel in the fleet that such a quiet, placid man as Sir Hominy, was always changing his first lieutenants. He wanted a sycophant, though he did not himself know it. At length, he got beautifully suited. Never did I before conceive that a creature on two legs could creep so abjectly, and, at the same time, wear such high stilts.

This first lieutenant was named—ah! how shall I name him, when there are so many names on the navy-list, seeing that any honest man would take offence if it bore any similarity to his own. We will therefore invent one for him—one that may be a little typical of his nature. This first lieutenant we will name Slaverlick. Mr. Slaverlick was tolerably wise in his generation. He had not many resources, but the few that he possessed he worked energetically. One of his means of power over Sir Hominy, was treating him with the most obsequious respect—the other, attending to his personal convenience and comfort.

The service of H.M.S. Oaktub was carried on between these two high dignitaries much in this manner: Mr. Slaverlick having ascertained the exact moment that his captain will tread beneath him the planks of the quarterdeck, he takes care that every thing immediately around

him shall be in the most precise order; that all ill-dressed midshipmen be popped below, or sent to the mast-head; that seamen with scorbutic elbows, or sore heels, shall not offend the eyesight, or blocks or uncoiled ropes endanger the more than regal shins of Sir Hominy. When this is duly arranged, and the goldlaced cocked-hat of Sir Hominy made a sort of yellow refulgent dawn about the after-hatchway, Mr. Slaverlick would take off his hat, and, in a stooping position, that constituted a continuous bow, would await the captain's first sentence, which began usually thus:

"Pray put on your hat, Mr. Slaverlick."

"Sir Hominy, with submission, I know my duty."

"You do more than your duty, sir; more than the service requires. By the best authorities, the hat should be raised just three inches and one-half from the top of the hair, when the officer may happen to have any, and thus remain respectfully suspended for the space of seventeen or eighteen seconds—for an admiral, I would say twenty; for the commander-in-chief, perhaps thirty—and I think, for a lord of the admiralty—a first lord, I mean—I think the hat should not descend until he bowed, or smiled, or waved his hand. I am distinct, Mr. Slaverlick. Be covered."

Mr. Slaverlick covers himself with a look of exalted admiration, and then puts himself into the attitude of a profound and reverential listener, for the accustomed anecdote was coming. But, before we give it, we must presume that this lecture of Sir Hominy's was generally accompanied by several ireful looks towards the lee side of the quarter-deck, where certain midshipmites, mates, and luffs, were assembled, who were in the habit of touching their hats, by mere snatching at the rims of them, as if to pluck away an insect, and then withdrawing their hands hastily, as if the said insect had stung them.

When he had wasted away all the anger of his look, for Sir Hominy was too goodnatured to be angry long, and much too proud to scold, he would turn benignant towards his first lieutenant, and continue, "You know, Mr. Slaverlick, I sailed with the immortal Nelson for fifteen years; and I had fallen much into the same habit as yourself, of standing long uncovered before my superior—but, my departed friend would say, sometimes slapping me heartily on my back, 'Now, Hommy, no nonsense.' Now, Mr. Slaverlick, I cannot, by any possibility, be supposed to slap you on the back, or say to you familiarly, 'Slavey, no nonsense;' because, though you may look upon me in the light of the immortal hero, I cannot, by any stretch of fancy, conceive you to be Sir Hominy Bloodyer."

At this termination of the condescension, Mr. Slaverlick always made a low obeisance. Whether the man were thankful or not, for not being thought to be Sir Hominy, the man himself only could tell; but, as this anecdote always encouraged him greatly, he would then proceed in some way like this, according to the necessities of the day:

"Sir Hominy, the surgeon reports that there are several cases of catarrh on the sick list, shall we dry holystone the decks?"

"Do what is necessary and proper, Mr. Slaverlick."

"My very idea, Sir Hominy; it shall be done. The admiral, Sir Hominy, has been again issuing fresh orders about the efficiency of the

small-arm men, as they may be so soon required to co-operate with the troops. Will you read the order, Sir Hominy?

"Needless. If the commander-in-chief gave it—it is *proper* and *necessary*."

"We will, then, with your permission, Sir Hominy, exercise the small-arm men and boarders with the marines, all the morning."

"Do what is *necessary* and *proper*, Mr. Slaverlick."

"Just what I was going to propose, Sir Hominy. Here, younker—"

"Call him young gentleman, if you please, Mr. Slaverlick. All my followers are young gentlemen," interrupts the captain.

"Here, young gentleman," says Mr. Slaverlick, with a remarkably wry face, "go down to the captain of marines, and tell him that he is to exercise, himself personally, the marines with the divisions of small-arm men and boarders till eight bells; after which, sir, you will go to the mast-head for the same time; for a *young gentleman* should not come on his Majesty's quarterdeck with one of his shoes untied."

"Very *necessary* and *proper*," muttered Sir Hominy.

Having thus vented his spleen upon the captain of marines, whom he mortally hated, and taught the younker how dangerous it was for him to be justified by his captain, this first lieutenant would feel himself so much emboldened, that, trotting all the while in his rear, he would make some obsequious attempts at conversation with the great man. With much tact, he would get him into Norfolk, and encourage him to lie like a Spanish historian, about the quantity of game he had bagged, the extent of his manors, and the excellence of his preserves. When he could rightly tune Sir Hominy upon this subject, Mr. Slaverlick was certain that day of breakfasting, dining, and supping with his captain, besides enjoying some shrewd expectations of getting his next step of promotion, for Sir Hominy had great interest at the admiralty.

Now, it may be easily comprehended, that a person who studied the art of rising so assiduously, might have some few deficiencies, which would make that rising not altogether the most just thing in the world. In fact, excepting when he was making a fool of others, by persuading them that they were very wise men, he was but little better than a mere fool himself. The consequence was, that H. M. S. Oaktub was the worst disciplined line-of-battle ship in gallant old Sir Edward Pellew's fleet.

Mr. Slaverlick was a naval housewife, an old-womanly fidget—exact as to the holystones, an inexorable belaying-pin polisher, and wonderfully acute at making size from all manner of substances, animal and vegetable. The happy result of all this was—that the Oaktub was the best whitewashed three-decker in his Majesty's navy, or rather the Regent's; but a whitewashed ship may be, sometimes, in the same reputation as a whitewashed man,—to say nothing at all about a whitewashed sepulchre.

Such being a distinguishing part of this lieutenant's character, people must not be surprised to learn, that he was always swelling with some magnificent plan of turning vast quantities of old sails into new tarpauling.

When we were lying off the coast of Spain, at single anchor with a part of the fleet, in a tolerably safe roadstead—no one could tell why but the commander-in-chief, Mr. Slaverlick had many hundreds of yards of tarred canvass, which he wished properly to dry and season.

We lay exactly opposite to a ruined village—no uncommon thing, ruined villages now, in that distracted country. It had been very wisely deserted by the inhabitants, for it presented nothing to the view but roofless and half-destroyed walls; for every thing that could be burned had been consumed by the French, who had lately passed over it like a devastating cloud of locusts. Still, there remained something which they could not burn, and were too lazy to destroy. An immense extent of stone wall, that had enclosed the gardens of a nunnery, still stood, basking in the heat of the sun, with a dry and thirsty aspect, that seemed to say to Mr. Slaverlick, “You see how desperately hot I am; in pity to my parched-up stones and crumbling mortar, cover me up with that cool, damp, tar-besmeared canvass, that lies so incommodiously lumbering upon your booms.”

The appeal was not made in vain.

“Sir Hominy,” said Mr. Slaverlick, that morning, “the sun shines mainly on that old convent wall.”

Sir Hominy proceeded—“It is necessary and proper,” according to the usual formula by him made and provided.

“Exactly, Sir Hominy,” with a very low bow, “the very thing I was just saying. And so, Sir Hominy, if you please, we will send the tarpaulings we have just made for the new hammock-cloths, and trice them up along the walls, where they will dry mainly.”

“Do what is proper and necessary, Mr. Slaverlick.”

“I think, Sir Hominy, the cutter’s crew, armed with a sergeant’s guard of marines, will be quite sufficient to keep off any prowling vagabonds of French that may have strayed from the army. Shall I send them, Sir Hominy?”

Here was a proposition that involved some responsibility. The knight commander of the Bath drew himself up as a knight commander should, stared for a minute fixedly, with his round gray eyes wide open, full upon his first lieutenant, then shut them slowly, and opened his mouth; for the skin was braced so tightly on his plump ruddy orb of a face, that he could not well keep mouth and eyes open together. Having made these preparations, the middies on the larboard side of the quarterdeck fully expected a speech. After this apparent effort to think, great was the disappointment when we were cheated with—

“Mr. Slaverlick, do what is proper and necessary.” After this sublime effort, Sir Hominy strode off to the solitude of his stern walk, fully impressed with the onerous duties of commanding a three-decker.

In obedience to this implied permission, Mr. Slaverlick proceeded to do what he might have thought to be necessary, but which proved to be not at all proper. Why should the fact be disguised? Ralph Rattlin, that unlucky reefer, was sent for, and speedily found himself under the supercilious frown of Mr. Slaverslick. The man’s insolence to the midshipmen was most intolerable. He was a greater provocative to impertinence than is a salted herring or a highly-devilled turkey’s leg to thirst. Thus commenced the annoyance:

“Mr. Oh! hah! heh! Mr. I say, Mis—ter,” making two distinct syllables of it, and strongly accenting the last. “You will take the first cutter, with her crew armed, and tell the captain of marines to give you a sergeant’s guard. You’ll then get some of the boatswain’s crew;

bundle the tarpaulings into the boat, and—Mister, do you see that wall?—you'll trice up the hammock-cloths in a seaman-like manner, and see that it is done equally—do you hear?"

Ralph's impertinence not being under sufficient control, he answered, "Mr. Slaverlick, if it is proper and necessary, it shall be done."

If we were to attempt to write the oath that hereupon exploded, it would make my iron pen red hot; and if it could be printed upon asbestos, it would melt the types in that compositor's hand who would endeavour to set it up. Let, then, the dashes represent something thrice horrible: "—— Mis——ter—— —— he is—— ——mocking—— —— Sir Hominy!!!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Slaverlick—I did not mean to mock *him*. I will unsay what I've said, if it displeases you, sir. Even if it is improper and unnecessary, if you order it, it shall be done."

We really believe, that if he had not entertained some idea that the French Chasseurs would be down upon us, or that he would, in some way, signally miscarry on this paltry service, Mr. Slaverlick would have mast-headed and annoyed him on board to the utmost. He was content, for the present, to order Ralph into the boat with a malicious grin, and with multiplying his verbal orders so profusely, that it was morally certain that he must forget the half of them.

As the party was to stay there all day, their dinners were sent with them; and, in due time, the whole white side face of the walls was covered with blackened canvass, the marines were posted properly to guard against surprise, and the poor reefer had nothing else to do but to walk up and down all the livelong day, broiling under the sun, with his hands in his pockets to keep them warm, and his thoughts upon his far-away native land.

The then Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, had all the frankness of a sailor; and was sometimes not only abrupt, but boisterous. I speak of his manners at times only. He was a gallant officer, the good man's true friend, and loved by every body in the fleet who knew and did his duty.

It was about one, P.M., that he landed on the coast, with a small *cortège* of officers; and shortly after, they all mounted upon asses, and a very pretty procession they made, with the bluff and stout commander-in-chief at the head of it. They came trotting magnificently along the beach (for asses will trot in Spain), and when they came opposite to the disconsolate Ralph, they all pulled up with a jerk—or, to speak more intelligibly, brought up all standing.

"Holloa! younker, what the devil's the meaning of all this?" said Sir Edward.

Being enjoined in a name so universally respected, he briefly explained.

"Jump into your boat, and pull off directly to your ship, and tell your first lieutenant he is a fool."

The commander-in-chief vouchsafed him no more words, but rode on, talking to the right and left, and all the asses in his train rode on also. The officers know very well that I mean them. We speak familiarly of fifty horse, and a hundred horse, and a body of horse, when we wish to indicate so many men riding on horses. Asses should have the same privilege.

Now, Mr. Rattlin knew very well that, cunning as was Mr. Slaverlick, he was a fool; but having the authority of the commander-in-chief, it was a grateful office, that of announcing the pleasant intelligence to the person in the world the least likely to believe it.

The proceedings on shore being watched by the signal-men, the parley with Sir Edward, and his approach to the ship, were duly announced. This report brought Sir Hominy on deck, and most of the officers. Never before did the advent of midshipman cause more excitement.

As Ralph's heart was laughing exceedingly, he dressed up his wrinkled little face with a gravity that must have been provokingly ridiculous. He advanced to where Mr. Slaverlick was doing the obsequious near Sir Hominy, whilst every officer was eager for the news.

"Well, sir!" said both captain and lieutenant at the same moment.

"Mr. Slaverlick, the commander-in-chief says you're a *fool*."

"A fool!"—"A fool!"—"A fool!" Every one thrice repeated the word, but with many variations and significant looks. Ralph only appeared to be unmoved, and looked as if he had performed the merest piece of routine duty.

"A fool! a fool! the commander-in-chief say *my* first lieutenant is a fool! It can neither be necessary or proper; he will say that I am a fool next," said the indignant Sir Hominy.

But Mr. Slaverlick did not intend to sit down quietly under the imputation, and explanations were eagerly demanded. Ralph had nothing to offer but the bare fact. Indeed, though Ralph could have sworn to the general truth of the accusation, he knew not on what precise grounds Sir Edward had advanced it. The only reason that occurred to any one was, that the French were nearer than we supposed, and that the hammock-cloths, and the party in charge of them, were endangered. This, however, the more judicious knew could not be the case, as the commander-in-chief was too careful of his men to jeopardize them uselessly; and he would have ordered them on board directly, had there been any proximate danger.

The boat's crew were then summoned aft, in the hopes that their version of the affair might a little mend the matter. There was a great deal of "haw-awing," and "your honouring," and stroking down the front locks, but very little could be got from them in elucidation.

Tom Tripin, the coxswain, was closely examined. He had heard the words, or something very like them.

"Now, Tripin, my man," said Mr. Slaverlick, with a hideous grin on his countenance, and a glass of grog in each eye, "now, Tripin, my good man, don't you think the Admiral meant Mr. Rattlin?"

"No, sir, he couldn't by no means mean he."

"Why, my good man?"

"'Cause, sir, d'ye see as how, he said as how, sir, you were a damn'd old fool; and seeing as how Mr. Rattlin—"

"Go down, sir!—A very sorry fellow, Sir Hominy, and as to his rating—"

"A follower of mine, Mr. Slaverlick, I brought him out of the *Agamemnon*. No follower of mine, sir—"

"I humbly beg your pardon, Sir Hominy. Permit me, Sir Hominy, to get at the right version of this strange affair. There must be some mistake."



“Do, Mr. Slaverlick, what is necessary and proper.”

“Does any one of the boat’s crew know the rights of this ridiculous business?” roared out the now terribly incensed first lieutenant. This was too open a beating-up for evidence to be mistaken even by the veriest dunce. So, thereupon, a lank-haired noodle who pulled one of the larboard oars, and mightily wished to creep into Mr. Slaverlick’s good graces, stepped forward, and said, “as how he warn’t by some ship’s lengths within hail, when the a’m’ral said as Mr. Slaverlick was a fool, and thereby he couldn’t say as how he said that ’ere; but he did hear sommat in explification.”—“No other insult, I hope?”—“No, sir, by no manners of ways. Lord love your honnor! it wasn’t any thing like what Mr. Rattlin, begging his pardon, said—it was only”—

“Only what?” said the eager lieutenant.

“Mr. Rattlin,” said Sir Hominy Bloodyer, with solemn gravity, “you are in jeopardy. If you have reported falsely, you leave *my* ship.”

“Only what?” repeated Mr. Slaverlick, his ugliness brightening into hope.

“Why, sir, as the a’m’ral was bousing up his topping lifts, and making sail upon his hannimal, he says, says he, to the skipper alongside on him, ‘The man who ordered these ’ere tarpaulins to be triced up on that ’ere wall, must be a more infernal ass than this ’ere beast that I’m a straddle on;—nothing more than that, your honnor.’”

“You may go down,” said the mortified luff.

“Very singular conduct in the commander-in-chief,” muttered Sir Hominy. “It cannot be necessary”—but before he had got to the word proper, he had withdrawn his presence from the longing eyes of his officers, and was undergoing the laborious process in his cabin of endeavouring to think. I presume enough of Sir Hominy’s character is already understood to make it apparent that he possessed an excessive share of self-love, and that that self-love was sorely wounded by the slighting manner that his first lieutenant and prime sycophant had been treated by Sir Edward. He consequently sent for Mr. Slaverlick, and the result of their conference was, to send another midshipman on shore to take charge of the canvass, and poor Ralph himself on board the *Caledonia*, with a letter to the admiral, requesting to know if the said Ralph had not misunderstood, or wilfully misrepresented the message.

The poor midshipman was, merely as a foretaste of what was to come, ordered to the mast-head with his glass to watch the motions of the admiral, and report immediately when he was on the point of returning on board.

All this was duly performed; and, in the mean time, Sir Hominy, with the assistance of the chaplain, indited a polite, non-official note to Sir Edward, and made Rattlin the unwilling bearer.

With awe and trembling the poor little middy stood upon the vast quarterdeck of the *Caledonia*. The admiral was also there, in all the majesty of command. Ralph handed the document to the mate of the watch, who touched his hat, and handed it to the lieutenant, who lifted up his hat and handed it to the flag-captain, who took off his hat, and handed it to the commander-in-chief, who fell back from his circle of

officers with a slight bow, and broke the seal. All this etiquette would have infinitely delighted Sir Hominy.

Sir Edward read the letter, smiled, and, casting his eyes upon the rather uncomfortable Ralph Rattlin, beckoned to him, and walked into the cabin. This was a distinction for Ralph, that made him, for the moment, the envied of many. When the admiral had written his note, and had very kindly asked him after the health of Sir Hominy, Ralph felt so much reassured, that he was determined to put in a word for himself; and modestly, with a little hesitation, thus began:

"If you please, Sir Edward, I hope you will speak a word for me."

"How, my young friend?"

"Why, Sir Edward, to stand between me and Mr. Slaverlick—because—because—when I took off your message, Sir Edward, I didn't laugh."

"You didn't laugh, eh?" Then, patting me kindly on the head, he continued, "You were a good boy for not laughing;" and he then actually broke open his note, added a few words, and then dismissed me, with a most favourable impression of the goodness of his heart.

Ralph returned on board in much lighter spirits. He was ordered into Sir Hominy's cabin, with the admiral's answer, and Mr. Slaverlick was sent for. The captain read the letter three times in silence, and his round countenance looked a very labyrinth of puzzles. At length he broke forth:

"Mr. Slaverlick, the commander-in-chief is jocular. You know, sir, I never joke—I never *could* understand a joke—a funny story now—but that's neither here nor there, Mr. Slaverlick. If the commander-in-chief is inclined to be jocular, no doubt it is very proper and necessary, because—because—he is commander-in-chief. He says in his letter to me—a kind and friendly letter—that he is inclined to believe that the tarpaulings will be found missing without leave before they are dry; but that he is inclined to interfere no further in the business—that—um! um!—if they should be found missing, the value must be stopped out of your pay, Mr. Slaverlick, which is quite proper and necessary—and—ah—that he likes—this lad—and that—good—to him—and that—so, Mr. Slaverlick, I shall take Rattlin under my especial protection—and you will be good enough never to punish him without consulting me; and, Rattlin, when you want to go on shore, ask me."

Exceedingly pleased with this, Ralph bowed himself out of the august presence.

Now, Mr. Slaverlick was immeasurably annoyed, and did not know how to act. He could not conceive of any accident happening to his darling tarpaulings, but he did not like the idea of paying for them in the event of their being lost; so he chose a middle course, not wishing to pronounce himself a fool by re-embarking the canvass at once; and yet afraid to leave it on shore all night, as he had previously intended to do; so he went down to dinner, resolving to send for them at dusk.

But dusk was too late. Whilst he was getting down his dinner, the wind was getting up—the hurricane came down from the mountains, howled round the corners of the monastery and amongst the desolate buildings of the village, and made the old Oaktub strain again as she rode with two cables on end.

It was utterly impossible that any boat could have lived through the surf that immediately got up on the beach. The tarpaulings, the boat's crew, and the marines, were left to shift for themselves during the night, which dreadfully annoyed Sir Hominy, who declared emphatically that it was neither necessary nor proper.

At length it became nearly dark; the captain, Mr. Slaverlick, and most of the officers, were standing on the poop, all anxiously looking towards the shore, which was no longer visible. The storm blew off from the land, trending a little along the coast; when all at once a heavy dark cloud seemed to descend from the rest of the flying host of vapours, and to come directly down upon the old Oaktub.

"What can this be, in the name of all that is dreadful?" cries one.

"It is a water-spout," cries another.

It was nothing but about one thousand yards of blackened canvass, that the storm had whirled from off the walls of the convent, and which storm was kindly endeavouring to put on board the Oaktub without a boat. They missed the ship, however, and were never after heard of, but as making a dreadful large deduction in Mr. Slaverlick's pay.

"Well," said an antique quartermaster, hitching up his tarry trousers, "I have lived to see summut extraordinary—I have lived to see the old Oaktub riding out a gale of wind at single anchor, *under a cloud of canvass*, yet with never a sail set!"

The Old Admiral was right.

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LINES TO MISS BLANCHE BURY.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Thine is a face of peerless loveliness !  
A brow, once gaz'd on, ne'er to be forgot.  
In the rich waving of each silken tress,  
Lurk ambush'd cupids ; scheming many a plot  
To entrap the heedless gazer with their wiles  
Within Love's magic web, woven of sighs and smiles.

Thine is a form of matchless gracefulness !  
Like the fair swan, walking the water's wide,  
Calm, pure, and beautiful ;—whom all confess  
The next in port to loveliness allied ;  
Whose curved neck, and white unruffled wing,  
Show like some sculptur'd form, of art's imagining.

Thine is a mind of maiden artlessness !  
Unstain'd, undarken'd, by the dross of earth ;  
A soul, that thro' thine eyes' bright beams express  
Thy nature e'en as noble as thy birth ;  
Whose ev'ry glance reflects the gem enshrin'd,  
Worthy a form so fair ;—*the diamond of the mind !*

Lady ! but once I've look'd upon thy face  
In the world's crowd ;—nor may behold it more :  
Once seen, thy smile of innocence and grace  
Must live in mem'ry, till its light is o'er ;  
And to my waking sense 'twill ever seem,  
Like some fair seraph form, that haunts a poet's dream.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE  
AT LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

YAWKINS'S SPLENDID ANNUAL.

*July 16th.*—WENT to Yawkins's, the eminent publisher and circulating-library-keeper, to purchase some pens and paper, tooth-brushes, and shaving-soap. Mr. Yawkins having attended to three customers, who had precedence of me, (serving one with a copy of his last new publication, the "*Life and Times of Nix*," another with a pot of pomatum, and a third with a volume of the latest new fashionable novel, entitled "*Percy de Fitz-Belcourville; or, Champagne and Pine-apples*,") he obligingly supplied my wants.

"Happy to say we shall be out to-morrow, sir," said Yawkins, whilst occupied in making up my purchases into a neat little packet.

"*Out?* Out of what? Paper, or tooth-brushes, or"—

"Beg pardon, sir," said the great bibliopole, interrupting me; "you misunderstand me; not out *of*, but out *with*. To-morrow we shall be out with our splendid Annual for the next year.

"You are early in the field, then," said I, "considering that we are now only in the middle of July."

"Early, sir!" exclaimed Yawkins. "Lord bless you! The book is intended for a Christmas present, or new-year's gift, for the year to come. Early! no, no, sir; we are not positively *late*, and that is the best we can say of it. Flatter myself, however, I have given those scoundrels the go-by *this* time."

"What scoundrels?" inquired I, "and what is the go-by?"

"Why, sir, the year before last, I announced that my Annual for Christmas would be published in November. What does that villain Snargate do, but publish his in October! In consequence of that, last year I was preparing to publish in September, when that rascal, Sniggerstone, gave *his* trumpery, would-be thing to the world in August. The vagabonds! However, I am beforehand with them this time, though" (added he, with a sigh) "it has put me to a world of extra trouble and expense to be so."

"But, if this race is to be continued, Mr. Yawkins, your rivals will, next year, publish their works in June, or May, or April; and *then*, what will you do?"

"*Do*, sir!" exclaimed Yawkins, looking absolutely ferocious, and striking the counter violently with his fist; "I'll out with *my* Annual twelve, nay, fifteen months before Christmas, but I'll distance all my rascally competitors, the villains! Sir, it was I who first published a thing of the kind, a pretty little book, quite good enough for its purpose, with two engravings, price only three shillings. No sooner was it found to succeed, than Snargate, in the most dishonest way, got up one a little bigger, with three plates, price half-a-crown. Of course, I could not allow such a proceeding to pass with impunity; so, next year, I came out bigger still, with four plates, and reduced my price to two shillings. Well, sir; wasn't that a hint—I may say, a very broad hint—which any respectable publisher would have taken?"

"A hint of what, Mr. Yawkins?"

"Why, sir, that I was resolved to crush all competitors, and keep the field entirely to myself. But, no: that scoundrel Sniggerstone, in

the most dishonourable manner, in a manner the most atrocious and most iniquitous, comes out still bigger than me again, with *six* plates, and has the rascality to charge the public no more for his book than I for mine. Can you conceive any thing more infamous than this towards a brother publisher? However, sir, I think I have settled the business this time. My new Annual, sir, will be the largest ever seen, with *twelve* plates, and price only eighteen pence. No, no : I am not the man to be put down. Fair competition I have no objection to ; but no one in Little Pedlington has a right to publish an Annual but me ; and should those scoundrels persist in so doing, I'll ruin them or perish in the attempt."

As these last words were uttered in a tone of determination, and accompanied with a shaking of a clenched fist, the sincerity of Mr. Yawkins's intention could not be doubted.

" You will not issue your work to the public till to-morrow," said I : " but"—(this I added with hesitation and considerable diffidence)—" but might I request——"

" I understand," said Yawkins (putting his forefinger to his lips, and slowly bending and again raising his head) ; " I understand : an early copy. But mum's the word."

Yawkins went to an inner room and instantly returned ; triumphantly holding above his head a small volume (a duodecimo, I think it is called) bound in pea-green satin, and bedaubed over, that is to say, ornamented, with gold.

" What think you of this, sir?" exclaimed the publisher; at the same time turning the book about in various directions, so as to catch the light on every part of it. " There's a binding! I think I shall astonish Little Pedlington this time. Every person of any pretension to gentility *must* buy it, for no drawing-room can be complete without it."

" Nor any library, I should hope?" said I, inquiringly.

What would have been Yawkins's reply, I know not ; for it was prevented by a lady who came into the shop for a little bottle of lavender-water. Having served his customer, he returned to me and resumed :—

" The binding alone is worth the money, sir, to say nothing of twelve engravings, after pictures by all the first artists in the place—that is to say, Daubson ; and all engraved by Scrape, the only man in the world fit to be named."

" Yet, if I recollect rightly, said I," you once told me that Mr. Scratch, who engraved for you the portrait of the late Captain Pomponius Nix, which embellishes the ' Life and Times' of that extraordinary man, was your finest engraver."

" Ay—true—yes—when I employed him he was ; but it is all over with him ; he can do nothing now fit to be looked at. He has taken to work for those fellows Sniggerstone and Snargate, and may do very well for *them* ; but rely upon it, sir, my man Scrape is the only one."

" So much for the plates and the binding ; but, to whom are you indebted for the literary portion of your work, Mr. Yawkins?"

" Sir, I am proud to say that I have enlisted under my banners all the beauty and fashion of Little Pedlington."

" And *talent* also?"

" Eighteen pence, if you please, sir," replied Yawkins, not evading

but, as I suppose, misunderstanding my question. "Shall I have the pleasure of sending the book, or will you take it with you, sir?"

Anxious to regale myself with Yawkins's Splendid Annual, I put the book into my pocket, and proceeded to the Vale of Health; where, taking a seat on a bench, beneath a spreading elm, I read:—

**"THE DOUBLE-DISTILLED MOON-BEAM ;  
OR,  
THE BOWER OF BEAUTY;  
OR,  
PEDDLINGTONIA'S PRESENT.**

A Splendid Annual for the year 183-.

Embellished with twelve highly-finished engravings, by **RAPHAEL MORGHEN SCRAPE, Esq.**, after drawings, made expressly for the work, by **MICHAEL ANGELO DAUBSON, Esq.**

Edited by the Author of 'Snooks; or, the Child of Woe!'

"A captivating title-page," thought I. The next leaf presented me with the—

**"LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.**

**"THE LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE; LADY TEAZLE;  
LADY RACKET; LADY DUBERLY; THE HON. MISS LUCRETIA MAC-TAB;  
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF FITZ-BALAAM;  
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OGLEBY;  
SIR PETER TEAZLE, BART.; SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, BART.; SIR  
DAVID DUNDER, BART.; THE HONOURABLE TOM SHUFFLETON, M.P.;  
MAJOR STURGEON (Author of 'Peeps in the Peninsula');  
CORNELIUS COCKLETOP, Esq., F.S.A.;  
The Author of 'Leaves of Loveliness'; The Authoress of 'Beams of  
Beauty';  
A.B.C.; D.E.F.; G.H.I.; P.Q.R.; S.T.V.;  
and  
The celebrated X.Y.Z.**

In addition to the contributions of the above distinguished writers, will be found those also of the Reverend J. J. (JONATHAN JUBB, Author of 'Pedlingtonia'); F. H. (FELIX HOPPY, Esq., M.C., Author of the 'Guide-Book'); 'Salwod' (DOWLAS, Author of the 'Hatchet of Horror');

**&c. &c. &c."**

Next came the list of embellishments:

- "1. THE DELUDED ONE.**
- 2. THE DESERTED ONE.**
- 3. THE DESOLATE ONE.**
- 4. THE DESTITUTE ONE.**
- 5. THE FORLORN ONE.**
- 6. THE REMEMBERED ONE.**
- 7. THE FORGOTTEN ONE.**
- 8. THE LOST ONE.**
- 9. THE FOUND ONE.**



10. THE UNSEEN ONE.

11. THE UNKNOWN ONE.

12. THE UNCARED-FOR ONE."

Thus far had I proceeded when I perceived Jack Hobbleday coming towards me. Unwilling to be interrupted, I pretended not to have observed him, and continued to read. In vain! In less than half a minute he was seated at my side. Recollecting Yawkins's "Mum's the word!" touching the early copy, and finding that I must of necessity undergo more or less of Hobbleday, I hastily closed the book and thrust it into my pocket. My friend took off his hat, rubbed his steaming head with a blue cotton handkerchief, and thus began:—

"How do, my dear fellow? Here's a day! Broiling! They call these the dog-days, and well they may! Fool I was to go to our U. K. S.—our Universal-Knowledge Society—to look at our thermometer: hadn't a notion how hot I was till then. Seventy-five in the shade, as I hope to be saved! Thermometer pretty invention, nevertheless. Don't you think so—eh?"

"Very pretty indeed, sir."

"But I'm afraid I interrupt you. If I do, say so. Sometimes it is a bore to be interrupted when one is reading, and one hates to be bored. Don't you—eh? I do."

"Inveterately do I hate it, Mr. Hobbleday; but what is a man to do when a dense, unfeeling, and unmerciful bore has resolved to grapple him, tooth and nail?" said I; these words being accompanied by an irrepressible groan.

"What indeed!" replied Hobbleday. "One can't say to him, 'You're a bore!' for that would hardly be civil; and a bore won't take a quiet hint:—so we have nothing for it but to grumble inwardly and wish him we know where, eh! my dear fellow?—Ahem!—You appeared to be reading;—may I ask what?"

"Nothing of any importance," replied I.

"Pea-green satin binding—oh, you cunning rogue! I saw—Hawks—eagles—lynxes—not a bird amongst them has got such an eye as little Jack Hobbleday, I flatter myself. 'Double-distilled Moon-beam,' eh? Now don't deny it—early copy—I know all about it, but never mind how I came to know it. Early copy—ahem! Jubb had one yesterday; so had Applegarth; so had Shrubsole; so had—. I say: between ourselves, your friend Yawkins is a little bit of a humbug, eh?"

"I know nothing about that, sir; I have always found him civil and attentive in his business, and that is sufficient for me. But, when you call him my friend—"

"Friend! pooh—pooh! when one says 'friend,' why one means nothing more than—yes, to be sure, and you know it, I know you do. But he is an enterprising fellow—splendid book—and all the world ought to buy it, or how is he to be remunerated for his tremendous outlay? He's a liberal fellow, and ought to be encouraged—I tell *you* so—went to Yawkins, yesterday, and told *him* so—my candid opinion—ahem!—made me a present of a superb copy—'tis here!" Saying which, my companion drew from his pocket the Splendid Annual.

Finding that I had no longer a secret to preserve, I confessed that I also was the possessor of an early copy: nor, indeed, was I now sorry for this meeting, since it afforded me an opportunity of asking for in-

formation upon two or three points concerning which I required enlightenment.

"Who is the editor of this work?" inquired I.

"Who?" exclaimed Hobbleday, with astonishment; "why, don't you see? The author of 'Snooks; or, the Child of Woe.'"

"But as I know not who is the author of 'Snooks,' I am no wiser than I was before."

Hobbleday drew my head down till my ear touched his lips, and then whispered, "Humphrey Grubs, Esquire."

"Then why not at once say, edited by Humphrey Grubs, Esquire?"

Hobbleday made no reply; but putting into my hand the last number of Rummins's "Weekly Observer," he pointed to a paragraph which ran thus:

"It is reported in the highest and most influential circles, that the author, or, more properly speaking, the authoress of 'Snooks,' is Lady Caroline Braymore, daughter of Lord Fitz-Balaam, both of whom are now honouring our town with their presence, for the benefit of drinking Drench and Drainum's newly-discovered mineral water. If so, and we have no doubt of the fact, Yawkins may consider himself fortunate in having secured her ladyship as editress of his beautiful 'Double-distilled Moon-beam.' In other circles, however, equally high and influential, it is thought that the writer of 'Snooks' is Lady Teazle, with which opinion we entirely agree, although we do not in the least differ from those who attribute that work to Lady Racket, or even the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac-Tab. It may, indeed, have emanated from the pen of the elegant Lord Ogleby, and there is internal evidence in the book itself that such is the case; nevertheless, it is possible, after all, that it is the production of the Honourable Tom Shuffleton, assisted, probably, by that worthy and talented baronet, Sir Benjamin Backbite; not that Mr. Shuffleton is incapable of writing such a work as 'Snooks,' without assistance, and, indeed, we are well assured he would not condescend to accept any. One thing is quite clear, and that is, that it must be the production of some person of high rank and fashion; yet, why may we not be indebted for it to some one of our own celebrated townsmen, or even townswomen—Jubb, or Hoppy, or Miss Cripps, for instance? And this, we think, will most likely turn out to be the fact. At all events, the public may place perfect reliance upon what we have here stated."

"Now don't you see?" said Hobbleday.

"The paragraph to which you have directed my attention," replied I, "is as pellucid, and as much to the point, as any I ever read of Mr. Rummins's, but it does not serve to answer my question."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Hobbleday, "I tell you it does, and you know it. Edited by the author of 'Snooks!' Now if Humphrey Grubs were announced as the editor of the 'Moon-beam' why all the world would know that the 'Moon-beam,' was edited by Humphrey Grubs; but as it is—Come, come, you cunning rogue!" continued he, with a good-humoured chuckle, and favouring me with a poke in the ribs, which for a moment took away my breath, "you understand me well enough, though you won't own it. Mystery—doubts—conjectures:—'tis all right and proper, I tell you, and you know it is."

"Thanks to your explanation, I am perfectly satisfied of it. Now pray tell me who is A. B. C.; and who the celebrated X. Y. Z?"

Hobbleday stared at me for some time with a look of wonderment, and then said, "Come, now, come, you don't ask that question seriously; there is no secret about that. A. B. C. is the famous Miss Nix, *sub roses*, and X. Y. Z. the renowned Miss Cripps, *ditto*. Why, that is as well known all over our town as that Jack Hobbleday is Jack Hobbleday; and even they themselves have made no secret of it for months past."

"Then where is the sense of affecting a mystery, when there is no longer any mystery at all? So long, indeed, as they might have had motives *pour garder l'anonyme*, as the French express it——"

"I understand, my dear fellow," said Hobbleday; "but I tell you they gave up guarding their anonymouses, as you say, months ago."

"Then, to persist in their A. B. C.'s and X. Y. Z.'s seems to be—I say it with great submission—a silly affectation, an absurd——"

"Don't, now, my dear fellow, don't say it at all," said Hobbleday, with a shake of the head, and in a tone of mingled kindness and admonition: "consider that you are but a visiter here; and though, no doubt, you manage these matters differently in London, you *shouldn't* speak disparagingly of a practice which is thought to be pretty and interesting in such a place as Little Pedlington."

I felt the justice of the rebuke, and was silent.

"The 'Bower of Beauty;' and they may well call it so!" exclaimed my friend, as he looked at the prints one after another. "The 'Deluded One'—sweet! The 'Desolate One'—charming! The 'Un-cared-for One'—divine! Some respect for the fair sex, and, I say, my dear fellow,"—(this was illustrated by a nudge with the elbow)—"some affection, too:—have seen millions of beautiful women in my time, yet must say I never saw a round dozen of such 'Ones' as these."

"The *beau idéal*!" said I.

"Pooh, pooh! The *belle idéal* in this case: never saw any *live* women like them. Ah! our Daubson is the man, rely upon it—beats Nature hollow. See! fingers as long as other women's arms; necks as long as other women's bodies; eyes as big as other women's heads, with a double allowance of eye-brows and eye-lashes; mouths like holes bored with a gimlet; hair be-devilled—dishevelled I should say;—and as for their waists, tapering down to a pin's point—hang me if they don't look as if the top part of their bodies were made to screw in and out of the bottom part! Pretty!—may venture to say *sweetly pretty*!"

I asked Mr. Hobbleday (really not intending the slightest offence) whether any of the fair occupants of the "Bower of Beauty" were portraits.

"Portraits? *portraits*!" cried he, in a tone of astonishment and indignation; "do you mean to insult the ladies of our place?" Then, after a pause, he added in his usual mild and amiable manner, "Come, come, I know you didn't; confess you didn't!"

"I may fairly confess that," said I; "for where is the offence in supposing a lady would allow her portrait to be engraved?"

"No harm in *that*," replied Hobbleday; "that's a very different thing; but this book is called the 'Bower of *Beauty*;' all the women in it are set up as regular *beauties*, and——"

"Again, let me ask where is the harm of that?"

"Harm of it? Pooh, pooh! my dear fellow. If you had a hateful wife, or a beautiful sister, or a pretty daughter, how should you like to see her face stuck up in every shop window, to be stared at by every butcher's boy as a declared *beauty*? And I tell you what: I should be astonished if any delicate-minded woman could allow herself to be so paraded."

"Mighty nice in Little Pedlington!" thought I.

"Charming binding, that we *must* say," said Hobbleday, looking with delight at the outside of his volume. "Pea-green satin—gilt edges—uncommon tasty! No wonder Yawkins has got such *names* to write in it."

"We agree as to the binding and the embellishments," said I; "and should the literary portion of the work answer to——"

Mrs. Shanks, the pastrycook and confectioner, passing just at this moment, Hobbleday beckoned her towards us.

"Ha! Mrs. Shanks, how do, Mrs. Shanks? See here! Sweet pretty book, eh? Suppose you intend to treat yourself with the new Annual this year, eh?"

"Oh dear, no, sir," replied the lady; "I cannot afford to buy a book for the sake of the pictures; and as for the *littery* part, that doesn't answer my purpose at all."

"*Literary* you mean, my dear Mrs. Shanks," said Hobbleday.

"How *contradictious* you are, Mr. Hobbleday," said Mrs. S. "I say *littery* part, and I appeal to that gentleman which of us is right."

Not having yet read a line of the work, it was impossible for me to decide.

"As it is, I have nearly half a hundred weight of the *littery* part," persisted Mrs. S., "of last year's Annuals on hand; but the paper is so smooth, and glossy, and crackly, it's of no use for making up parcels; and as for putting it at the bottom of tarts, the nasty ink on it would *pisen* the people. Wish you very good morning, gentlemen."

"Tarts!" exclaimed Hobbleday, as Mrs. Shanks withdrew; "parcels! pooh, pooh! foolish woman! doesn't know what she talks about. 'Double-distilled Moon-beams,' and such things, very serviceable to the cause of wholesome literature; and as for the fine arts—But here comes Daubson; hear what *he'll* say about that. Ha! Dauby, my boy, glad to see you! Got your 'Beauties,' you see!"

"Well," growled the testy Apelles of Pedlington, "and what do you think of them? And you, mister? Come, give us your candid opinions, but mind you don't say any thing impertinent."

Hobbleday was rapturous and unqualified in his praise.

"Right, quite right!" said Daubson; "there is not in all the place a better judge of art than you. But come, if you have any fault to find, state it candidly."

"Fault? pooh, pooh! what fault? None in the world, except——"

"Except!" cried the painter: "you are coming with your *excepts*, are you? Well, what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear fellow," replied Hobbleday; "but," added he, timidly, "this whole-length figure of the 'Deluded One,' seated on a stile—hair dishevelled—milk-pail on one side—skimming-dish on t'other—cow in the distance——"

"Well, mister, and how else was I to make out the subject—the

“*Deluded One*; or, *The Deserted Dairy-maid*?” If you have nothing else to object to but that—”

“No, my dear Dauby, ’tisn’t that: that is ingenious, fine, tremendously fine; *but*, if she were to stand up, wouldn’t she be rather tall?”

Daubson snatched the book out of Hobbleday’s hand, and thrust it into mine, saying, “Rather tall, indeed! D—d fool! What say *you* to it, mister? I’ll answer for it, you know more about these matters than he does.”

Hobbleday was so far right in his criticism, that, had the lady got upon her legs, she would have appeared to be, in proportion to the objects around her, about nine feet in height. I merely observed, however, that in making his dairy-maid somewhat taller than the common run of women, Mr. Daubson had only availed himself of what is understood by the term “painter’s licence.”

“You are right, mister; my object was to draw a fine woman, a magnificent creature. D—d fool, that Hobbleday! Who would buy my ‘*Beauties*,’ I should like to know, if I were to cramp my genius by creeping and sneaking at the heels of *Natur*’, and paint such women as one may see on any day of the week? Where would be the genius of *that*, eh, mister? D—d fool!”

“In your opinion, Mr. Daubson,” inquired I, “is the cause of high art likely to be promoted by publications of this kind?”

“High art be d—d!” cried Daubson; “what is high art to me? My Grenadier in Yawkins’s skittle-ground is high art, but the world will get no more Grenadiers from me, d—n ’em. That took me two months to paint, and scarcely paid me for canvass and colours; whilst I can knock off a dozen ‘*Beauties*’ in a week, and get five shillings apiece for ’em. I always said I should like to see your d—d high art knocked o’ the head; and I’m delighted to say, our ‘*Double-distilled Moon-beams*’ are doing it as fast as they can.”

“Do you hold it to be the same thing with respect to the art of engraving, sir?” inquired I.

“Why, to be sure, mister. There’s Scrape, d—n him! he won’t undertake any great work as long as he can get these little things to niggle at, d—n him! But that’s too bad, and he ought to be compelled to do it, before he touches any thing else. How dare he neglect my great pictur’? a work truly national, mister: our new “*Church-wardens and Overseers, presiding at a Select Vestry*”—eleven portraits in it, all black profiles. But there it is, and I can’t get him to take it up, d—n him!”

“But, my dear Dauby,” said Hobbleday, “why blame Scrape, who is but following your example?”

“Hold your tongue, you d—d fool!” cried Daubson, “that’s a different thing altogether. My great pictur’ ought to be disseminated to the world before all things. Then the public, d—n ’em!—they lay out all their print-money, for these trumpery trifles, and neglect such important works as my ‘*Select Vestry*.’ Instead of subscribing three shillings at once for a thing like that, which it would be creditable to possess, they dribble it away, a penny at a time, for these paltry affairs. I shouldn’t care about it, if my pictur’ were engraved. ‘*Live and let live*,’ say I; but as long as this rage for the cheap and pretty lasts,

you'll not see my great national work in the shop-windows. Nobody'll engrave it, nobody'll publish it, nobody'll buy it, nobody'll —— D—n high art! d—n engravers! d—n publishers! d—n the public! d—n—— and so, good morning to you!" And away strutted the illustrious Daubson.

"I am glad," said I, "to have received the opinion of so eminent an artist as Mr. Daubson, upon a point which I consider to be of some importance. With respect to what we were about to say concerning the effect of these publications upon literature——"

"*Must* be beneficial," said Hobbleday. "Pretty books, pretty pictures, pretty outsides:—all must be of a piece:—what's the consequence? Contributors pretty women, pretty men—pretty verse, pretty prose—all *must be* pretty, and all *will be* pretty; and remember it is little Jack Hobbleday that tells you so. Pooh, pooh! rely upon it."

Hobbleday read aloud a portion of the table of contents:—

"SELIM, a Tale of Turkey, by LADY TEAZLE.

MELISSA, a Tale of Greece, by LORD OGLEBY.

EPANTHE, a Tale of Greece, by LADY DUBERLY.

OSMYN, a Tale of Turkey, by THE HON. MISS MAC-TAB.

THE BANDIT OF GREECE, by SIR DAVID DUNDER.

THE BRIGAND OF TURKEY, by LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE.

THE CAPTIVE OF TURKEY, by LORD FITZ-BALAAM.

THE CAPTIVE OF GREECE, by THE MOST NOBLE THE MAR——"

"Why, Mr. Hobbleday," cried I, interrupting him, "this is a strange bill of fare! It is all Turkey and Greece!"

"Why, my dear fellow," replied he, "that's all the go in Little Pedlington just now. Pooh, pooh! I tell you it is. Could no more do without Turkey and Greece in a Christmas Annual, than without turkey and sausages at a Christmas dinner. It is all right! Greece and Turkey two interesting cities—like to get a good notion of their people, their characters, habits, manners, customs, and all that, don't you know?—Can't go oneself—obliged to any one who will give us correct information about them. Then the style—sweet! pretty! poetical!—Have a bit of Lord Ogleby's tale as a specimen?"

"If you will read a portion of it, I shall be thankful to you," replied I. Hobbleday cleared his voice and began:

"It was one of those soft and balmy evenings at the end of June, so peculiar to the East, whose zephyrs brought upon their wings the commingled odours of the rose and jessamine, fanning the bosom with a refreshing coolness after the intense heat of the mid-day sun, so characteristic of that climate, rendered the more exquisite by the accompanying warblings of the songstress of night, whose notes are nowhere so melodious as in that country. Melissa sat at the window of her seraglio, silently gazing at the up-rising queen of night, whose brightness in those regions is unparalleled; her large blue eyes fixed upon the shining orb; her arched eye-brows, and long silken lashes, together with her flowing hair, which fell in profuse ringlets adown her swan-like neck, and half concealed her shoulders of more than alabaster whiteness, rivalling the glossy jet plumage of the raven. Her sylph-like form was slightly bent forward; her waist, taper as the gazelle's, encircled with an ataghan of costly price; whilst in her long and slender fingers



she held the chibouque, whose notes no longer resounded to her gentle touch.'"—

"Ha!" said Hobbleday, "there's a picture of her exactly as she is described. Charming! See! 'Melissa, or the Forgotten One!'"—He continued—

"Her whole attitude was immersed in attention, which a sculptor might have studied, whilst the beating of her heart was audible in the stillness of the night, which in those territories is of peculiar silence. Presently the clock of the neighbouring muezzin struck ten.

"Yet he comes not!" exclaimed Melissa, starting from the silken kiosk on which she was seated, and ringing the bulbul for her faithful female capote. In a moment the slave was in her presence. 'Tambourgi,' said she, 'fly to the jerreed where he dwells, and tell him this.' Here she whispered something to the capote, who replied, 'Lady of the Seraglio of Loneliness! it shall be done. But, oh! lady, some signal to soothe his lacerated heart.'

"For a moment Melissa hesitated. A tear bedimmed the sapphire blueness of her eye, and fondly nestled in the silken lash'—

"Nestled in the silken lash! Charming!—sweet!—pretty style, eh, my dear fellow?" said the enraptured Hobbleday. He proceeded—

"—silken lash. She gathered some flowers from the pots, which at once enlivened and adorned her minaret; and giving them to the capote, said, in those tones of silvery sweetness so characteristic of the daughters of the East, 'He will understand this token. Away!'

"It was midnight—yet Missolonghi came not. One—two! yet was no footstep heard to send its wished-for echoes along the vaulted roof of the maiden's seraglio. Wearied with watching, she seized a lamp, with a heart-rending sigh, which was lighted with a perfumed oil, whose odoriferous essence imparted a pleasing fragrance to the chamber, retired to her harem, and, throwing herself upon a downy tophaike, dismissed her attendant Houris for the night, whose assistance she declined, but not to sleep.'"

"If the other chapters are equal to this first one," said Hobbleday, "'Melissa' will be the sweetest thing I ever read. But, come; we'll have a specimen of the poetry, and then I must leave you, for I dine at two." He turned over a few pages, and read—

### "STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE DESOLATE ONE.

BY THE HON. TOM SHUFFLETON, M.P.

Most desolate, I love thee!  
By thy eye of melting blue;  
In life and death I'll prove me  
Faithful, kind, and true!

Most desolate, I love thee!  
By the heart that now I give;  
Oh! let my fond prayers move thee,  
To bid me hope and live!"

"What say you to that?" cried Hobbleday. "Hang me, if that poetry isn't almost equal to our Jubb's!"

"I think," said I, "I have met with verses very like those in some one of our London Annuals."

"Pooh! pooh! don't tell me: you'll meet with no such poetry out of Little Pedlington. Editor man of exquisite taste—profound judgment! Now what say you to the effect of these things upon wholesome literature—high art? I tell you what, my dear fellow:—if the 'Double-distilled Moon-beam' should contain many more 'gems' like those I have read to you, and I'll answer for it it does, it will be the very best ANNUAL that ever was published."

"I will not venture to dispute with you, sir, upon that point," said I. And hereupon we shook hands and parted.

P\*.

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### CHARADE. BY ♣.

UPON a cold December night,  
 When half the world had pressed their pillows,  
 Young Juan loosed his shallop light,  
 From where 'twas moored—among the willows.  
 The boy had left the crowded hall,  
 His food untouched—his cup untasted;  
 For what to Love is feast or ball,  
 If she—the loved one—have not graced it?  
 "And ne'er," he said, "I quench my thirst,  
 Where wit or wine, are brightest reckoned;  
 Until *her* hand shall crown 'my first,'  
 Until *her* presence glad 'my second!'"

Coldly the leaves the night breeze shook,  
 As down the wave the shallop glided,  
 Until it reached a quiet nook,  
 Amid the rushes hid—beside it:  
 A lattice gleams above the stream,  
 Bright eyes are looking o'er the water;  
 A moment more—it is *no* dream,—  
 He clasps fair Seville's fairest daughter:  
 "Hush—hush!" the trembling maiden said,  
 As to his couch the boy she beckoned,  
 "Quick!—drain 'my first,'—prepare for bed,  
 And oh! tread softly o'er 'my second!'"

He drained the cup—that wearied boy,  
 While those dark eyes, like magic, bound him,  
 And Isabel, with quiet joy,  
 Tucked in the curtains all around him:  
 "Hark! 'twas a step!"—the Virgin grant  
 Old Donna Inez be not waking;—  
 Another yet—"My aunt—my aunt!"  
 And Juan like a leaf is shaking.  
 Never a word the maiden spoke,  
 But while she vowed a score of masses,  
 She shut poor Juan, with a poke,  
 Into "my all"—among the glasses!

There is no stir upon the air,  
Again their hearts are calmly beating ;  
There is no step upon the stair,  
Again those burning lips are meeting :  
Oh ! doubly sweet—the peril past,  
A lover's sighs—a maiden's errors,  
And skies whose blue is ne'er o'ercast,  
Lose *half* their charms—if *all* their terrors :  
“ But, by my soul !” young Juan said,  
While youths to beauty's lattice clamber,  
“ That maid is mad who goes to bed  
Without ‘ my all ’ within her chamber !”

*Athenæum*, Dec. 21, 1838.

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## A LESSON IN DINNER GIVING.

“ And so obliging that he's ne'er obliged.”

DECIDEDLY the neatest cottage in the Regent's Park (when that old place was new) was that at the gate of which shone the name of “ David Pidding,” on a small plate, not of brass (there was nothing brazen about the establishment) but of plate-glass, with unobtrusive gold letters, on a field *sable*, ingeniously framed in the iron work, and once a day, at least, carefully purified from dust or damp.

The garden within was a perfect pattern; trim and tidy as a patchwork quilt, which it also resembled in size. Nothing wild grew there.

“ At any rate, 'tis well regulated—an emblem of my own mind !” would its proprietor soliloquize.

Query—had either been *great*, could he have maintained an equal degree of formality ?

No ! but he thought the narrow space in which even a few pretty and, if not useful, very harmless things, were cultivated, more deserved approval than would an expanse of picturesque confusion. Perhaps he was right.

His snug tiny house was not only elegantly furnished, but well stored with creature comforts ; while, to please the ethereal senses, his rooms abounded with atoms of *bijouterie* and *virtu*, with books, pictures, musical instruments.

One might see, at a glance, that in David's cranium “ the organ of order” was more prominent than that of “ amateness.” He had so looked to “ number one” as to remain, at thirty-eight, a free, independent bachelor.

“ Ladies,” would he say, “ turn every thing upside down ; and children—'tis unknown what they break ! Such superfluities I never could afford.”

Two women, indeed, shared his dwelling ; the housekeeper and her sub ; but one was old, the other ugly ; both very quiet. No pets interfered with their cleanliness. A single mouser was kept in the kitchen ; but it neither littered nor was the cause of litters ; a plump, sleek,

sweet, "home-keeping" moralist; guiltless of the nocturne and guttural serenades, by which Messieurs les Matous so often tempt us to fancy all the profligates of Charles the Seconds Court once more up in arms, and again infesting the pantiles.

David Pidding was a little beau, with a pippin face; so far from doing juvenile, that he deprecated fashion's edict against powder, wore his prematurely gray, half-bald head, *au naturel*, and complacently chirped, "Few men at my time of life, wear so well as I do."

He was a gentleman, and had never been any thing else; was never forced to do aught for himself, nor to live by his wits—a fortunate thing for him. On four hundred a-year, he subsisted genteelly; seldom going into society, he did his little thinking to himself, unopposed, became a creature of habit and of prejudice. If he took tea out, it was with congenial old ladies. There, his worst faults seemed his clothes and Christian name. Had he but worn petticoats as Miss Pidding, he would have evinced the spinster's fid-fads, without her zest for prudish scandal. The pity of it was, that such a being should actually be a young man, and not know it!

David Pidding never lent nor borrowed; yet, though a twaddling prig, he had a too proud, too sensitive disposition; no one could be more tenacious as to the sacredness of his own name or feelings. He hated being forced to feel grateful, and endured so irksome a position no longer than he could help.\*

It so happened, that three gentlemen had imposed their civilities on the reluctant *célibataire*. He had been very ostentatious and egotistical in his acknowledgments, and professions of inability to rest under such obligations. Each of these friends had written that, when they all met in town, Mr. Pidding might expect "droppings in, to take pot-luck;" but this presupposed a degree of familiarity barbarously vulgar in his small eyes: he would be treated with respect; he had too much value both for time and appearances to be interrupted, taken at a disadvantage. Now and then, to recompense some favour, he had lunched a fellow-votary of "the heavenly maid," or coffeed a whole two of Hoyle's and Sarah Battle's disciples; he preferred playing whist with a dumby. On such occasions he exerted his best tact to render the fare worthy of the house and host; yet not of a quality or quantity to induce long sittings; for economy and decorum pervaded his most hospitable moments. *He* must not be *known* to countenance the slightest excess—his character stood fairly with the world.

The threatening trio of courtesy-creditors were all in town. Pidding must do something to prevent their one by one, or *en masse*, dunning him for refreshments. The Diorama and Zoological Gardens, I believe, then were not there; yet something might draw these men to his neighbourhood; he dared not be "not at home." He would forestal their foul design by consulting one of them—the youngest, but a clergyman, newly married.

On the Rev. Samuel Millingham, Mr. Pidding accordingly called, requested a private audience, as if his business had been too confidential for a bride's participation, and thus addressed the holy man:

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\* No one can more strongly contrast Mr. Pidding than does the good fellow at whose board an incident, similar to what follows, did, however, occur.

"My dear sir, though you are a mere child to me, I want to state a case, of which you can judge the delicacy. You know Captain James Thornton, of the Royal Navy, famous for his comic songs, and his rubber?"

"Intimately—the Laconic, as he's called."

"Well, last summer he *made* me accept an invitation to accompany him about in his yacht. I was never so far from London before—I stayed a week with him."

"So Charles Wheatley told me."

"Oh! I'm so glad you are acquainted with him, too. During his autumn's tour he loaded me with game: you know he blends sporting with the fine arts, and, when at home, farms his own estate; he has given me pictures, roots, a cheese; he plays piquet, and the violoncello; last, not least, here's yourself, poet and pianist. Have you not sent me new music, books, bridecake, gloves? Spring is come again; what can I do?"

"Ask us to dinner!" laughed the divine.

"Dinner! I never gave a dinner in my life; my bit of a place could not make so many comfortable."

"A *parti carrée*? Pooh!"

"Ah, but I'm accustomed to dine at four; people might think—the world would say—I attempted too much—you might all prove fastidious. If I failed to please you, my sense of obligation would be increased; now I want to get it off my mind—to be at least just, if I can't overpay, that no man may call me unthankful."

"I was going to call—on the other two," said Millingham; "come with me, and ask 'em."

"Had I not better send notes or cards?"

"What need of any fuss about such a trifle?"

When the gentlemen reached Thornton's he was out; but they found him at Wheatley's.

"Captain," began Mr. Pidding, "though, while I was dependent on you, I suffered martyrdom from fear and illness, that was not *your* fault. I am just as deeply in your books as if I had enjoyed my trip."

"Shall I send in my bill?" chuckled the sailor.

"Nay, hear me; and, Mr. Wheatley, though I could not eat the birds for which I defrayed the carriage, you enabled me to reward others for certain little acts of politeness; even as Mr. Millingham's songs have served me to return attentions; therefore I come to ask will you *all* dine with me this day week, if you can excuse so short a notice?"

"To-morrow, if you like," said Thornton.

"No, no, one requires preparation, even for a plain, simple, unpretending bachelor's meal—four precisely! but, mind, you *must* be punctual. After a glass—or *two*—of generous wine, we will have a rubber, wind up with a little music, rational conversation, sandwiches, and good night, before twelve. Then, if I have satisfied you, I shall have done my duty, and owe no man any thing."

This dictatorial and exacting invitation was heartily accepted; and Pidding at once became busy. It was difficult for him to decide on what to set before his friends, avoiding trouble and expense as much as possible, yet doing credit to his own reputation, and relieving his own mind of its painful debts.

"A great undertaking for us, master," said Mrs. Hobbes, all importance and alarm.

"Only once and away, you know," pleaded David.

"So much the worse, sir! if you did such things often—practice makes perfit—I'm not used to these doings."

"Well, I'll hire a man to wait at table."

"You'd need; you've plenty of all matters for yourself, but Martha will have to wash up as they come down."

"Nay, listen—she shall have nothing else to do: and, for you, I'll make it as light and easy as I can. Order green-pea soup, and a gooseberry tart, at the pastrycooks; you shall roast a leg of lamb overnight; I flatter myself I can dress a salad; you will only have to fry a pair of soles, boil a couple of chickens and a small tongue, a little asparagus, a few young potatoes, and—to make one of your glorious batter-puddings—that's all."

"More than enough for four, Mr. P."

"Ah, but they will expect a bit of supper; so mind, the tray at half-past ten. What's left will dine us for a day or two. Dear me! I've a thousand things to think of; ice for my wine—I can offer them a tolerable glass—dessert, just white raspberries, black cherries, some olives—all in good taste."

The day came; the visitants arrived together, as the clock struck four. Mr. Pidding, in ecstasies, ordered dinner to be served.

"'Tis quite a privilege," began Millingham, "even to breathe, and look about such a place as this."

"Worth any money!" added Thornton.

"And we enjoy it gratis," quoth Wheatley.

"Mr. Millingham," broke in their host, "will you, the champion of virtue, do vice? yet venture to face me? Captain, be my right hand! Wheatley, the side that's left is nighest the heart; so here we are, quite cosey."

"And he gives us his wit into the bargain," commented Wheatley, "as if it cost him nothing. Parson, say grace!"

Millingham bendingly murmured three words; then, after both examining and tasting his French roll, observed, "'Tis very hard; I am staying at a most exorbitant hotel, yet I never have any thing like this—"

"Bread!" oracularly explained the captain. "Excellent! Perfection!"

"Faith!" coincided Wheatley, "though we need not ask Mr. Pidding *how* he gets his bread, I am tempted to ask where.—This is Hertfordshire wheat—actually kneaded, and really baked—peculiar—cheap at sixpence a slice!"

"Upon my word," said the gratified David, "I think I should detect a *bad* loaf, yet I am not aware of any thing extraordinary.—Wheatley, what are you poring over now?"

"Why, an effect which quite dazzles me. I wish I could find any colour, or no colour, so immaculate as this salt; one might paint snow, pearls, diamonds, silver with it."

"Then its strength!" cried Millingham, "it goes thrice as far as any other salt; you do well to have it so finely powdered, my dear friend; do you import it? or is it chemically refined here?"

"Really," replied Pidding, somewhat fluttered, "it is pretty-looking, nice salt enough, but no more."

"If it was not so pure," resumed Thornton, "it would wake the fish; they are alive, firm as rocks, fresh as roses."



"Now, think of Pidding's rising before his wonted hour, and the expense of coach-hire, to Billingsgate, or Leadenhall-market at best—"

"Stay, Wheatley," interposed David, "no such thing I assure you. I am glad the soles are eatable, but—"

"I'll trouble you to notice the new ocean prepared for them," continued Millingham; "not one professed cook in ten thousand sends you up any thing better than oily stodge, for melted butter; now this, gentlemen, you may call—"

"Butter melted!" said Thornton.

"Indeed!" observed Pidding, with a smirk; "my woman is careful, but, as to this, it is—"

"A lost art found—she's a treasure!"

"My good captain, you flatter! A glass of Hock? Boys, take care of yourselves, and each other. These light drinks the weather and etiquette force on my board; but there is some Madeira—and now—can ye," he added timidly, as he lifted the cover before him, "tolerate a cold joint?"

"Admirable!" said Thornton.

"The idea," continued Wheatley, "at this season, by daylight, of facing any thing hot!"

"Except," remarked Millingham, as the tin was lifted from his share of the carvery, "except boiled chicken. Good sense! pure taste! this may seem impertinent to you, my dear Mr. Pidding, but it is—"

"Deserved, sincere!" helped out Thornton.

"Ha!" burst forth Wheatley, "one of *his* salads, about which *every* body raves so! a picture, I protest! Where *do* you get mustard and cress with that *peculiar* curl?"

"Curl!" repeated David, "I vow I grew it myself."

"Then I wonder at nothing," said Thornton.

When the batter-pudding appeared, Millingham absolutely extemporized a stanza to its graceful tremour; the flowers stuck about the dessert were such as Wheatley had striven to raise in vain. The trio seemed resolved to praise every thing; they came there to wonder and enjoy; unanimously agreeing that Mr. David Pidding must deal with the best tradesmen, keep the cleverest servants, have the best taste, the best luck, of any dinner-giver breathing. He perspired with pleasure, anticipating still greater triumphs.

"My dear friends," and he panted as he spoke, "you mean well, I know; but your tributes oppress me; so many compliments will leave me still the obliged party, and I wish to keep the balance in my own favour. Perhaps, however, I may yet turn the scale. I am an old-fashioned Englishman, and, even in summer, like my glass of port—so, I hope, do you."

They uttered a simultaneous affirmative.

"Then, Millingham, behind you, you will find a bottle decanted; another of claret, in ice, awaits my patent corkscrew. Come, charge your glasses, and give me your honest opinion."

The three guests filled, sipped, looked at each other; there was a brief, blank pause; then Thornton uttered, with cool decision,

"Corked!"

"What!" half screamed the dismayed Pidding; "Mr. Wheatley, will you call it"—

"Corked!" echoed the amateur artist.

"Impossible! Mr. Millingham, what say you?"

"Why, my good fellow, if it be—it were a pity a *fine* bottle of wine should be spoiled; but if the liquid itself be *pricked*, one fault the more can't decrease its value."

"Mercy! and I bought that wine, at an East India Director's sale, as particular old port."

"Port may be too old," said Thornton, "and die of age."

"I am extremely vexed!" fumed David; "just as I thought every thing going so well, making you some amends for past favours! But try the claret, that may atone."

He awaited their fiat in awed suspense.

Thornton first broke silence.

"Public-house wine!"

"On my honour, no, sir!"

"Then let's call it catsup," said Wheatley, making a wry face.

"*That* not good neither," almost blubbered the provider. "How unaccountably unlucky! You must be all sickening of the cholera—out of taste, depraved palates—vitiating senses, I say."

"Nay," drawled the clergyman; "*au contraire*—one attempt upon these pickled horse-chestnuts, which you call olives, has rendered me so anxious for some other flavour, that I could be content with *any* thing—drinkable."

"Bravo, parson!" roared the others.

"One might forget such abominations, by taking a biscuit," observed Wheatley, "if—but *you*, sailor, may bear *these*; you are accustomed to—"

"Wevil and Co.," added the captain, laughing.

"Gentlemen," said Pidding, with a sigh, "did you not laud my baker to the skies, just now?"

"Hang your baker, old Davy!" said Wheatley. "Jim, Sam, and I came out to be jolly—a few decent samples to start fair, would have been something. We might take such fluids as these for port and claret, when we are—"

"As drunk as we mean to be," said the tar.

"Drunk!" wailed forth the outraged bachelor. "Mr. Millingham; a married man, of your cloth—your influence—example—I had you here for a rational evening, a little music—"

"Fiddle-dee-dee!" sneered Thornton, "fiddle-stick's end!"

"To converse on the fine arts—"

"Shop!" said Wheatley.

"On literature—"

"Ditto!" said Millingham: "when you invite men to your house, it is not for *you* to decide what they are to do, nor when they are to go. If you have nothing better than this stuff in your cellar, old boy—"

"Sir!" interrupted the host, "there was some Madeira open on table at dinner, but untouched."

"No, it was not," contradicted Thornton, "*I* touched—but I know Cape, or bad sherry, drugged with spirits of wine, when I meet it."

"Good Heaven! and that has made two voyages!"

"Send it a third, then, and bid it never come back—that's my advice," observed the captain.

"But what can I offer you?"

"Cigars and brandy."

"Gentlemen, I assure you, tobacco is my aversion; ardent spirits I never have in house, because *I* can't touch them *myself*. Oh, dear! now you will go about the world and say that I have treated you shabbily, after all your kindness."

"No, no," responded Millingham, "not we—you and your dinner will be forgotten to-morrow!"

"Besides," continued Wheatley, "what should we tell? who knows you?"

"Who has ever heard of Davy Pidding?" asked Thornton.

"Preposterous!" feebly articulated the entertainer.

"What could be said of you?" demanded Millingham.

"That you are a person to whom false pride makes gratitude such a burden, that I wonder you don't insult your friends by offering them money for their little presents. You would turn all the charities of life into affairs of barter. If you buy and sell, the ware you deal in must sometimes be depreciated by your customers: their hearts cannot be purchased by your goods!"

"I see my error!" said Pidding, with a groan.

"Will you mend?" asked Thornton.

"Give and take freely, like a man, jokes included?" demanded Wheatley.

"I will, henceforth, if I live over this day's cruel disappointment."

"Then there is none," concluded Millingham. "Your wines are no more remarkable in *one* way, than was your dinner in the other. We agreed to dose you with as many superlatives of eulogy as you could swallow, and then suddenly change our tone; to show that, if you mix with men, as you ought, they will sometimes find fault, and not in the deferential style you expect. So let us back to your three bottles of very good, though not *peculiar* wines; after which—cards, music, chat, and early hours. Will that content you?"

Poor Mr. Pidding took but nervously to this abrupt reaction, yet profited by the first lesson he had received.

Ere the party severed, this was followed up by Millingham's proposing that Pidding should give a *déjeûnée* to his three male friends and their ladies. Our bachelor was "in amazement lost"—"perplexed in the extreme," repeating,

"Ladies! You, my dear Samuel, have a wife; but these fellows"—

"Oh," said Wheatley, "Mrs. Millingham will be glad to meet two young things, clever and pretty as herself—her sister, who will be Mrs. Wheatley, or my little widowed cousin, who, having tongue enough for *two*, consents to bless our Laconic."

"Tongue!" repeated Pidding; "tongue, young, clever, fashionable! Sir, 'tis impossible. I have no matron here to do the honours."

"Mrs. Hobbes," uttered Thornton.

"Nay, let him *hire* one of his own old, particular, peculiar, East India tabbies, who knows the ways of the house." Wheatley continued,

"Every beau will then have his belle."

"If you refuse, David," added Millingham, "you will incur the suspicion of being either a woman-hater, or a sly dog."

"Mr. Millingham!" exclaimed Pidding, "upon my honour, I reverence the fair sex—but then they must be"—

"Old frumps!" said Thornton.

"Now," continued Wheatley, "we want your character to stand well with your juniors. You *must* meet all these girls, at our houses, soon, and often, and therefore"—

"Ask 'em to *yours*!" finished Thornton.

David Pidding obeyed. No hoax, no quizzing, was, on this occasion, intended. Himself and the *other* dowager, indeed, were rather startled at hearing Mrs. Millingham call her host "you good creature," and the lovely widow dub him "a dear little soul"—yet David vowed he never enjoyed a day so much in all his previous career. We should not be surprised at his marrying, if he can find any one to have him; for since that time his notions have become more liberal; any intimate may now "pop in upon him in a friendly way;" he goes about by land and sea, like a cosmopolite; would lend any sum, not exceeding a sovereign, if quite sure of its return; and last week, meeting Thornton in the Strand, he actually borrowed threepence to pay postage, though he certainly *did* say,

"I have only gold about me, and don't like to risk taking bad change. I can return it by note to-morrow. Martha *will* be coming your way, and a Victoria *fourpenny* piece will be safe under the seal."

BENSON E. HILL.

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## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

### THE ONLY DAUGHTER.\*

THIS is one of the most charming books which it has been our good fortune to encounter for many a long day. The production of a mind young and ardent and full of power, it is yet fenced and guarded round at every sentence by a delicacy which bears witness alike to the good taste and good feeling of the writer; who possesses the rare faculty of telling a tale of love—deep and ardent, and all but overwhelming—without once placing on record a sentiment or an expression from which the most fastidious would be apt to turn aside. If, indeed, there be a fault in the thing at all, it lies here—that all the characters introduced into it are amiable; and that the misfortunes under which not a few of them suffer, spring from the very kindness and generosity of their dispositions. Now we are extremely sorry to say, that in this work-day world of ours, it is difficult to meet with any coterie, however narrow, where all the individuals composing it are "very good after their kind." Men and women—as we happen to know them at least—are much more

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\* A domestic story, edited by the author of "The Subaltern," "The Hussar," &c.

selfish than the fair authoress of "*The Only Daughter*" seems to imagine ; and we question very much whether there ever occurs among them a grief which is both keen and lasting, of which the causes are not to be found in the misconduct, either of the sufferer, or of those by whom the sufferings are brought on.

We venture to predict that the hand which wrote this book will write others. We are entirely mistaken, likewise, if it do not become one of the most popular of all that are employed in this intellectual manufacture. Yet we are inclined to think that its style of workmanship will change—whether for the better or the worse is quite another matter. For instance, we doubt whether the authoress will ever again depict a maiden so unearthly as the Ruth of this exquisite tale. A little more experience of mankind will teach her that women do not relinquish their fondest and dearest hopes, because a sense of generous friendship, or rather of imaginary justice to another, happens to suggest the sacrifice. We question, also, whether she will again paint a child of nature so wayward, yet so pure as Helen Campbell, who, predetermined not to fall in love, loves at first sight, and then puts herself and all around her, to inexpressible inconvenience, because she will not permit this natural feeling to disclose itself. These are the phantoms of an imagination, as yet unsullied by collision with grosser and more ordinary minds. Yet out of such materials has a narrative been constructed of which we venture to predict that no person of taste will read, even the first chapter, without being led on and on, he scarcely knows why, till he shall have finished the book.

The incidents of this domestic story are very few. It is a record of feeling, rather than of action—a tableau of exquisite groups, rather than a painting, wherein are set forth the details of stirring events which belong to history. Helen Campbell, a motherless child—whom her father has brought up to early womanhood in retirement, is betrothed to Colonel Faulconbridge—a gallant and high-bred man—who has seen much of the world, and mixed in the best society. She has never seen him, but his first visit at Kilmore, her father's residence, is expected, when the drama opens ; and she is introduced to our acquaintance, assuring Ruth Annesly, with all the earnestness which her situation is calculated to call forth, that to control our affections and love, because we are expected to do so, is impossible. In fact, she is determined to find her suitor the most odious of men—and shrinks with horror from the very prospect of meeting him. A few days pass, and they ride together—when by the way he saves her life—and talk, and do all the other matters which are usual in such cases ; and so the young lady becomes to her extreme astonishment aware, that so far from detesting the colonel, she has conceived for him a very tender passion. Yet, believing that he woos her only because he is pledged to do so, she studiously hides from him every semblance of interest, and he actually quits her, after a passionate declaration of his love, in the full assurance that she hates him cordially. Now, see what her feeling is all the while.

" On that fair night which shed its pensive beauties on the parting of Helen and Faulconbridge, and echoed back his passionate adieus with the sighing of the night-wind and the flutter of the forest trees, we left Helen gazing upon the receding skiff, with the half consciousness of one who needs some outward and palpable reality to convince her that she does not dream.

"She stood in that deserted bower with clasped hands and straining eyes, and her clustering locks uncovered, and the wan moonbeams bathing her ivory forehead and moveless features till she seemed like a beautiful statue of alabaster, chiselled by a master's hand, with all the intensity of life upon her face; but when the little boat had disappeared, and her eye pierced the baffling shadow for its outline in vain, then she turned her head away, and burst into a flood of tranquillizing tears, such as have no root nor source of bitterness, but flow without so much as an acknowledged cause.

"When her weeping ceased, the colour came again to her cheek, and her heart lost its quivering throb, and she seated herself to ponder the thoughts that rose there, so new, and strange, and undefined. And oh! what a gush of warm and innocent happiness succeeded that unfamiliar meditation. Oh! how deep and unsuspected the fount it had unsealed.

"Helen had listened to words such as visit the ear but once for ever, and her soul had sprung from its fancied desolation to that exquisite enjoyment which a young heart must always feel from the conviction that it is indispensable to the happiness of one whom it believes to be good and noble. No thought so mean as vanity mingles in the pure and natural elevation which the discovery of its power affords to one untainted by the world, and the pleasurable impression that what had value to attract the love of one who is considered altogether perfect, cannot be in itself entirely worthless, yields such a glow of sweet and unexpected happiness as must be all too inartificial for so mean and earthborn a mixture."

Helen has a friend—a beautiful and high-minded creature—Ruth Annesly, who, having met Colonel Faulconbridge abroad, and taught him, by her praises of Helen, to love the recluse even before he had seen her, becomes herself the victim of a passion, which appears then to be as hopeless as it is deep-seated. She had established in his heart, however, precisely that place which, on the rejection of his suit by Helen, prompts him to seek in her society the consolations which an elevated friendship can give. And out of this arises an engagement; into which Ruth enters freely, in the assurance that Helen's repugnance was of a nature which neither time nor circumstances could remove. We will not forestal the interest of the tale, nor do our readers the injustice of diverting them from it, by stating the result of the engagement. Our purpose is sufficiently served, when we state that it leads to a display of nobleness on all sides, such as we defy the most obdurate to follow without extreme emotion.

Besides Helen, and Ruth, and Colonel Faulconbridge, there are other characters introduced—each of which has some feature peculiar to itself—while all in their places secure a share of our interest. Roderic Drummond is an admirable Rattle—a fine, free-hearted, free-spoken, spoiled child—and the family at Monzievar are all excellent, as are the descriptions of the festivities both there and at Dunardoch.

But the two maiden aunts stand alone. They are genuine copies from nature; so skilfully drawn, that we are tempted to accuse the artist of having caused some of her personal acquaintances to sit for them; or, if it be not so, we cannot doubt that there is at least some ground of reality to rest upon. We have not read any where—neither in Miss Farrier's novels nor even in Scott's—a piece of descriptive writing more perfect than this:

"The peevishness which might have been forgiven in one so utterly alone, and bereft as aunt May, and which so often attends upon irremediable misfortune, formed no part of her character. Even Katie's invincible sprightliness, was not more consistent with the activity of her body, than was May's placid



gentleness, with the helpless quiescence she was doomed to. The misfortune of her youth, though now sanctified to her by its influence on a mind which required some such mighty influence to call forth its slumbering powers, had not been unproductive of consequences far less blessed to her fate and feelings: for when May was first visited by her terrible affliction, she was affianced to her first love, and about to take upon herself obligations, which the affection of her eyes, it was believed at first, would be serious enough only to postpone; nor was the engagement broken off, till her fate was absolutely determined; and even then the lover pleaded for its fulfilment, until poor May found the pain of the sacrifice only enhanced by his constancy. Her good sense and generosity, however, overcame the struggles of her affection, and she resolutely relinquished prospects, such as even the deprivation which shut them out could not have materially dimmed; and although long years of listless and hopeless desolation followed the triumph of duty, still the bitterness arising out of it gradually passed away, and there came in its room that pure and tranquil calm, which follows in the wake even of well-applied misfortunes; so that the single trace which early disappointment left in her heart, was a certain fond and mournful interest in the realities of true love, which would have led her, but for her helplessness, to labour for the removal of any barrier that fortune might rear between two hearts whose sympathies were one.

"This was all of weakness or romance which had outlived her youth; and ordinarily aunt May's sweet smile, and cheerful welcome, were evidences of a heart sanctified, not bowed down by the sorrows of other years. And as she sat at the knitting, which was her sole and constant employment, in the full beams of the morning sun, within the little porch of unpeeled birch, which Helen had planned, and the gardener of Kilmore had executed for her accommodation,—now and then laying down her work to listen to the wimpling of the busy stream, or the pleasant quivering of the breeze among the foliage, or the hum of aunt Katie's bees, that plied their labours from a goodly row of hives that surmounted her goodly parterre;—none would have dreamt of offering their compassion to one who seemed so capable of teaching contentment to all around her."

The tale goes on through various accidents and changes of fortune; till the gentle and artless heroine is laid upon a sick bed in the mansion of her friend. How beautiful is the subjoined description!—

"Helen was lying with her head drooping slightly from the pillow, and one of her small fleshless hands bent under her chin, as if in a natural state of repose. Alas! it was not so, for the death-like stillness which betrayed not so much as the heaving of a breath, and the sad contraction of the forehead, seeming to indicate the suffering she had become unconscious of, told that a heavier thrall than that of sleep bound her senses, and a deeper density obscured her mind. The clustering hair, which Ruth had so lately made her pride and care, now crisped and curled with the dews of suffering, fell from under her cap and enveloped her face and neck in such masses of living gold, as seemed to mock the image of death and danger, by its life-like beauty. But her features, how wan and wasted they gleamed through their radiant setting; how changed and sharpened, and fallen away from their rounded loveliness, and fresh dancing bloom; the lip how parched it was, and whitened from the rage of the inexhaustible fever, and the fringe of her pallid eyelid, how it rested its silken length upon the colourless cheek, in the lassitude of that death-like torpor!

"Ruth gazed upon the gentle and unconscious sufferer, till her heart was almost broken. Oh! how gladly would she have bartered wealth, and rank, and power—all poor Ruth's possessions, for one gleam of health, from the cheek of that pallid sleeper. Oh! how gladly would she have embraced a life of toil and poverty, to have hailed once more the loving and reasoning smile of her departing Helen."

But we must have done. We can only say in conclusion, what we

said at the outset, that many a long day has passed over our heads since we encountered a work—and a first work, too—so full of brave accomplishment or such a precious promise. We heartily congratulate the author of the “*Subaltern*” on his good fortune in being the instrument by which such a candidate for public favour has been brought upon the stage; and we venture to predict, that, if she go on as she has begun, the authoress of “*The Only Daughter*” will have few to rival—none to surpass her—in the race of popularity.

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### A BOOK OF THE PASSIONS.\*

THE justly-celebrated names connected with this sumptuous volume, are so many guarantees for spirit-stirring romances, and graceful pictures, exquisitely engraved.

Mr. James has dealt, in his usual highly popular style, with extreme cases of the strongest passions; those deep, fierce, dangerous impulses, which lead to sin and death. Dull, in sooth, must be the reader, who cannot deduce moral warnings from such tragic instances of their fatal results. Our author shows, too, that on such occasions effects are often far greater than their causes; these frequently proving, too late, to have been mere mistakes, which the simplest questions or disclosures made in time, would have cleared away, turned to “sweet discourses for the time to come.”

Hence, not only may those who peruse these powerful pages learn to control the violence of their natures when roused, but to prevent such rebellion, by the seasonable employment of common candour.

Mr. James, also, is ever happy in his historical allusions, and descriptions of the lands—far, fair, and famed in story. His literary self, is essentially poetical and picturesque, chivalrous, foreign, and antique. Not that his modern British and domestic tale lacks interest, but we think, when all about us is so very English and “comfortable,” that our Christmas keepers, will, by force of contrast, doubly relish his dreams of Germany, Spain, Italy; with the gorgeous costumes of old days, the loves and murders of a different order of beings from our own honest, thriving, law-respecting “little Johnny Horners.”

Could we add one leaf to our author’s wreath of winter evergreens, we might enter into detail, and give copious extracts; but the chronicler of Philip Augustus, the Cloth of Gold, Richelieu, &c. &c., has long been too universally admired to need such aid. Let us, then, thank, “love him and leave him,” that we may keep space for noticing his accomplices, the steel-wielding executioners of his passionate plots, and the designing spillers of ruby floods in the cause of this splendid tome, dedicated by the way to Sir Herbert Taylor.

Chalon’s “*Leonora*” is a sweet womanly creature, to whom Robinson has done full justice. Next to her we love Stephenhoff’s “*Laura*;” but would not the figure, if we could see it all, be rather too towering for that pretty round face?

In the plate illustrating Jealousy, all is good save the dog—the husband reminds us of Macready. Mote's delicate engraving atones to us for some insipidity on the part of lovely "Lucy Grange;" we hope she does not weep, but is merely inhaling the perfume just poured upon her kerchief.

"Blanche of Navarre," and "Maria d'Arquas," are charming. As a matter of taste, we wish our artists relied less on "the fine rhetoric of clothes." The most aristocratic heroine must sometimes be in simple weeds bedight; that is, in the plain robes of habitual state. Now and then, ermine falls in clumsy folds, impairing sentiment, expression, nature, consequently the sympathy of the beholder. *Per contra*—the male dress of to-day cannot tell well upon canvass, unless in a portrait; and again—a man in armour cannot be made to kneel with perfect ease, unless probability be sacrificed to the Graces.

All we wish "Emily" is a new hat, and a less confused background. The castle in the Palmer scene is out of keeping. Corbould is not lucky with horses. They are at once wooden and exaggerated; he has a theatrical taste, which detracts from his many high merits.

It is our duty to speak the truths which we do know, but it is our pleasure to do so with every wish to praise; where many and great beauties exist, *they* light us to the detection of the faults inevitable to all human works. Should Mr. James and his worthy co-labourers produce another volume, on the Petty Passions, such as Envy, Spite, and Slander: we are sure that they will not ask us to sit as types of those critical attributes. Wishing and predicting the fame and profit of this every-way well got-up volume, we cordially recommend it as a New Year's Gift which must prove as acceptable to the Mind as to the Eye,

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THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, HIS DECREES,  
SPEECHES, &c.

WE have rarely met with a better or more interesting piece of biography than this.—The author has been for many years collecting his materials, having had access to the most unquestionable sources, and we must say he has performed his task admirably.

The particulars of the early days of General Washington have, we believe, never before been communicated to the English public; they will be found most curious and entertaining; nor will the least striking part of the history to the reader be that, in which we find the **BOY** Washington drawing up a code of instructions for the conduct of youth, which contains the principles of the highest aristocracy, inculcating in the most earnest manner the importance of paying every respect to rank, and the rights of precedency. Indeed, all the hitherto unpublished matter is in the highest degree valuable, not only as it bears upon the character and principles of a man, who, subsequently, filled so large a space of public attention, but upon the question of the separation of the American colonies from the mother country.

In noticing a work of such importance and containing so much, it.

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<sup>a</sup> The Life of George Washington, his Decrees, Speeches, &c. By Jared Sparks.

would be impossible for us to do it justice by giving extracts, unless they were considerably longer than we are able to make them in these pages. But in the appendix to the first volume, there is a paper communicated to the Editor by Lord Holland, which strikes us to be of sufficient importance to claim a place here.—It is a journal of the state and fluctuation of the feelings of King George the Third, with regard to the American colonies, addressed to Lord North,—and therefore, as we never meddle with politics in this Magazine, we decline of ourselves making a single observation either upon the paper itself, or the circumstances to which its appearance in the Appendix to the Life of Washington is to be attributed.

**“GEORGE THE THIRD’S AND LORD NORTH’S VIEWS AT DIFFERENT STAGES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.**

“History and all the public documents and proceedings of Parliament during the administration of Lord North concur in representing that minister, not only as an enemy to the claims and pretensions of the Americans, but as a constant and uncompromising advocate for the war. So strong has this impression been in America, that writers have uniformly ascribed the continuance of the war, after every reasonable prospect of success had vanished, mainly to the settled hostility and unyielding temper of Lord North. The fact, however, is, that Lord North, during a great part of his administration, was in his heart averse to continuing the contest; that he often endeavoured to bring George the Third to concur in his sentiments, and to conciliate or treat with America; and that, above all, with that view he urged, though without success, a coalition with the public men who had openly opposed the American war at its commencement, and were disposed to close it by conciliation or treaty.

“This truth, which had indeed transpired in conversation before, has recently been established by unquestionable evidence. After the death of Lord North, several letters and notes from the King to him while minister were found among his papers. These fell into the custody of his son-in-law, Douglas Lord Glenbervie, as executor either under his will or that of his son, George Lord Guilford. They were lent by Lord Glenbervie to Sir James Mackintosh, who made copious and judicious extracts from them, embracing various topics relative to the intercourse between the King and the minister. These extracts, which in all probability will ere long see the light, have been perused by many persons, and among them by Lord Holland, who made such selections from them as bear immediately on the point in question, and was so obliging as to communicate them to the editor of this work. The paper below is printed accurately from that communication.

“It will be seen that, with one or two exceptions, the quotations are from the King’s own letters or notes, without the corresponding communications from Lord North which either answered or gave occasion to them. The nature of Lord North’s advice or representations, therefore, is only to be inferred from his royal correspondent’s comments and replies; but the meaning is so obvious, and so often repeated, as not to admit of doubt. ‘In corroboration of that inference,’ says Lord Holland, ‘I can without scruple affirm, that many of the leading characters of that day, both ministerial and those in the opposition, have assured me that in well-informed society it was notorious that indolence, weakness, and, above all, a sense of honour, rather than passion or a defect of judgment, induced Lord North to remain minister so long, and to continue a war of the success of which he despaired, and the principles of which he in his heart disapproved.’

“This fact, connected with the particulars in the following paper, is not more interesting in itself than important as a key to the history of the time, and as affording the means of explaining the counsels and designs of the British King and ministry during the latter years of the American war.

“EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF GEORGE THE THIRD TO LORD NORTH, SELECTED BY LORD HOLLAND FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

“1774. *September 11th.*—‘The die is cast; the colonies must either triumph or submit.’

“*November 18th.*—The New-England governments are now in a state of rebellion. Blows must decide whether they are to be subject to this country or independent.

“*December 15th.*—Dislikes Lord North’s proposal of sending commissioners to America to inquire.

“1775.—Sundry expressions in favour of coercive measures and rigour, and many assurances of perseverance, which prove the King’s own determination, and imply by inference that he thought even at that time that Lord North required exhortation to keep him steady in the pursuit of his object—the subjection of America. Throughout this year the King was confident of success, and urged Lord North not to relax his endeavours. On the *18th of August* blames him for delaying the proclamation to declare Americans rebels, and forbids all intercourse with them. There are some expressions even in the correspondence of this year that raise a fair inference of a wish in Lord North’s mind to quit the ministry, or at least the first place in it. ‘As to your offer,’ says the King, in a letter of *November 7th*, ‘it is very handsome; but I can never consent to it.’ What the offer was is not stated, but from the context there appears some arrangement which would have removed him from his employment, ‘the profits and honours of which,’ his Majesty observes, ‘are in the best hands.’

“1776.—The same spirit pervades his correspondence, but there are few or no extracts distinctly marking any difference between the king and the minister.

“1777.—His indignation with the Americans seemed to increase. He is unwilling to believe in France going to war, and presses for vigour in North America to deter her.

“1778.—As early as January there are symptoms of Lord North hinting at some offer of peace; for the King says, ‘Nothing short of independency will be accepted. I do not think there is a man either bold or mad enough to treat for the mother country on such a basis. Perhaps the time will come, when it will be wise to abandon all America but Canada, Nova Scotia, and the Floridas, but then the generality of the nation must see it first in that light; but to treat with Independents can never be possible.’

“1778. *January 31st.*—A direct answer to some letter of Lord North, expressing a wish to retire, in which the King, after appealing to Lord North’s personal affection to him, and his sense of honour, and bestowing great praise upon him, goes on to say, ‘You must remember, that before the recess I strongly advised you not to bind yourself to bring forward any plan for restoring tranquillity to North America, *not from any absurd ideas of unconditional submission, which my mind never harboured*, but from foreseeing that whatever can be proposed will be liable, not to bring America back to her attachment, but to dissatisfy this country, which so cheerfully and handsomely carries on the contest, and has a right to have the struggle continued till convinced that it is vain. Perhaps this is the minute that you ought to be least in a hurry to produce a plan, from the probability of a declaration of war from France.’ And again, ‘I do not mean to reject all ideas, if a foreign war should not arise this session, of laying a proposition before Parliament.’

“It is manifest from this letter that Lord North had proposed some overtures, or plan, for conciliation unpalatable to the King, which he was earnest at least to postpone; and it may be reasonably inferred from the words in italics, that Lord North, in expressing his wish to retire, had urged the impracticability of obtaining ‘unconditional submission,’ which he supposed, and probably with justice, to be the King’s determined and sole object.



"*February 9th.*—When it appeared, from private information, that war with France had become inevitable, the King expresses his anxiety, before 'the veil was drawn off by the court of France,' that Lord North should 'not delay in bringing in his proposition.'

"*Early in March.*—He had assented reluctantly to a sort of offer to Lord Chatham (who had recently declared *against* the independence of America) to join or support Lord North's administration, but positively objected to any application to help in forming an administration. 'Should he wish to see me,' says the King, 'before he gives his answer, I shall most certainly refuse it.'

"*March.*—The King's correspondence, throughout the first week of this month, is full of protestations against coalitions and changes of ministry, so vehement and so frequent that they prove Lord North to have urged them earnestly and repeatedly. 'He would run any *personal* risk rather than submit to opposition.' 'He is grieved at Lord North's recurring to the painful subject.' 'He will rather risk his crown than do what is disgraceful.' 'If the nation will not stand by him, they shall have another king, for he never will put his hand to what will make him miserable to the last hour of his life.' 'To give Lord North ease, he will accept of the services of those men in his ministry; but rather than be shackled by those desperate men he would lose his crown, and not wear it as a disgrace.'

"*March 22d.*—Calls on Lord North to answer a plain question,—'Is he resolved at the hour of danger to desert him?'

"*March 23d.*—Is satisfied with Lord North's answer, and always thought 'his sense of honour must prevent him from deserting.'

"*March 26th.*—Seems to be brought to some disposition to accommodate matters through the commissioners with America, and to close the war with that country.'

"*March 29th, 30th.*—Lord North seems actually to have declined continuing minister further than to close the then existing session, or as long as might be necessary to make arrangements; and the King insists on Thurlow being immediately made Chancellor.

"*From March to May.*—Lord North considered himself as merely holding his office till the session was closed, and his successor appointed; but in May the King earnestly urged him to continue, and prevailed. The King says, on the *5th of May*, 'Remember the last words you used—"You did not mean to resign;" but Lord North reverts to his intention of resigning almost immediately afterwards, and the King writes many remonstrances, and shows great soreness and irritability.

"*June 16th.*—Lord North applies to resign, two days before the prorogation.

"In the summer recess, *July*, Lord North seems to have hinted at negotiation for peace; for the King urges the necessity of war, but protests his readiness 'to sheathe the sword when permanent tranquillity can be obtained.'

"*In the Autumn.*—'If ministers show that they never will consent to the independence of America, and that the assistance of every man will be accepted on that ground, I am certain the cry will be strong in their favour.' In the same letter, he remarks, that 'if any one branch of the empire is allowed to throw off its dependency, the others will infallibly follow the example.'

"*1779.*—He again empowers Lord North to accept services, but does not wish any change in the treasury; and stipulates, in offering the Admiralty to Lord Howe, that he shall concur in prosecuting war in *all the quarters of the globe.*"

"*June.*—'No man in my dominions desires *solid* peace more than I do. But no inclination to get out of the present difficulties, which certainly keep my mind very far from a state of ease, can incline me to *enter into the destruction of the empire.* Lord North frequently says, that the advantages to be gained by this contest never can repay the *expense.* I own, that in any war, be it ever so successful, if persons will sit down and weigh the *expense*, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the state enriched; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter. It is necessary for



those whom Providence has placed in my station, to weigh whether *expenses*, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what would be more ruinous than any loss of money. The present contest with America I cannot help seeing as the most serious in which this country was ever engaged. It contains such a train of consequences, as must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it, I suppose no man could allege without being thought more fit for Bedlam than a seat in the senate; but step by step the demands of America have risen. Independence is their object, which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a *momentary and inglorious* peace must concur *with me* in thinking this country *can never submit to*. Should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow, not in independence, but dependence on America. Ireland would soon follow, and this island reduce itself to a poor island indeed.' Throughout the summer the King continued to write to his minister, strongly deprecating the admission of any man into office who was inclined to acknowledge the independence of America, or treat with those who look to independence; and,

"*June 22d.*—He says, 'What I said yesterday was the dictate of frequent and severe self-examination. *I never can depart from it. Before I will hear of any man's readiness to come into office*, I shall expect to see it *signed under his own hand* that he is resolved *to keep the empire entire*, and that no troops shall consequently be withdrawn from thence, nor independence ever allowed.'

"*November 30th.*—He tells Lord North, that 'if he is resolved to retire, he must understand that step, though thought necessary by Lord North, is very unpleasant to me.'

"*December.*—He authorizes Lord Thurlow to attempt a coalition, promising 'to blot from his remembrance any events that may have displeased him,' provided it is understood by those who join with part of his present ministry in forming a more extended one, that '*every means are to be employed to keep the empire entire*, to prosecute the present just and unprovoked war in all its branches with the utmost vigour, and that past measures be treated with proper respect.'

"Though, according to Lord Thurlow's representation of the matter, no *proposal* was ever made to the persons in opposition, he felt the pulse of some leading men, and as they seemed disinclined to engage for themselves, and still more for others, to the extent of the King's suggestion, his Majesty remarks with some asperity, 'I see what treatment I am to expect if I call them into my service. To obtain their support, I must *deliver up my person, my principles, and my dominions*, into their hands.'

"*1780. March 7th.*—In answer pretty evidently to a hint about American independence, 'I can never suppose this country so far lost to all ideas of self-importance, as to be willing to grant American independence. If that could be ever universally adopted, I shall despair of this country being preserved from a state of inferiority. I hope never to live to see that day; for, however I am treated, I must love this country.'

"*May 19th.*—Earnestly exhorts Lord North not to retire.

"*July.*—To something like a direct proposition from opposition, through Mr. Frederick Montague, he replies, 'that an evasive *answer* about America will by no means answer,' and that the second proposition, leaving the question open, is 'therefore quite inadmissible.'

"*September or October.*—Lord Gower begs to resign, and urges a coalition with some in opposition. Lord North combats his intention, and thinks his resignation would be the ruin of the administration, but he owns that in the argument 'he had one disadvantage, which is, that he holds in his heart, and has held *for three years past*, the same opinion with Lord Gower.'

"*1781. December.*—The King disclaims any change in his sentiments as 'to getting a peace at the *expense* of a separation from America, which *no difficulties* can get me to consent to do.'

"*1782. March 17th.*—After Conway's motion was carried, he says, 'I am resolved not to throw myself into the hands of opposition, at all events, and

shall certainly, if things go as they seem to tend, know what my conscience as well as honour dictates as the only way left for me.'

" *March 19th.*—He says, ' He could not be hurt at Lord North's letter of last night. Every man must be the sole judge of his feelings ; therefore, *whatever you or any man can say has no avail with me.*' In the course of two or three days, however, he speaks of '*those who are to form an administration ;*' and on the *27th of March*, he writes a letter of strong emotion, and some affectation, to Lord North, announcing that 'the fatal day is come,' and bitterly complaining of the terms imposed upon him.

" *1788. After the Peace.*—His language proves that his feelings about America were not altered, though circumstances constrained him to change his conduct."

It is curious that such a development of the private views and feelings of a British Monarch, as regards America, should first appear in an appendix to the life of the first President of the revolted colonies.

Conscientiously we recommend this work to the attention of our readers.

In conclusion, we ought to remark that the book contains two portraits, one of Washington and the other of his wife.—As there can be no doubt of the authenticity of these portraits, the reader will, we think, be surprised to find in that of the General, not the slightest resemblance in feature or expression to the generally accepted picture, taken at a later period of life.

### PICTURES OF THE WORLD.\*

It is a singular fact, that, in this most critical of ages, the genius of Mr. Plumer Ward should, up to the present advanced period of his literary career, have escaped that exact and definite estimate which the powers and pretensions of almost every other distinguished writer, both of our own and of past days, have so amply received. And this fact is the more extraordinary, inasmuch as the works of this writer are fully appreciated by the general *feeling* of the reading public. At all events, the truth is an instructive as well as a consolatory one ; for it teaches us that criticism is at best but a "vain thing"—superfluous alike to writer and to reader, and valuable only in a professional and (so to speak) scientific point of view—as anatomy is to the surgeon, or the arcana of the pharmacopœia to the practising physician.

No ; there is not only no infallible critic but the general feeling of mankind—in the formation of which the ignorant and the learned equally share,—but there is no other criticism which has any effect whatever in the establishment of those reputations which are destined to go down to posterity in a tangible form.

Mr. Plumer Ward has written three extensive books, of a character perfectly unique, and exhibiting powers which have never before been shown, under similar modifications, by any other writer—*genius*, in short, which is in every individual case a thing *sui generis*, and consequently its results such as could have been obtained from no other source. And yet to this day his genius and his works have received no more exact and definite estimate than if he were (what many people think him) a mere writer of "Fashionable Novels."

The reader will be good enough not to exact from us on the prese

\* By the Author of "*Tremaine*," "*De Vere*," "*Human Life*," &c.

occasion what we complain of others for not having performed. Neither the time at which this new work of Mr. Ward comes before us, nor the limits assigned us for its notice, will allow of our even attempting an estimate, however brief, of his general pretensions as a writer of philosophic fiction. We may, perchance, hereafter attempt this delicate and difficult task. At present we have only to perform the easy and obvious one of describing the items in this new banquet, which the accomplished author of "*Tremaine*" has now placed before us.

These "*Pictures of the World at Home and Abroad*," consist of three distinct tales, each occupying one volume; in this latter particular, recurring to the good old plan, of giving no more space to a subject than its natural development demands. The first tale is entitled "*Sterling; or, the Knight of St. Swithin*." In point of real and exact observation of life in the various phases and classes treated of; in happy and easy, yet spirited development of character; in that vivid yet tempered and subdued display of passion, which the restraint of modern manners and society exact; and, above all, in that touching sympathy with all that appertains to the human heart, its necessities, its weaknesses, its desires, its duties, its devices, its self-deceits, its numerous and anomalous mysteries;—in all these the tale of "*Sterling*" may rank with the very best of Mr. Ward's previous productions. And in one respect—a respect, too, in which his works are pre-eminent—*Sterling* surpasses them all: we mean in its moral tendency: for, without obtruding a moral in any instance, it at every step impresses one so forcibly upon the mind and heart of the reader, that it is impossible for him to rise from the perusal otherwise than a wiser and a better man.

*Sterling* is a man who possesses quick and fine sensibilities, and high intellectual endowments, all of which are cultivated to the richest ends, by a liberal education sedulously pursued, and divested of all the ills that so frequently attend it—all except *one*: but, unhappily, that one exception utterly defeats all the good gifts that nature and favourable circumstances seemed to have prepared for their possessor. The fatal weakness, or mistake, or both united, of which *Sterling* is the unhappy victim, is that of desiring to shine in a sphere for which Nature, or rather let us say that "*unspiritual God*," Circumstance, has not fitted him; since nothing *can* fit a person for that sphere, but that single quality of *birth*, in which alone it is founded. Born the son of a city merchant, in his early youth a silly relative (a hanger-on of the court) and a weak mother, impress him (unintentionally it is true) with a profound, though vague admiration for the (so called) refinements and superiorities of court society; and by the good-natured mistake of his otherwise sensible father, this incipient weakness is afterwards fostered into a passion, in the course of a college education, during which his fine natural endowments, and his sedulous and successful cultivation of them, obtain him the friendship of a youthful peer,—through whose means he successively obtains every adventitious position in society which his fondest hopes could have pointed at, yet finds them all, in turn, equally fruitless in protecting him from that scorn (expressed or not, as the case may be) which inevitably attends all who seek to set foot within the magic circle of aristocratic society, without having obtained the only fitting credentials. Many a fine mind has been stricken into irremediable misery and degradation by the weakness here so

touchingly, yet so entertainingly portrayed through its many and varied forms ; and the result is one of the most impressive moral " pictures " that modern genius has produced.

The second story is called " Penruddock ; or, the High-minded ; " and nobly does the tale answer to the lofty demands of its title. Penruddock, in his personal character (which, however, occupies but a small portion of the work), is one of the most pure and perfect, and at the same time one of the most natural delineations that are to be found in prose fiction ; and the circumstances in which he is placed in the early part of the story, make the picture as touching as it is true to the life. This tale (barring the digressive portion of it) is strictly of the *present* time ; and its opening scenes show us the truly " high-minded " English tory and aristocrat, heart-struck at witnessing the political spectacle of the country which he loves and honours, handed over, manacled and helpless, as a prey to what he deems the desperate and fatal devices of " reforming " rulers ; but still more deeply and bitterly wounded at finding his own relative and heir, the only inheritor of his proud honours and patrician name, an open and ostentatious leader in those ranks which are (as he deems) marshalled to the destruction of his country.

We must only add, in reference to this fine story, that it and its hero, speedily escape from politics and from England, and emerge into the regions of high romance ; without, however, for a single moment quitting that living and breathing reality which is the great and characteristic charm of Mr. Ward's delineations. Suffice it to say that, at the conclusion of the story, " the High-minded " returns once more to his honoured and beloved native land, under circumstances which make it by no means certain that the radical heir-presumptive to the Penruddock honours and estates (who, by the by, all readers, whether tory, whig, or radical, will cordially and equally hate), may not, in due time, be balked of his anticipated heritage.

The third story is also one appertaining to the present day, and it turns wholly on the political aspect and tendency of the times ; yet, like Penruddock, the chief incidents and characters of it are invested with a tone of high romance, and it presents altogether one of the most stirring and exciting narratives that we have any where met with. It is called " Rheindorf ; or, the Enthusiasts ; " and its scene, which is laid in Germany, affords the writer an opportunity of presenting us, in the early part of the story, with some admirable " pictures," evidently drawn from the life, of the highest denizens of a certain ducal court. There is an eloquence and force of style about this tale, which we have not remarked (nor would they have been appropriate) in any other of Mr. Ward's works ; and upon the whole it is our favourite among the present collection. We must not take leave of it without noticing the admirable Essay on Enthusiasm, by which this tale is introduced. It is one of the most rich and felicitous illustrations we are any where acquainted with, of that rare union of the highest attributes of the intellect with the most gentle and genial impulses of the heart—the most masculine understanding and good sense, with the warmest and tenderest sensibilities. There is a class of readers—not the least enlightened among the various classes to which Mr. Ward's writings appeal—who will look upon this Essay as the most enduring gem—the crowning feature of the whole work.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE ATONEMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAVING last month rescued from oblivion to partake of the immortality which is the unquestionable doom of the **NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE**, a very interesting portion of the much-neglected works of the once celebrated Doctor Zlippzlopp, it becomes our agreeable task, in our present number, to submit a portion of the domestic history of a branch of a very distinguished House, which, however well known to our intelligent neighbours the French, has not yet become familiar to English eyes or ears.

It rarely happens on visiting different towns and villages, scattered over the face of the civilized world, that one does not find some one resident family, who have somehow rendered themselves remarkable for something; and consequently form a subject of conversation for their neighbours—and accordingly one hears, “What odd people those Simpsons are!”—“I can *not* make out those Hopkinse.” Upon which some stronger-minded and more censorious member of the community sets the question entirely at rest, by expressing a firm conviction that they are mad.

About fifty years ago—as the history runs—one of these mysterious and inexplicable knots of people lived in that city, most celebrated as the residence of Laura and her lover (the Swift and Stella of their day), the head of which family was known as the Marquis de Cruentaz; whose name, considered etymologically, prepossessed his neighbours not much more favourably towards him, than the circumstances under which his establishment was conducted.

There *are* secrets, says the proverb, in all families; but in this family there was one, of which no member of it was aware, save the old gentleman himself—we mean the Marquis—and, to do him justice, nobody was likely to wrest or coax it from his custody—all that could ever be collected from him in his most complying moods was, that something which had occurred to his ancestors had entailed upon *him* and *his*, a malediction, the precise nature of which he never mentioned, but of the entire fulfilment of which, he evidently, and in spite of forced good spirits, lived in perpetual dread.

The very few persons who visited at the house, believed, like the sages of the English country towns, the old gentleman to be mad—of

his scions more anon. Suffice it to say that the whole party formed the "strange family" of Avignon.

The Marquis was a portly man, and must have been, in early life, handsome; but he had suffered severely from a wound, which extended across the whole of his face, to the cause of which, he never was known once to allude—of course, nobody was sufficiently coarse or abrupt to question him about it, and so even *that* remained a mystery. There was a reason for this silence, which the reader may, or may not perhaps, by-and-by discover.

The Marquis at the period to which we refer, had been a widower for sixteen years. His wife had left him a daughter—a beautiful brunette, with large blue eyes fringed with dark eyelashes, and a figure perfectly symmetrical—and a son, such a son as, perhaps, man never had before:—a stout, fine-looking fellow, who drank hard, swore stoutly, and moreover delighted in breaking horses and fighting duels; his skill in which pleasurable pursuits formed nearly the whole of his mental accomplishments.

His dress was slovenly beyond belief, his ill-fitting clothes, his dishevelled hair, his sword-hilt dirty by use, and his crumpled hat, the feathers of which, all broken down, looked like weeping willows after a storm—all indicated the wildness of his feelings, his recklessness of the world, and his contempt for society.

Little as he resembled his sweet sister, he less resembled his father, who, although, as we have said, living in a constant dread of something undefined, assumed a gaiety in society well calculated to deceive those who believe that laughter is always a symptom of happiness, and who could not witness the tortures he underwent in the hours of reflection upon past events in the solitude of his own apartment.

The Marquis loved his daughter ardently, and, with all his faults and imperfections on his head, was fondly attached to her wild and eccentric brother. But there was another member of this strange family, who possessed a great share of his affections—a young man of about the same age as his own children, and who had been educated and brought up with them. This was an orphan, to whom the Marquis had proved a second father: the son of poor but honourable parents, who had saved the Marquis's life, at the hazard of their own.

These formed the *ménage*—no persons of their rank and station could live more retired—except that the occasional outbreaks and mad exploits of the young Cruentaz, every now and then became topics of conversation;—nevertheless they were held in a certain degree of respect, although they were not much visited by their neighbours, who, to make the best of it, set them down as "a very extraordinary family." If they had known the whole history, they might well have said so.

One beautiful autumnal evening these four persons were together in the garden belonging to the hotel. The good-humoured Marquis, employed in pruning his vines, left Tiburcius—for such was the orphan's name—sitting with his daughter. They exchanged a few words without observing that her brother Rostaing was close to them;—in fact, he discovered *himself* to them by attacking an arbutus with a stick which he had in his hand, cutting and lashing it as if it had been an enemy, whistling, as it were to conceal his violence, but evidently labouring under a strong feeling of strong agitation.



Hellione was persuading Tiburcius not to leave them as he proposed, at Rostaing's suggestion, to do—but he was resolved.

"Go then," said Hellione; "go, and be happy."

"If you knew why I go," said Tiburcius—

"Surely," said Hellione, "the evening sun in Germany is not so clear, so pure and bright as ours?"

"Ah!" said her companion, sighing, "I seek no change but for the sake of others. Think, Hellione, if your presence in the scenes you loved best on earth rendered those to whom you owed all gratitude and affection, miserable; if it exposed them to unheard-of evils, and one continued danger, would *you* hesitate to tear yourself away?"

"I do not understand you," said Hellione; "but if you *will* go, remember that your affection for us is reciprocal, and never fear—"

"Fear what?" said Rostaing, interrupting them, his eyes flashing fire. "In what has the claim of blood lost its right?" Saying which, he broke the stick he held in his hand into a thousand pieces, and flung them on the ground in a paroxysm of rage.

"You are one of my brothers," said the terrified girl, casting her eyes on the ground; "you need never doubt my love."

"One!" cried Rostaing, "no division of affection will satisfy *me*. My father has but one son—I have but one sister—she must love but one brother." Saying which, he rushed from them, casting a murderous look of defiance at Tiburcius, whose influence over his father and sister, obtained by their affection for him, incessantly rankled in the heart of the half-lunatic, half-savage, young man.

"Do not let his hard words, or fierce aspect, make you uneasy," said Hellione to Tiburcius, "we all know his wildness and strangeness of manner—rely upon it he is sincerely attached to you; but his anxiety about *my* destiny—his jealousy of the approach of any one who seems likely to divert my affections from himself, is part of his madness—for mad I fear he is—or will be; he is as much excited if I pay more attention for a moment, even to my father, than to *him*, while he is present."

"Why did he fight that Italian?" said Tiburcius.

"Because he treated me disrespectfully," replied Hellione.

"Why had he the *rencontre* with Count de Bartos?"

"Because," said Hellione, "he paid me marked attentions, and he did not approve of the match."

"What was his quarrel with the Baron de Goussai?"

"That I never knew," said Hellione.

"And with the Chevalier D'Onis?"

"A dispute at play," said Hellione. "But what matters all this? We know he is violent, impetuous, uncertain, and, above all, jealous of his power and authority over me: you, Tiburcius, are my brother by adoption; my affection for you is sincere, nor do I see any reason to conceal it; recollect of what comfort you are to my father;—stay with us—oh, stay."

"That affection," said the agitated young man, "is reciprocal: but listen to me. Previous to the last tour, which I undertook at Rostaing's suggestion, several strange events occurred to me, endangering my life; events too strange to have been the result of accident—and

yet I then apprehended nothing; until one evening, after a narrow escape, I found on my table a note, written in a hand unknown to me, telling me that the perils by which I found myself surrounded, were one and all preconcerted and designed, and that I ought to take warning, and save myself by quitting the house. I laughed at the supposition, and took no notice of the writing—but those threats, and hints, and menaces, have been repeated.”

“Treat them with contempt,” said Hellione, “the pen of an anonymous letter-writer is the weapon of a coward; his concealment is the mask of envy and hatred.”

“Do not think me,” said Tiburcius, “weak or base enough to shrink before the sting of a reptile like *that*, on my own account; but, Hellione, the threats and warnings I now receive, affect the lives of others. My obstinacy in remaining here will cause the shedding of blood, to redeem which, I would gladly sacrifice my own. Yes, Hellione, I am denounced, and told that the adopted child of Cruentaz is destined to be the executioner of his benefactors.”

“But do you believe all these mysterious warnings?” said Hellione.

“A short time after I received this last letter,” said Tiburcius, “our father, as you recollect, being on the river, a leak was suddenly discovered in his boat, and he was nearly drowned.”

“I do recollect,” said Hellione, “and Rostaing being fortunately there,—saved him!”

“Three days afterwards,” continued Tiburcius, “when the Marquis and I rode out together, his horse became suddenly restive, reared, plunged, and threw him. I caught him in my arms, or else we had now been orphans. Upon examining the horse, I found that his nostrils had been burned, and upon searching near the stables, found behind the gate of the courtyard, a phial half full of vitriol.”

“You should have told me these things before,” said Hellione; “rely upon it I should have had sufficient courage and perseverance to discover their contriver.”

“I have not finished yet,” said Tiburcius. “Do you not recollect one day that the moment I leant on the railing of the balcony before the window it suddenly broke from under me?”

“I do,” said Hellione, “I have not forgotten it; I was in the drawing-room at the time, where Rostaing had sent me to look for a book.”

“At that very moment,” said Tiburcius, “the Marquis was passing under the window—the day but one after, I took my departure. You may easily imagine the anxiety of my mind; eight months have since passed away, and maddened by the reproaches contained in your letters, I could no longer endure my absence, and I returned—but I must be gone again.”

Hellione trembled and held out her hand, and in a low voice murmured, “Strange things have happened to myself.”

A dead silence followed these words, and the agitation of both the young people was considerably increased by the sight of the Marquis, who came up to them, his countenance beaming with paternal affection.

“And,” said the Marquis, “you are happy that he is returned, Hellione? We part no more, Tiburcius; our affections bind us to each

other; in *me* you see a second father, and my delight will be to keep both my sons with me—without *you*, this house is terribly dull.”

The young people bowed their heads in gratitude, but the heart of Tiburcius was full of grief; believing, as he did, that his presence was the cause of some evil influence over the fate of his benefactor. Rostaing joined them at the moment. The Marquis, on seeing him, breathed one of those sighs which libertine sons sometimes cause their fond fathers to heave; but instantly, as was his custom, he dressed his countenance with smiles, and turning to Tiburcius said, gaily,

“You will be glad to hear that this next winter we shall be forced to drink deeply, in self-defence; for it has just been reported to me that this year’s wines will not keep.”

“Umph,” said Rostaing, casting a scowling glance at Tiburcius, “there are many things besides wine that will not keep through this year.”

The tone and manner in which these words were uttered, went to the heart of poor Hellione; but she was destined shortly to undergo a severer trial. Supper was served—she, her father, and the two young men, took their seats; but Rostaing tasted nothing: he pushed his plate from him. The Marquis did not eat. What Hellione saw, her quick and anxious eye glancing round the table, it is needless here to say; suffice it, that she felt every moment, while the repast lasted, an hour; that she prevented Tiburcius from swallowing a morsel of what was placed before him; and that, when they left the room, she was assured that none of the occurrences which he had narrated to her before they quitted the garden, had been accidental, and that the house of her father was no safe home for him.

They parted for the night—Rostaing taking leave of his adopted brother with marked civility; and when Tiburcius passed along the corridor, to his apartment, Hellione’s eyes followed the friend of her childhood to the door, with a feeling scarcely definable; *why* she entertained such a feeling we shall soon see.

Tiburcius was not aware of the mischief which had been prepared for him at this supper; but which, through the watchful activity of Hellione he had escaped. In the dish to which Rostaing helped him with every show of affection, broken needles had been mixed with the sauce, so that in all probability immediate death would have been the consequence of his partaking of it. Rostaing was not blind to his sister’s solicitude and activity upon the occasion, nor did they tend to allay the hatred, jealousy, and revenge, which gave such indubitable proofs of an aberration of intellect.

When Tiburcius reached his room, a large dark chamber, faintly lighted by one candle, he could not divest himself of something like a dread of the snares and plots by which he was surrounded. He drew aside the curtain, and even looked behind a wardrobe which stood facing his couch, to convince himself that no enemy, either animal or mechanical, was actually concealed behind them. He felt almost ashamed of his own precautions; and having undressed, threw himself into bed, resolved to dispel all the unworthy apprehensions by which he was assailed.

He lay down; but, with all his resolution, could not help listening

to a sort of murmuring noise, which sounded near him. However, sleep stole over his eyelids, and he was on the point of dropping into a gentle slumber, when two soft taps at his door aroused him. He started up, and found they had been given by the old and faithful waiting-woman, of the affectionate Hellione. She put into his hand a note, written in pencil, by her young mistress, and crossing herself as she turned away from him, took her leave.

The note spoke volumes. Hellione too surely had been convinced of his danger. Like a true woman, she discarded every feeling of selfishness—she saw that his safety depended upon their separation. The note contained these words :

“ Adieu—*before sunrise to-morrow*—adieu.”

Awakened by this tender, yet forcible, appeal to a sense of all his dangers, Tiburcius rejoiced that she admitted the justice of what he had said the night before.

While this was passing in the mind of Tiburcius, Hellione was seated at the window of *her* room, gazing on the bright stars, ever and anon hidden from her view by the passing clouds, her thoughts dwelt upon her brother Rostaing—dwelt upon him against her will and inclination. She endeavoured, in vain, to drive him from her mind, because she admitted at least in her solitude, a pure and ardent affection for Tiburcius, between whom and herself her proud and impracticable brother had so violently, so sanguinarily interposed.

It is scarcely possible to describe the character of this infuriated young man, hardened as he was by habits of systematic debauchery. In the encouragement of his imperious feelings, he suffered himself to be led to the very extreme of ferocity, which indeed seemed to be inherent in his character even in early youth. In principle, he was profligate and shameless; and, when the chord of his insanity was once stricken, nothing could check his wild career—when once excited, neither reason nor compassion had any influence over him. His bodily strength, unfortunately, gave him the power to execute his most daring designs; and his success as a duellist, and his triumph as a drinker, had placed him at the head of the society with which he chose to live, which was composed of persons generally avoided by every body else, who, being by no means rich themselves, clustered round their chief—to whom they gave, in return for his dinners and suppers, a sort of tavern friendship, characterized by a subserviency, which, clumsily as it was proffered, was highly gratifying to one who could bear no rival near his throne.

No trait in his extraordinary character was perhaps so extraordinary as his romantic affection for his sister Hellione. He was never satisfied unless he exercised an entire control over her. He watched her like a dog, and was just as ready to fly upon any one who approached her; jealous, in an inexplicable degree, of an affection which he never evinced towards her. When alone with her, he rarely spoke to her, except to find fault—he was never known to bestow upon her one fraternal kiss—at times he seemed much more inclined to beat her. He was as restless in her presence as a tiger at the sight of fire; and although Hellione loved him with a sister's love, she felt—such was his fierceness, such his pride, such his violence—that she never dare tell him

so. Her association with him was one course of dread and horror ; more especially when Tiburcius happened to be present.

And in what a position was poor Hellione placed ! for if she were exempt from what, as far as one can calculate, seems to have been the family insanity, she was almost as ill-prepared for the world's ways, as the ways of the worldly ; she had had no mother to train her mind—she had no female associates to sympathize with her feelings—her principles and opinions were all formed by herself, aided to a certain extent by her priest, and her *soubrette*, who was in her sixty-third year, and was the only woman with whom she habitually associated. The consequence of all this was, that those principles and opinions were like flowers without roots, planted on the sand ; and, ignorant of the dangers and deceits with which the busier spheres of life are full, she allowed her affections their natural play, and unhesitatingly gave her heart to Tiburcius ; feeling herself justified in her choice by the regard and affection which her father so constantly bestowed upon him. Nothing could be more natural—they had been brought up together from children. He was an orphan—she nearly so ; without relations, without friends, they felt that they were all the world to each other ; and Hellione, as we have already said, saw no reason for disguising her sentiments.

Wrapt as she was in meditations concerning the fate of him she loved, and of the nature and character of the hatred, the deadly hatred, which Rostaing unquestionably bore him, and even thinking of the means by which she might conciliate her brother, and draw him from a course of life and conduct so cruel and disgraceful as that which he was pursuing, Hellione was suddenly aroused by loud and rapid cries of “ Fire, fire, fire ! ” which resounded through the house, coming from the lower floor on which Tiburcius's sleeping-room was situated, and in an instant afterwards a cloud of burning smoke burst from the windows.

Again the cries of fire were repeated, and before Hellione's heart had throbbed thrice in her bosom, the door of her room was burst open, and Rostaing stood before her.

“ What ! what in the name of Heaven has happened ? ” asked Hellione.

“ A little disturbance—that's all,” said her brother, in a tone of coarse indifference.

“ What disturbance ? ” cried Hellione ; and all at once the danger to which her beloved, must have been subjected, flashing upon her mind, she added in a tone of frenzy, “ Where is Tiburcius—where ? ”

“ I have told you,” said Rostaing, “ it is only a disturbance—a noise.”

“ Rostaing,” said Hellione, “ your calm voice ill accords with your agitated countenance—something dreadful has happened—some victim has been sacrificed.”

“ Victim ! ” said Rostaing, smiling a ghastly smile ; “ don't weep, it is only a man—”

“ Where is he—what have you done with him ? ” cried the half frantic girl.

“ Hark you, Hellione, Tiburcius is not my brother.”

“ Speak then,” cried she ; “ where is the fire ? ”

“ Your father is safe ; come, let me save *you*—you alone, I will bear you to a place of security.”

Hellione rushed towards the door.

"Save our brother!" cried she.

"The ceiling of his room has fallen in upon him," said Rostaing exultingly; "but he *was* not my brother."

"Murder! murder!" cried Hellione; but Rostaing threw himself between her and the door, and stopped her flight.

"Why should the fire cause you such alarm—such anguish?" said he,—"*I am not there—I am here safe with you—there is no hurry.*"

"But *he—he—oh!* Rostaing, let me fly—do not stop me—every moment that passes—*oh!* Rostaing—" She made an effort to rush by him, but he held her by the arms, while writhing with torture, she exclaimed again, "Let me go, tiger!"

Rostaing, closing the door, pushed her rudely from him.

"You seem to have a great dread of fire," said he; "I tell you I am your brother—your friend—and yet I am a tiger! The tiger has received four wounds for you, Hellione, and will receive as many more if any one unworthy of you dares approach you—Tiburcius is one of those."

"I will save him if I perish!" exclaimed Heleonni.

"You love him then?" cried Rostaing.

"As much as I hate you," replied his exasperated sister.

"Then listen, infatuated girl—"

At this moment, a voice of one in grief and anguish was heard above the noise of the crackling timbers of the falling walls. Hellione recognised it—she listened—a thousand feelings agitated her heart—it was the voice of Tiburcius—a human form caught her eye amidst the clouds of smoke, and before she could satisfy herself of the reality, Tiburcius was in her arms. The surprise overcame her; her limbs trembled, and as he supported her, she whispered in his ear, "I cannot survive this—if we *must* part, Heaven bless you!"

Tiburcius laid the fainting Hellione on her couch, and rushed to the staircase to see if escape that way were practicable, and to ascertain whether the Marquis was safe. Scarcely had he quitted the room, his unexpected appearance in which, considering all things for the moment, had unmanned Rostaing, than the infuriated incendiary rushed after him—but he was gone—safe from his vengeance, now inflamed in a tenfold degree—but such safety was but of little avail; Rostaing followed him down the staircase, and having lost sight of him exclaimed, with a solemn oath, "Let him go whither he will, I will follow him and have his life!"

Hellione heard this dreadful denunciation, and flew from her couch to the door of her room at the moment her father reached it. Intuitively, as it were, aware of all that had passed, he threw himself on his knees before his daughter, and turning towards a crucifix which hung against the wall, his features convulsed with grief plainly developed by the still raging flames of his house, he said, "Heaven have pity on a guilty race—thy will be done!"

These words, perfectly mysterious to Hellione, fell sadly on her ear, and she sunk senseless on her father's shoulder.

It would be a work of supererogation here to describe that most extraordinary spot of ground called The Camargue, which, within six leagues of the mouth of the Rhone, is bound as it were between two branches of



that rapid river, at which point the salt and fresh waters meet. It is one of the most extraordinary spots upon the face of the earth,—rarely visited by any except occasionally by shepherds, doomed to watch the sheep which feed upon its marshy herbage, or sometimes by adventuring sportsmen who rendezvous at Fourques,—consisting of three miserable hovels, whence, guided by the unhappy herdsmen, they get across the mud-banks and enjoy excellent sport in wild-duck shooting.

No place upon earth is like the Camargue—one can only assimilate its natural appearance with that of a world in the midst of the work of creation;—every thing in and about it is in disorder—the earth and water are mingled together—the fish swarm amongst the subaqueous grass, enormous serpents rear their crests to the sun or bask upon the well-washed pebbly shore. Wild horses are seen swimming about its banks in company with water-fowls; while in the interior, attracted by the climate, the variety of plants and flowers which grow on the island, its proximity to the sea and its scarcely broken solitude, birds from all latitudes, unknown even in the neighbourhood, are seen flying in perfect security, without shunning the shepherds or their flocks.

Still, notwithstanding the apparent fertility of this strange island,—notwithstanding the interest, it cannot fail to inspire, and the curiosity it must inevitably excite, it is impossible to feel happy or comfortable when one is there;—the vapours from its marshes, its flowers blooming upon beds of mud, its beautiful verdure treacherously covering pits and quicksands, and the rushing whirl of waters, perpetually wearing away the very ground upon which one stands—all conduce to create uneasiness during a stay in it. Its beauty seems perfidious, and we quit it with a feeling that we have left a proscribed country.\*

One day, just as the sun was setting in all its golden splendour, casting its last rays over the dry land on the north of the Camargue, a huge bird of prey rose suddenly from the ground, its beak clotted with blood, uttering a loud and piercing shriek of anger and discontent at having been disturbed from its horrid banquet on a corpse which lay extended within ten yards of the river.

The moment the monster took flight, a stone fell among the neighbouring rushes, which had been aimed at it by a young herdsman, who stepping forward exclaimed in a tone of vexation, “I have overshot the mark—if I had not, I should—”

He did not finish the sentence—his speech was stopped by the sight which presented itself to his view. The dead body was at his feet—near it lay the hilt of a broken sword, a cloak and coat covered with mud, and a hat ornamented with red feathers.

The startled herdsman stopped, nor was he much gratified by hearing his companion who was close behind him exclaim, “Oh! it is *here* is it?”

“It is, indeed,” replied the herdsman; “and is *this* the fish that you told me you could not carry up to Fourques by yourself? Is it for such fishing as *this* that my brother-in-law, Fouran of Avignon, has come down the river?”

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\* The change that has taken place in the Camargue, since the period to which this narrative refers, is almost beyond belief. It is now well peopled, numerous excellent houses have been built upon it, and it is in the highest state of cultivation.—Ex.

"You have just hit it, Pierin," said the boatman.

"If this is your trade, brother-in-law," answered the other, "you must go to market without *me*. What are you looking at him so earnestly for?"

"To make out, if I can," said the boatman, "whether it is *mine* or the *other*."

"What are there two?" asked Pierin.

"There are—listen. This morning, about four o'clock, I was busy on the shore at Avignon, getting my boat to rights before it was quite light, when a young gentleman hailed me, stepped into my boat and sharply enough, as I thought, ordered me to put off with him directly; at the same time placing a large box on the floor of the vessel. I did as he bid me, and when we were well out in the stream I asked him where he wished to go.

"'To the mouth of the river,' said the young gentleman. 'You shall be well paid.' To which I replied, as I thought he must have known, that we could not go lower down the river than Arles.

"'Go to Arles, then,' was his answer.

"'It is a long way, sir,' said I; 'mine are heavy oars, and I don't think I shall be able to pull for twelve hours.'"

"'I will relieve you when you are tired,' replied he. 'Besides, the current will help us both.' Never did I carry so melancholy a passenger; he held his head down, and at times hid it in his hands; then he would lift it up, and look at the moon. So, seeing how desolate he seemed, I kept talking to him about every thing in the world that I knew of, in order to amuse him."

"And perhaps," said the brother-in-law, "to find out his history?"

"Find out," said Fouran; "not I—I have not the least curiosity about me—not that I got a single syllable by way of answer to any thing I said. So at last, I mentioned the fire that had broken out in the house of the Marquis de Cruentaz—asked him if he had seen it, or knew if it was out; for you see I had not even curiosity enough to go to look at *that*. So, in answer to my question, he says, says he, 'Yes, it is out, and all is safe.' This was in his common voice, but between the two next pulls of the oars, I heard him mutter to himself, 'Else *I* should not be here.'"

"There our conversation stopped. As the day began to dawn, he kept his eyes fixed upon the lessening towers of Avignon, and when they at last faded from our sight, he again hid his face and cried like a child. Seeing which, I thought I would try to please him and raise his spirits, and accordingly I struck up my favourite song of 'The Troubadour quitting his mistress.' I knew I should please him, for I hadn't sung three lines, before he threw me some money, and begged I would not trouble myself to sing any more; so I told him he was too liberal by half, and put his money in my pocket."

"Ah!" said the herdsman, "that was all fair,—a gentleman should always pay for his fancy,—though I can't compliment his taste in not liking your singing; but still you should not have killed him."

"Killed him!" said Fouran; "—this dead man lying here mayn't be him."

"Who can it be?"

"Listen. About two hours before vespers, just as we had cleared the

little islands of Beaucaire, what should I see but a boat a long way astern of us, pulling at a great rate; whereupon, knowing that the Camargue is a favourite rendezvous for gentlemen who have a taste for cutting each other's throats in an honourable way, being out of the Papal territory, I asked my passenger if he expected any body. He said, 'No: that he should land at Arles and proceed to Marseilles, whence he meant to embark on a long voyage.'

"Before the boat neared us, the passenger in it, who had been rowing with the waterman, had laid himself down to rest, and I soon saw that it was Bruno who was pulling, although he kept under the opposite bank; but all at once his companion jumped up, and in an instant seizing one of the oars, went to work and dashed towards us. The moment he got near enough, he threw a grappling right into my boat, and exclaimed in a tone of triumph, 'I have got him—I hold him!'

"I did not know what to do—but I had not much time to consider, for the gentleman jumped on board, having nearly knocked me into the river, and I perceived in an instant that it was Rostaing de Cruentaz."

"The mad gentleman with the sister, who fights three duels a week?"

"The same."

"And is this his body?"

"Perhaps so. Well, the moment he jumped on board he ran aft. Upon which my passenger looking at him calmly and firmly said, 'Rostaing—you meditate some dreadful crime.'

"They then began to talk, and my passenger seemed rational and just; but Cruentaz was mad, if ever I saw a madman.

"'The world is not wide enough for us both,' said he.

"'Therefore is it,' said the other, 'that I leave you. I know my duty to my benefactor—to *that* I am ready to sacrifice every thing—even my pride.'

"'That is not enough,' said Cruentaz; 'I thirst for your blood!'

"'Thirst on,' said the other, 'no power shall induce me to draw the sword I have received from the father, against the son.'

"'Coward!' said Cruentaz.

"The blood mounted to the cheeks of my passenger, but he struggled with his rage and conquered it, and answered,

"'He that has nothing to lose can have nothing to fear—you wished me to go—I am gone—what more do you desire?'

"'Yesterday,' exclaimed Cruentaz, gnashing his teeth, 'Yesterday, your going *would* have satisfied me. Hellione has now degraded, debased herself, by owning that she loves you—you must die!'

"Well, Pierin," continued the boatman, "you must understand by this time what droll sort of people young lords are. However, upon that, they both drew their swords; but as we were close to Arles, and any body from the shore might have seen what they were at, I run my boat smack against Bruno's, and the shock upset young Cruentaz.

"'Oh!' cried Bruno, 'have pity upon us, good gentlemen, and if you *must* fight, let us pull back, and you can land higher up the river.'

"'That will take too much time,' said Rostaing; and seizing the oars, pulled both boats which were lashed together, with the fury of a demon

into the middle of the current, and away they shot like arrows through the rapids before Arles, dashing among the reefs covered with spray.

“ ‘Holy Mother!’ said I to Bruno, ‘our boats will both be lost.’

“ ‘It is all *my* fault,’ said my companion, whose voice was drowned in the noise of our extraordinary voyage; ‘*my* passenger about an hour after you were gone from Avignon, came to me and asked me if I had seen any body on foot or horseback pass along the road; when, thinking no harm, I told him that you had been hired by a young gentleman to take him down the river. He told me that he was certain it was a friend of his whom he was anxious to take leave of, before he quitted France, and gave me some money to follow and overtake him. However if they *do* fight,’ added Bruno, ‘I must take back the survivor, because he will help to pull up against the stream, inasmuch as he will be deucedly anxious to get back to the Papal city—you can stay with your brother-in-law for the night and come up with him tomorrow;—but, above all things, if one of them is killed, do not forget to throw the dead body into the river.’”

“And which *was* killed?” said Pierin.

“How should I know?” said the boatman. “The moment they got on shore at the Camargue, the one said, ‘No power shall induce me to fight!’ and then they came to high words; till Cruentaz told him that if he would not fight, he would kill him as he was. Upon which the other said,

“ ‘Heaven will require a severe account of this affair—remember I oppose you hand to hand, only to prevent you from becoming a murderer.’

“And then sure enough, to it they went—off flew their cloaks and coats, and out came their swords; but *my* man was perfectly cool, and parried every thrust of the other, till at length, the ground getting soft under their feet, they removed to another place; where, unfortunately, Cruentaz saw me looking on;—he rushed at me, and ordering me in a tone of fury to get out of sight, I dared not watch them except at a greater distance.

“As I observed them as well as I could, it seemed to me that *my* passenger refused to continue the combat; but all at once Cruentaz said something to him, which seemed in an instant to change his nature and excite him dreadfully; for, seizing his sword which he had thrown from him, he raised his arms as if calling Heaven to witness, and instantly attacked Rostaing with the greatest fury. In half a minute their swords were broken, and they continued digging at each other with the remaining bits of their blades; till, abandoning those, they seized each other, and in the struggle fell amongst the rushes, and I lost sight of them. They rose again, so covered with blood and mud that I could not make out one from the other—I saw but one mass and two arms striking furiously—the mass fell again—one fist only moved, and that three times faintly—for an instant I saw one head above the reeds, but afterwards saw no more.

“Then,” continued Fouran, “I made the best of my way to Fourques; and, before I met you, turned round to look at the river to see for the boats—one only remained moored to the bank, and in the other, I saw two men rowing as hard as they could up against the stream, whom I have no doubt were Bruno and the conqueror.

"As to the other," continued he, turning over the body, "he is so maimed—so cut about, and so covered with mud, that Old Nick himself would be puzzled to make him out—his whole countenance is one wound."

"Which is to eat him, the birds or the fish?" said Pierin to his companion, who, leaning over the body, was washing the face with some tufts of wet grass.

"Why," replied Fouran, "—at present, neither—for bad as he looks, he is not dead."

Whereupon they lifted up the wounded man, and laid him so that the water of a little rippling brook, hard by, might flow over his face—a proceeding which filled them with considerable alarm, inasmuch as duellists are *de facto* excommunicated persons.

"Shall we leave him here as he is?" said Fouran.

"I think," said Pierin, "we ought to be very careful how we meddle with the affairs of great men; if he recovers we may get into some scrape."

"Besides," said Fouran, "if it should be the *other*, as I think it is by the hat and feather, I should not like to do him any service—he might take it amiss and cut our throats."

"As for me, I won't touch him," said Pierin; "—he ought to have confessed before he resigned his life."

"Pierin," said Fouran, "great lords are sometimes rich—recollect that—let us therefore be humane and charitable, and try to find out which of the two, this is."

Acting upon this disinterested suggestion, they proceeded to raise the head of the sufferer from the little brook, and discovered that he had endeavoured to drink—but, nevertheless, they could not recognise him—even the distinguishing marks of his dress only served to deceive them; for, in the hurry of his flight, Rostaing, although he had taken his own cloak, had carried off the hat of Tiburcius. Instead of helping the unfortunate victim, the two worthies held a new consultation as to what they should do for the best—that is, for themselves. Time pressed—twilight was nearly past, and darkness was so fast approaching, that the blood of the victim and the clear water by which he lay, appeared of the same colour; the wind whistled through the reeds, and the serpents half-numbed with the cold, had already coiled themselves up in their green retreats.

How Fouran the boatman, and his brother-in-law Pierin the shepherd, made up their minds to act under the circumstances, history recordeth not—all we know is, that poor Hellione, after the alarm and excitement naturally caused by the recent fire, was satisfied only with having in her hurried note given her consent to the departure of Tiburcius; for, accustomed as she was to the violence of her brother, she could not but attach a more than usual importance to the horrible determination he expressed when he rushed down the staircase in pursuit of *him*, whom of all the world she loved the best.

It was on the evening of the day following the hateful *rencontre* at the Camargue, that she was sitting working and endeavouring to amuse her father the Marquis, who was suffering under the incipient symptoms of a fit of the gout, brought on by his exposure and exertions during the fire; but all her efforts either to confine her thoughts

to her embroidery or suit her conversation to her father's tempers were vain—her eyes wandered over the room in which they were sitting, which although it had escaped destruction bore many marks of the effects of the devastating element, the sight of which filled her mind with fresh recollections of the horrid event.

Unluckily for *her*, her father who always assumed a careless manner, and who affected perfect indifference as to the accident which had occurred, talked of nobody but Tiburcius, of whose intentional absence he was not aware.

"Why has he left us, Hellione?" said the old gentleman; "tell me, my dear child, has any accident happened to him?"

"None, sir," replied Hellione, "rely upon it we shall have good news from him shortly."

"News," said the Marquis, "what, then, is he so far removed from us, that he cannot come to speak for himself? And where is Rostaing?—are they together?—tell me, I own my son's language, when he rushed from your room on the dreadful night, alarmed me."

"Oh! no," said Hellione, "something had passed—some reproach as to his mode of life—no—no—it meant nothing."

"What!" said the Marquis, "may I not make a single, observation upon the conduct of my son?"

"My dear father," said Hellione, "if you yielded less to *him*, he would respect you more."

"Ah! Hellione," said the Marquis, "you talk well—but I am growing old—I love quiet—I do not like to excite him. Rostaing has in his veins blood that—Aye, aye, in *him* the most terrible of his ancestors lives again. True, most true is it, that the sins of our ancestors are to be visited upon their children." But then, seeing that Hellione was seriously affected by perceiving her father so moved, he instantly assumed the smile, which he had always at command, to disguise his feelings, and added, "You remember Bluebeard's key, the stain of which could never be effaced—man's destiny is not to be averted."

"What *are* you thinking of, my dear father?" said Hellione.

"Thinking," replied he, "that Tiburcius vexes me by leaving us."

"Hush! father," said Hellione, "I hear a noise; perhaps he is returned."

"No no," said the Marquis, "it is some servant passing along the lobby. Yet," continued he, "after all, Rostaing loves you."

Hellione bowed her head, as if admitting the proposition.

"When I die, Hellione, he will be your support."

"Oh! do not talk about dying, father," said Hellione.

"Why," answered the Marquis, with his accustomed gaiety of manner, "flying gout does not confer a patent of immortality."

"Listen, father! listen!" said Hellione eagerly. "I *do* hear steps—I am not deceived—there is a knocking at the gate—some one is coming up stairs."

Hellione was right—steps *were* heard. Hellione laid aside her work, and the Marquis raised himself, by placing his arms on those of his chair to listen.

A servant opened the door of the room.

"Is it he?" said the Marquis.

Rostaing stood before him.



"No," said the Marquis, "no;" and as if correcting himself, added, "yes, yes, 'tis *he*."

Contrary to custom, Rostaing entered in apparently excellent spirits; his air was gay and triumphant. His father looked at him with cordial satisfaction, till, seeing on his face two fresh wounds, he said to him, "What, Rostaing, you rogue, you have been in some new quarrel—scarred in the face like your father;" and then the old gentleman laughed. Had any one else referred to his scar, he might not have been so complacent.

"Oh, no, no," said Rostaing, "do not compare the scratch of a paw with the cut of a sabre—and how are you my little sister?" added he, holding out both his hands to her, in which she placed hers, trembling with the dreadful recollection of their last interview; but she dare not even whisper that which occupied her whole mind—she looked at him—waited to hear him speak—a second seemed to her an age.

"Have you seen our Tiburcius?" asked the Marquis.

"Your Tiburcius!" answered Rostaing, scornfully. "No! not to-day."

There is blood on his face! thought Hellione.—"Your wound is deep," said she in a faltering voice.

"Do not disturb yourself, my dear girl," answered Rostaing, "I never was better in my life."

"I am delighted to find you so," said the Marquis.

"I am tired," said the son; "I am hungry."

"So much the better," exclaimed the affectionate parent, delighted to find that, contrary to his habit, his son felt an appetite which, from his ordinary course of living, was unusual with him.

"What on earth *has* happened!" whispered Hellione to herself.

The Marquis rallied all his energy to ring the bell, which was on the table beside him, in order that something might be immediately got ready for his son's repast.

"What would you like to eat, Rostaing?" said the Marquis, as the servant obeyed the summons.

"Why," said the exhilarated young man, "whatever is best will do for me," at the same time pacing the room evidently in the highest possible spirits.

"Ah!" said the Marquis, "my dear fellow, if I could but persuade you to lead a regular life—this—"

Here the old gentleman was interrupted in his paternal lecture, by a shout of laughter from his impracticable son; and Hellione, watching his movements, overcome by the deepest anguish, murmured, "All is lost for me!"

Rostaing, whether he heard the exclamation or not, darted upon his unhappy sister a look full of demoniacal irony, and seeing her pale and terrified, approached her, and in the sweetest tone of voice, said,

"What is the matter, dearest Hellionne? "the sister who loves me—undividedly—you look as if you were sleepy."

She trembled—a voice which spoke to her heart alone whispered, "Tiburcius is dead!" No longer able to endure this horrible torture of mind, she fixed her scrutinizing eyes upon her brother, and measuring him as it were from head to foot, pointed with her finger to a stain of blood which was on his coat. Her lips moved—again her eyes

rested on his countenance in search of an explanation of what she saw.

"Ha, ha," said Rostaing; "is it blood you see, my dear Hellione? I have been shooting—that is the blood of a turtle-dove."

"Have you killed any thing?" said the Marquis, with a smile of mingled doubt and good humour.

"Yes, sir," said Rostaing; "a fine turtle-dove. Do you doubt it, Hellione?" added he, again turning to her, his eyebrows contracted by a frown, while his lips quivered with a malicious smile. "Do you doubt me?"

Without waiting for the poor girl's answer, he threw upon the floor the hat, which in the hurry of quitting the Camargue, he had brought away from the field of battle, round which was twisted the black feather which Tiburcius always wore.

"There! Hellione—there!" said he, pointing to the object. "Perhaps you will recognise the bird by his plumage."

However much the hopes of Hellione had sunk before her forebodings of the dreadful event that she felt convinced awaited her, she did not at the moment comprehend the meaning of her mad brother—but a minute's consideration brought the horrid truth to her mind. She trembled like the ivy, torn by the wind from its support—her lips opened to give utterance to a cry—but in vain, she had not the power—she stepped forward a few paces, her hands stretched forth—she tottered, and as if endeavouring to cling to something—life perhaps—Her eyes grew fixed—her lips contracted—her head sank, and with one long-drawn sigh, she fell backwards.

At this moment Rostaing was summoned to his repast.

"So much the better," said he, rubbing his hands joyously: "to-day I could eat stones!" and turning to the servant who was approaching the fallen Hellione, he called out, "Come, sir, come—that is nothing; I know her—it is all acting—all acting:" and away he went to his banquet.

All this had happened in so short a time, that almost before the door was closed, and almost before the Marquis was aware even that his daughter had fallen—**SHE WAS DEAD.**

After this event, the character of the wretched Rostaing underwent an entire change; a long stupor of grief was succeeded by a transport of rage, and the conviction that his sister had so far debased herself as to love the plebeian object of his father's bounty, obliterated from his heart the sorrow he at first felt for her death—the hour of remorse had not yet arrived.

Resolved to drive her from his memory; as soon as common decency permitted he launched into all sorts of excesses—no tender or fraternal feeling had a place in his hardened heart. He gave himself time neither for thinking nor sleeping, but abandoned himself to the society of the most worthless men—stained with crime and loaded with debts, and protected only from the course of law and justice, by the holy walls of Avignon.

Above all things he dreaded sleep—to avoid it, he had recourse to constant activity and spirits. His haggard eyes glistened over his cadaverous

countenance, and gave him an almost superhuman appearance. Totally lost to all sense of honour or principle, he delighted only in working the ruin of others, and involving those who called themselves his friends, in all the mischiefs in which he could entangle them. He seldom visited his father's house; the scene of the tragedies of which he had himself been the author.

On the contrary, his father remained shut up, refusing to see any one! mourning incessantly for Tiburcius, and tormented with a dread of fatalism almost incomprehensible. He fully believed in the efficacy of the ban, under which his ancestors so long ago had fallen, and compared, in all the bitterness of grief, the history of *Œdipus* with his own.

Like a criminal, purified by remorse and repentance, he waited the fulfilment of his destiny as the payment of a debt; and without trembling at the approach of the great atonement to which he was convinced his whole family were to be devoted, bowed his head submissively, without even caring upon whom the avenging arm was to fall. From his youth, the Marquis had been the sport of fate, and the remembrance of his forefathers had been so deeply impressed on his mind, by the recital of their dreadful deeds, that even religion itself had failed to cure him of his superstition; the sudden death of his child had awakened all his apprehensions, and he looked upon the blow by which she fell as like the thunderbolt which destroyed *Ajax*, or the fire which swallowed up *Abiram*.

The death of *Hellione* had been so instantaneous, that neither her father, who knew little of her heart or feelings, nor the servants could account for it. It was not extraordinary therefore, especially with the Marquis's forebodings, that he should attribute to the will of Heaven that which surpassed all human comprehension. Left to himself then, as he had been by his son, since the occurrence of the calamitous event, he spoke of nothing but his lost *Tiburcius*.

Whether it were that the repetition of this name by the Marquis (one day in the presence of *Rostaing*, during one of his "few and far between" visits to his parent), in a tone of mingled affection and sorrow, excited in *Rostaing's* breast pity, jealousy, or justice, who shall guess?—suffice it to say, that in answer to his father's usual mournful complaint that *Tiburcius* was unkind and ungrateful, else why was he not at home?—the madman exclaimed,

"*Tiburcius* has *not* abandoned you; he is *not* ungrateful—he cannot return—he never *will* return—he is dead; dead as Count *D'Onis* is—dead as others are—because he dared to love my sister."

At these words, a slight shock agitated the Marquis, but he struggled with his feelings manfully; he closed his eyes for a few moments and spake not—when he opened them, he appeared perfectly calm and composed.

"And *he*," said the old man, "he is gone too—so young. He was not of our family—still—still—he was the brother of my daughter!"

"And I," exclaimed *Rostaing*, clenching his fist in his father's face, "who then am I?"

"You," said the Marquis, "are the one predestined—you are to be the executioner of our family, and of yourself—at once the sword and the victim: so runs the curse that is over us. *Rostaing*! dreadful

will it be for him who goes last—the dregs of the cup will be bitter—ruin, eternal ruin waits him who drains it. As for myself, I am at ease; I am equally free from hope and fear.”

“Oh!” replied the young man, laughing, “The cup is a large one. I have tried myself to empty it, but it is bottomless. You, my dear father, would drink the Rhone and Durance too, if they were full of bitterness. Grief seems to me to do you good, you grow fat upon it.”

It is quite true, that the more the old Marquis kept out of society the more he appeared to thrive. Notwithstanding the poignancy of his grief and the paleness of his countenance, under the cuticle of which one could scarcely believe the blood to circulate; he really did, as his son said, seem to thrive upon the evils which surrounded him, and which he bore with an external carelessness almost inconceivable.

Different, indeed, were the state and position of his ill-conditioned son: we have seen how he passed his miserable life; but it had become now essential—to his comfort one can scarcely call it, for comfort he never knew—but to his existence. He ate nothing—brandy had superseded the blood in his veins—he never slept—he was a victim to alternate restlessness and lassitude; but he could not die.

Whither he went or what he did, seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to the infatuated young man; he had enlarged the circle of his dissipation, and had been far a-field in search of new excitements, so that nearly a fortnight had elapsed before he thought of paying his father another visit. Fevered, and wretched, and broken down by excesses of all kinds, he at length turned his thoughts towards his once loved, now hated home, and accordingly proceeded to Avignon, which he reached just as the bells of the churches were tolling heavily. As he entered the street in which his father's house stood, he saw the end of a procession pass round the corner of a neighbouring square, returning from a funeral. On arriving at its gates he found them open. He entered, and the first objects that caught his eye were the undertakers, stripping the walls of the hall—in which stood two trestles, whence a coffin had been just removed—of the sable hangings with which it had been gloomily decorated. He looked round him in amazement, he went forward—all was silent. He saw the old waiting-woman, the faithful attendant of his lost sister, coming down the stairs, carrying a bundle in her arms; he was about to ask her a thousand questions connected with all he saw around him, when dropping him a low courtesy, and placing in his hands a large bunch of keys, she said, bursting into tears,

“Marquis, I have served your sister, and your father—they are dead—my task is fulfilled. You are now alone in this house, in which I saw you born, and where I have staid till the last, to give you the keys. My masters are gone—they exist no longer; I go, and never will enter these doors again.”

There was something in this address of the venerable and excellent woman that struck into the heart of the reprobate, the mad Rostaing. He hastily thrust the keys into his pocket, placed his foot upon the first step of the staircase; the sound reverberated through the walls, and he fancied he heard the voices of its former inhabitants—his imagination giving

new life to those whom he had destroyed—his courage failed him; he could advance no farther.

“To-morrow,” cried he, “to-morrow I will take possession.” Saying which, he rushed out of the hotel without even shutting the doors after him, such was his agitation, and hurried to the society of his drunken associates to drown in new excesses the miseries which overwhelmed him.

“My father is dead,” said he, as he entered the room where they were assembled. Whereupon these dirty parasites raised a loud cry of congratulation, that their patron and dupe had come into possession of his fortune. But he heard them not—his thoughts were on his sister—on the sudden death of her, of whose honour and affection he had been so jealous—whose death came from his hand.

“So young—so good!” murmured Rostaing.

New shouts of laughter followed this involuntary exclamation.

“And so handsome!”

“Are you mad?” said one of the most familiar of his creatures. “What a strange funeral oration over a dead father—the respectable Marquis——”

In an instant, waking from the reverie in which this soliloquy escaped him, he cast a look of rage and fury upon the daring jester, who had ventured to touch upon his father’s memory, and without condescending to utter one syllable of explanation upon a subject, with which he never meant to trust his *friends*, he hastily quitted their presence.

To endeavour to describe the state to which the infatuated young man’s mind was now reduced, or exalted, would be impossible—the sharpest agonies of remorse filled his heart. It was but too clear to him that to his own ferocity and abruptness, the death of his strangely-loved sister was entirely attributable; and to that event, wholly unaccounted for by any natural causes to the Marquis, might unquestionably be traced that of his father. Whither could he fly to hide his anguish—whither could he turn for consolation? He walked rapidly along the streets. Having reached the ramparts, the very silence startled him; he crossed the river—he abandoned himself to every excess of grief, which excited his constitutional infirmity to a more dreadful degree. He threw himself upon the ground, called upon the name of his murdered Hellione, and even bit the earth which had swallowed her up. In fact, his own account of his sufferings fully justifies that, which no longer remains a question of doubt, that in inheriting the vices of his ancestors, he also inherited their insanity.

Arousing himself in a paroxysm of frenzy from a lucid interval of comparative repose, during which tears had come to his relief, he started to his feet again, and an insatiable anxiety for action seized him: he felt that he could only conquer his misery by violent exertion, and he ran rapidly and eagerly towards the hills, on which stand the romantic Villeneuve and St. André, taking however the most difficult paths, laughing and crying hysterically, as he scrambled up the sides of the acclivities. The combination of his feelings as to Hellione was terrible; but, as regarded the mass of crime he had committed, remorse, alas! was not among the number.

Just as it was dark, an open gate presented itself to his view; almost unconsciously he entered by it, into the church of the Chartreuse of

Villeneuve—he passed through a corridor into a courtyard—he walked thence into the burying-ground. He walked *there* amongst the tombs, unconscious that they *were* tombs; he lost his way in the cloisters, and little as he cared what became of him, endeavoured to retrace his steps,—his effort, however, was vain, for the gates had been closed upon him.

By what influence he was affected beyond that of the mental excitement and bodily fatigue he had undergone since he had quitted his unworthy companions, it is impossible to say; but a combination of these natural effects was sufficient to account for his falling asleep where he was, without caring to exert himself further for extrication from a shelter which, however ill-suited, spiritually speaking, to his case or condition, at least covered his aching head, and ensured him a resting-place for the night.

In the evening of that very day, a person arrived at Avignon by the river, from the Camargue, who, upon landing, directed his steps towards the hotel of the Marquis de Cruentaz. He was a young man, thin and pale, the sallowness of whose countenance was rendered almost ghastly, by the marks of wounds which must have been recently inflicted on it.

He reached the house, gazed up at its windows with a melancholy satisfaction, and smiled in the midst of his evident suffering, as if he had awakened from a frightful dream, and welcomed the approach of some long hoped-for happiness. His countenance seemed to express the delightful anticipations of a son about to be restored to a father—of a lover on the eve of regaining his mistress. He crossed the street. It was clear, by his manner, that he was ignorant of what had recently happened in the house which he approached. As he got near the gate, his anxiety gave him new life and energy, and without waiting either for inquiry or consideration, he entered the hotel, from which nobody ever saw him return.

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It may now perhaps be as well to throw a little light upon the “events of other days;” to which, according to the belief of the dead Marquis de Cruentaz, the evils which had been foretold, had fallen upon his family.

One hundred and fifteen years before the occurrence of the circumstances which have been here recorded—that is to say, in the year 1658, six persons were assembled under the trees in the courtyard of the little convent of the Carmelites, at Villeneuve. Two of them proceeded to the gate, and the Superior of the house, then a dependency of the Carmelite convent at Avignon, delivered over to them a young and beautiful girl, from whom she appeared to part with deep regret; their affection seemed mutual, and nothing but the cheering presence of an extremely fine young man, evidently her accepted lover, would have forced a smile to move her rosy lips, or checked a tear which seemed ready to flow from her sparkling eyes, over her long and beautiful eyelashes.

The young couple were so perfectly handsome—

“So justly formed to meet by Nature,”

that even the three persons who accompanied them, could not refrain from looking at them with delight and satisfaction, rejoicing that fate



had propitiously destined them for each other ; and nothing could equal the grace with which the young bride, bending before the Superior (their hands clasped in each other's), offered her, as a pledge of her affection, a portrait of herself, painted by Mignard ; in which she was represented in the dress of a nun, smiling with a sort of innocent malice at the world, and carrying in the folds of her woollen robe, woven by her own hands, tufts of roses, which she had learned to forget.

Let us see how events realized the flattering hopes which this union excited. Nine years after this marriage, a series of horrors occurred, in which the husband and his brother were involved, and which ended in the murder of the lovely wife, who, after receiving thirteen wounds with knives on her beautiful person, was hurled lifeless from one of the windows of that husband's house.

Far from anticipating such a result, this lovely creature delighted to exchange the faithful friendship of the Carmelite sisters, for the love of this graceful cavalier, who was no other than the MARQUIS DE GANGES !

From this monster, whose name is never mentioned without horror, and whose memory is held in detestation, and upon whom, and his descendants, rested a curse ; the Marquis de Cruentaz was descended in a right line ; and, although in consequence of a clause in a will, by which *his* father succeeded to a large estate, the family name was changed, the near relationship of the Marquis, to the De Ganges family, was not generally known ; he himself could never get rid of the consciousness of his liability to be visited for the sins of his ancestors.

The Marquis, who was of the elder branch, had been brought up at Montpellier, and nobody recollected the period when, under his family name as the Chevalier de Ganges, he engaged in the early wars of Louis XV. If any ancient soldier lives to recollect GANGES-LE-BALAFRE, he would perhaps be puzzled to fancy that the late-departed, complacent, old gentleman, had been the cornet of dragoons of other days, so well known to the Imperialists ; although, as we have seen, he did not hesitate to show his face, upon which appeared the dreadful wound, which has already been described.

The portrait of the beautiful victim of her husband's violence, which she had given to the Superior on their separation, still smiling, as its lovely original had smiled, upon her ill-fated marriage, remained for many years exhibited amongst the pictures of numerous other benefactors to the convent ; but the Carmelites having sold their house at Villeneuve to the Chartreuse, the likeness of the beautiful nun, whose name was unknown to the new possessors of the convent, was hung up in the corridor, as St. Rose, and became an object of veneration to the ignorant laity, and of the admiration of more than one monk.

It was at the foot of this very picture that Rostaing, overcome by fatigue and exertion—the last survivor of the race of which this beautiful St. Rose was, in fact, the wretched source—fell into a feverish sleep and dreamt. To describe the dreams by which he was tormented, the dreadful visions which were conjured up during his feverish slumbers, would be vain. At length, worn out with imaginary miseries, he started from his resting-place, and placing both his hands on his

forehead, which seemed bursting under a rim of iron, he cast his eyes round the walls of the corridor, and beheld close to him the portrait of the Marchioness de Ganges.

Not all the horrid spectres, not all the dreadful visions, which had bewildered him in his dreams—not all the thoughts and recollections of blood and crime which filled his mind and memory—could produce an effect equal to that which the sight of this picture created. It was so strong—so striking a likeness of the lost Hellione, that the idea of its being a painting vanished from his highly-excited mind; he believed it to be her—his sister—the sister he had murdered.

He threw himself upon his knees before it—he wept—he implored mercy—pardon. His sight failed him; after a struggle, he again raised his eyes to the animated canvass. Still it smiled. He raved—fear, dread, every bitter pang that Providence can inflict upon sin and infamy filled his heart; he could no longer bear the sight of that innocent smile, which seemed to have been perpetuated in the person of his ancestress to torment and torture the last of her race. He turned away from the object, which he could no longer bear too look upon. He hastily quitted the corridor, but still the beautiful vision was before him, strewing his path with roses imbued with blood.

The monks, who were by this time moving about, were perfectly astonished by the conduct of Cruentaz; and not knowing exactly by what means he had become an inmate of the convent, and believing, as they naturally might by his manner, that he was mad, gave him to understand that he was quite at liberty to depart whenever he chose, and even seconded the hint by “suiting the action to the word,” and opening the gate. Cruentaz, without noticing them, quitted the place, and pursued his course across the country; every object that his eye rested upon presenting to his disordered senses, the figure of his murdered sister.

Tired, and wretched, and faint, he again crossed the river, and, perfectly unconscious of the course he was taking re-entered Avignon, and more likely from the force of habit, than from any settled intention, found himself opposite what was now his own house. The moment he was conscious of the fact he rushed in, as if to hide himself from the gaze of man.

At the sight of his home, his iron heart was softened, and grief resumed its empire over it. He ascended the stairs—entered the suite of apartments—wandered amongst them for some time apparently regardless of surrounding objects, and deeply buried in thought. The wind whistled through the rooms, the doors of which had been taken off previous to the funeral ceremony, and had not been put up again, and of which many of the windows had been broken on the night of the fire. He found a good deal of the wainscoting half-burnt, the ceilings cracked, the plaster broken from the walls, and the hangings blackened. He looked at the scene of devastation, but did not appear to recollect the cause of all these disasters; that portion of his life seemed to be forgotten.

The sight of one room alone, seemed to awaken him to a sense of his existence;—it was that, in which his sister had lived, till the night of the fire. The sashes of the windows had been broken, and the northeasterly wind had blown in the dry leaves of autumn, which were

whirling about upon the floor. Over a richly-gilt oak cabinet, hung a piece of wainscot detached from the wall, blowing about like the leaf of a book. Rostaing cast his eyes towards the ceiling, where he beheld a dark and deep cleft, from the edges of which hung long cobwebs floating in the breeze—there reigned in the place a silence—a desolation—an air of nobility, and marks of ruin, of which it is difficult to express the effect.

The heir of the deserted dwelling, turned himself round—the canopy of a bed, its curtains torn, still rested over the remains of a couch, covered with ashes—the half-burnt mattress, was concealed by the quilt and blankets—against the wall, a white cross, surmounted by a nail, pointed out the spot where Hellione—the lost, the lovely Hellione was wont to hang her crucifix.

Moved by an impulse which might have acted upon one more sane and rational than Cruentaz, the bereaved brother lifted one of the tattered curtains. Scarcely had he touched it, before he started back in an agony of terror and surprise—he returned to the bed—drew his hand over his eyes—listened—again he lifted the curtain—held it up for a moment, when overcome with horror, he again retreated—stifling, at the risk almost of his life, a cry of desperation and dismay which gurgled in his throat.

Beneath the curtains of the deserted bed of his dead sister, Rostaing had seen *a corpse* !

Bold as a lion in his madness, when roused, Rostaing discredited the evidence of his own eyes—he thought it was a vision—he was not to be daunted—he resolved to be satisfied ; and in leaning over the bed, to assure himself of the fact, one of the feet of the couch gave way, and the mattress falling over, the corpse sliding in the same direction, fell slowly against Cruentaz, exhibiting to his view a ghastly mutilated countenance. In trying to avoid the contact, Cruentaz missed his footing, and the putrid face of the dead tenant of his sister's bed, lay close to his.

Rostaing disengaged himself from this horrible union, and rushed to one of the broken windows for air—but his reason was gone—entirely gone. He returned to the horrid spectacle—he saw—he knew it was the corpse of Tiburcius. But in the frenzy of the moment, convinced that he had killed him on the Carmargue—he believed it was a vision—a vision so dreadful, that he cried in an agony of terror, “What !” am I to see them all ?—Tiburcius, Bartos, D’Onis, all that I have killed—killed—yes, yes—that *I* have killed !” In this paroxysm of insanity inherent in his family, the wretched Rostaing could not quit the fatal room—he was aware of his wretched state—he could not find the door—he could not call for help—his brain burned—his sight failed him—he fainted.

While in this state of insensibility to all surrounding objects, Rostaing beheld in his trance the vision of St. Rose, the murdered Marchioness de Ganges, still smiling as he had seen her in the picture. The sight revived him—with a shriek of horror he exclaimed,

“Away, away with it !—My sister—my poor murdered sister ; you will kill me !”

His terror at the sight amounted almost to raving madness ; he fell prostrate, as he fancied, before the figure which imagination had pre-

sented to his mind, and his head rested upon the floor. This proud, impetuous man,—this murderer without belief, without religion, without fear of man or mercy towards him,—was humbled and abased—the hour of atonement was at length at hand—he prayed !

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It may easily be conceived, that the death of the old Marquis did not cause any very great sensation in Avignon, where he and his family had led such a retired life ; but the conduct of his son certainly *did* attract attention, from the circumstance of his sudden disappearance immediately after the funeral ; since which event, excepting on the day immediately following it, when he had been seen traversing the streets in the most extraordinary manner, nobody had either seen or heard of him.

People, who had little business of their own to do, began to make inquiries about him—none of his boon companions could give any account of him, and the inhabitants of the sacred city of the Pope laid their heads together, and wondered what the meaning of all they had seen and heard, connected with the dark, deserted house of Cruentaz could possibly be. Surmises turned to rumours, hints and insinuations superseded mere fancies, till at length reports were spread, which induced the Vice Legate to order the commander of the Roman troops to arrest the Marquis Cruentaz, if he were shut up in his hotel.

Such was the character of the house, as regarded popular feeling, that not one human being had ventured to cross the threshold of the gate, although it had been for some time left open ; but on the morning of the military visit, a considerable crowd assembled in the street to hear its result—and what *was* the result ? After searching the house in every part, they found at the foot of a bed in one of the rooms a corpse, so disfigured and so far decomposed as not to be recognisable ; but which, of course, finding it where they did, they concluded to be that of the young Cruentaz. They accordingly drew up a *procès-verbal* of his death, and the discovery of his body ; and the body was interred without much ceremony—no servant being found in the establishment, nor any human being to take charge of the hotel. But this legal decision did not give universal satisfaction, nor did the facts obtain general belief ; for such is the disposition of the superstitious, to prefer the marvellous to the probable, that some people were ready to swear that they had seen Rostaing at midnight at the foot of St. Agricole, while others were convinced that they had themselves watched him walking on the banks of the Rhone, close by the bridge of St. Banezat. One woman declared, that she had watched with her own eyes (as if she could have watched with any other persons) a man kneeling among the tombs in the cemetery ; and the boatmen declared, that he had been seen walking on the Camargue with a cross upon his breast : although how, considering the time, and the distance of Avignon from that uncertain islet, they should have had an opportunity of witnessing his patrol upon the unholy spot, was not seen entirely clear. However, all these rumours died away in time—the gates of the hotel were closed by the Commander of the troops, and the stories about it lost their interest, until at last total forgetfulness of the family grew out of the indifference which so generally reigned.

Six months had elapsed when the brother of the Chevalier D'Onis,

whom Rostaing, as we know, had killed in a duel, and who had attained considerable eminence in the church, was called to Rhodéz on some business ; and being a stranger in the place, he was mightily startled one day during his temporary residence there, by the approach of an old woman, who, after following him for some time, came up to him and placed a note in his hand, begging him to read it immediately.

The Priest, although a most excellent and pious man, was not quite proof against the sight of a billet-doux, placed so expressively in his hands, by so respectable a looking person as his now old friend.

He opened the note and read.

“A person”—it was so well contrived as to leave it quite in doubt whether it was a lady or gentleman who wrote—“a person who has seen you pass the window, entreats you to call this evening, at eight o'clock, at the house whence this is dated ; you will then know the writer, and the motives for this request.”

The invitation was one which the good priest felt he could not conscientiously decline ; and accordingly, as soon it was dark, he proceeded towards the Cathedral, and turning to his left, found himself in the *Rue des Hebdomadaires*,—since rendered notorious by the tragedy of Fualdes,—and although somewhat disgusted by the appearance of the neighbourhood, directed his steps to the house pointed out in the missive. When he reached it, its aspect was by no means inviting, but self-assured by the purity of his intentions, he took the deciding measure of tapping at its door.

He knocked ; and while waiting for admission, the weathercock on the gable end of the roof, twirling on its rusty stock, afforded a very respectable imitation of a screech-owl, the two flaming eyes of a huge black cat at the same time glistening on him, from the grating of the cellar.

The old body who had given him the note opened the door, and wholly ignorant as to whom or what he was about to see, he mounted the stairs ; she preceding him with a light. Arrived at the door of the room on the first floor, she pushed it open, and he found himself alone with a man of whom he had no recollection.

Dark matted hair covered the countenance of the haggard creature, worn to the bone, and nearly bent double. He was dressed in filthy clothes, like those of a gravedigger, smelling of churchyards. His weakness overcame his habitual civility, he could not rise from his seat to receive his visiter ; and when, after an effort, he spoke, the good priest looked round him to ascertain whence a voice so hollow and so deathlike could proceed.

“Providence,” said the unknown one, “Providence has been kind and gracious to me, in giving me the opportunity of imploring forgiveness of one of those whom I have so deeply injured.”

“Sir,” said D’Onis, “you are mistaken, you cannot have injured me—I do not know you.”

“No, no,” said the other, “the vengeance of Heaven has so changed the face of the murderer that you do not remember me. Look at me ; look at me well.”

Saying which, he held his face to the lamp. Under the appearance of haggard age, D’Onis recognised the face of a young man—he saw who it was, and started back with surprise and indignation.

“Ah !” said the guilty one, falling on his knees, “take your revenge—

trample me under your feet—I can bear all—all—but do not kill me—spare me a few days. For oh! how I dread what is to follow after death!”

“Do I see before me,” said the astonished D’Onis, “the invincible terror of Avignon, whose sword defied the world? This despair, this humiliation, melts me to pity. Marquis,” continued he, in a firm tone, “I see—I appreciate the sufferings to which you are subjected. If I can alleviate them in any degree, command me. It is useless recalling what is past—as far as mortal can forgive another, I forgive you.”

“Blessings on you,” said the wretched Rostaing, for Rostaing it was. “When I saw you pass the window of the house in which I have buried myself, to shun mankind, whom I have basely injured, and to whom I am odious—I seized upon the hope of humbling myself before you, the happiness of whose family I destroyed—you, the pious minister of Heaven. If my life could serve as an expiation, give me but time, and you should have it. I never feared death—I—Ah!” said he to himself, “what!—proud still—still vain—still boasting? Down, down; crawl, crawl, worm, till the hour comes when you shall burn eternally!”

He paused for a few seconds after this excitement, and then proceeded:

“But you are too generous; therefore, as you pardon and pity me, let me confide to you my wishes with regard to the property which I possess, but am determined never to enjoy. I would have the whole of it revert to the convent of the Chartreuse, at Villeneuve, and other similar establishments, so that I may obtain the prayers of the religious for my soul, when this miserable body shall have ceased to exist.”

“Rely upon me,” said D’Onis; “but still hope for a longer life, amended and repentant, do not renounce the world.”

“It is closed against me for ever,” said Rostaing, “the destiny of our family must be fulfilled—blood will have blood—and atonement only can expiate the crimes of that blood, the last drops of which, are in my veins. My life is over. Nobody ever knew my griefs, nobody ever understood my feelings. I was called a tiger; but they knew me not. Think too, when every effort to conquer our feelings has been made—when every sacrifice has been offered to pleasure, to passion—and upon reflection we see what has occurred, and what is to come. What—what remains?”

“Religion,” said D’Onis; “the comfort of the strong, the support of the weak.”

“Ah!” said Rostaing, shuddering, “the terror of *that*—”

“Have better courage, Marquis,” said D’Onis; “repent, fervently—sincerely, but do not despair—the love—”

“—Love, love!” interrupted Rostaing, looking intently on the ceiling, and muttering some name which his spiritual comforter did not understand—And then followed a scene of horror, which it would be difficult indeed to describe. His eyes starting open, were fixed to one point—terror agitated his countenance, his breast heaved—he muttered incoherently—

“Hah!—there—there you are—that robe—those roses.—Ha!—ha!—I killed him—yes—your lover—go—go, leave me—that bated smile—what would you have?—See—see—see—she laughs!”



And then the wretched man burst into a fit of horrid laughter.

“Go—go, leave me—I hate you—I hate your smile, I want to sleep—go, or I shall die—”

He started up suddenly, his hair standing on end, and raising his arms over his head, he cried, at the very top of his voice,

“By heaven !” Monsieur D’Onis, “I will kill you again !”

This was the last gleam of consciousness, subsequently his paroxysm became that of raving madness.

“What does this mean ?” said the astonished priest, to the woman of the house, who, upon hearing the outbreak, had hurried up to the room.

“It means, sir,” said she, “that it is midnight ; therefore your reverence had better go ; your friend will be incapable of speaking to you till to-morrow. It is at this hour the fit comes on.”

“What is the cause of all this ?” said D’Onis.

“Why,” said the old woman, “I think he has been a bad one in his time, and is now repenting ; but by what he says about the robe of a Carmelite, and all that, I think, saving your reverence’s presence, he has run away with a nun. His uncle—”

“What, has he an uncle then ?” said the priest. “Why, then, does he lodge with *you* ?”

“His uncle, sir,” said the woman, “is one of the canons of the cathedral ; it was on *his* account that he came here. But his reverence is too ill to stir out, and my lodger will neither live with *him* nor leave this house ; he eats nothing but bread, and drinks nothing but water ; and I am sure, unless you can do something to console him, he cannot survive much longer, for I see him waste away day by day.”

In the best possible spirit, and with the most genuine feeling of piety and kindness, D’Onis, who was quite of the same opinion as the old landlady, as to the duration of Rostaing’s existence, resolved to extend his stay a Rhodéz for a few days longer. He paid the wretched man daily visits, and received from him many confessions, some of them of a nature most terrible ; still his sense of duty overcame every other feeling, and he resolved to exert all his energies to restore the suffering sinner, by whose hand his own brother had fallen, to a state of tranquillity.

There was no time to be lost in the attempt. He sank gradually, but rapidly ; and his once Herculean frame was now wasted to a shadow. His voice grew weaker, his body was bent ; but, in his lucid intervals, the endeavour to awaken in his mind hope for the future, was vain ; nevertheless, every day and night did the good man visit Rostaing, and incessant were his efforts to counteract the effects of the unhappy culprit’s despair of forgiveness in another world. In vain were all the consolations of absolution proffered to him—his frenzied mind seemed in the midst of all his consciousness of quiet unfitted for sincere repentance ; and although constantly employed in reading the Holy Scriptures during D’Onis’s temporary absence, his Bible lay more frequently open at the history of the remorse of Judas, than at the penitence of St. Peter.

After some days, Rostaing certainly became more quiet ; one night his excellent friend left him weak but composed, and expected to find him the next day in the same improved state. The night had been colder than

usual ; a thick fog obscured the sky, and the weathercock shrieked in the shifting wind more than was its wont. D'Onis returned, and the penitent knew him when he approached him. He spoke to him ; but his eyes remained riveted on a crucifix. D'Onis watched what he hoped was his devotion, fancying, however, that the end of his existence was not far distant.

In an instant came a paroxysm. Again he beheld the vision of St. Rose. Again he screamed—cried—tore his hair—uttered some unintelligible words—stretched forth his arms towards the spectre, at once the object of his love and dread ; when, turning suddenly round, and starting from the floor on which he had fallen, he beheld his companion sitting on his bed, watching the progress of his delirium with intense anxiety and interest. The sight brought to his mind the thought of the corpse of Tiburcius upon the couch of Hellione. He started back with a cry of horror.

Totally ignorant of the cause of this new accession of fancy, D'Onis jumped up in order to console and support him, but he rushed from him with the greatest dread and alarm. He burst into tears, entreating pardon a thousand times over ; but the instant that the good priest endeavoured to convince him of his delusion—whence arising he knew not—and caught him by the arm to allay his terror, his fury knew no bounds ; he dashed himself violently against the walls of the room, and screaming in a voice which made the windows vibrate, “ Tiburcius—Hellione—they are alive—they love each other ! ” fell senseless on the floor.

D'Onis rushed to his assistance—all further care was superfluous—The elder branch of the House of Ganges, was extinct.

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## LA BELLA FORNARINA.

OF the history of this celebrated beauty, whose influence, both for good and bad, on the heart and genius of the “ Prince of Painters,” is recorded in so many of the godlike efforts of his pencil, but few details, and those few but meager and incomplete, have survived to posterity : and yet that influence will be found to have constituted, as it were, an era in pictorial art ; more especially as regards that portion of it, the most important perhaps of all, that of the religious or devotional feeling and inspiration to which we are indebted for those great masterpieces of the Italian, or Catholic school : and to the comparative absence of which feeling (call it weakness, superstition, idolatry, or what not) in these our modern, and if we will have it so, more enlightened days, we must look as to the real source of the paucity, not to say the absolute dearth, of those sublime, soul-stirring, mind-absorbing works of art ; for the production of which some other, and more powerful stimulus, than the mere thirst of gain, or even the nobler aspirations after glory and distinction, would appear to be indispensable.

This devotional feeling in art existed, it is true, in the works of his predecessors of the older school : the attenuated and severe type of the

Virgins and Madonnas of Duccio, Cimabue, and Mazzacio, had personified the idea of ascetic and austere existence ; but conceptions of a warmer glow—a connecting link between the abstract beauty of earthly and corporeal form, and the pure imaginings of the merely spiritual, unimbodied and celestial—these were still wanting to the perfect delineation of the “ Celestial Mother ” :—nor was this want supplied, till at a later period the Virgins of Raphael assumed the voluptuous forms, the graceful contour, the rich but chastened outline of the *Fornarina*.

Throughout his delineations of female loveliness, the image of the fair “ Baker’s daughter\* ” was ever present to the ardent imagination of the “ great master ”—a fairy vision of light and wrapt beatitude, which hovered over the canvass in his studio, or guided his hand as the magic *styli* furrowed out the deep and fervent inspirations of his genius on the plastic and yielding stucco. Do we wish for a type—a concentration of the enthusiasm in belief—the all-accepting faith—the questionless devotion of a woman’s heart ?—Look to the “ Transfiguration ”—to the female figure, kneeling in the foreground, and pointing to the boy :—it is the portrait of *Fornarina*. At the altar of his faith—the shrine of his contrition—or on the palace-wall of his princely or Papal Mæcenast—still do we meet with the image of his much-loved *Fornarina*—the *beau-idéal* of his dream—ay, and of *such* a dreamer. In the pavilion of the gardens of the Palazza Borghese, is still to be seen on the wall, and in *fresco*, a portrait by Raphael of his mistress ; and another, in oil, is preserved in the Borghese collection : the latter, which is supposed to be, as a likeness, the most correct, and least flattered of all, is a kind of sitting figure, and remarkable for a certain strangeness and peculiarity of style. The colour of the hair is light brown, verging indeed, on yellow ; from which we may suppose, that the taste of the old Italian painters, like that of their ancestors the Roman poets, ran strongly in favour of the “ gowden hair ”—the “ *flavam comam* ” of Horace, Ovid, Propertius, Catullus, and the rest, who have “ wedded to immortal verse ” the names and attractions of their mistresses—the Lesbias, the Pyrrhas, Saganas, and Canidias. In the *Tribuno* of the Gallery of Paintings at Florence, there is another exquisite portrait of the *Fornarina* by Raphael.

To the little that is known respecting the private history of the “ *Fornarina* ” the popular traditions of modern Rome supply a few, —unfortunately but too few—particulars. The true name of the lady

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\* The word *Fornarina* is the diminutive of the Italian, *Fornajo*, a baker ; or rather of *Fornaja*, a baker’s wife—i. e. “ baker’s daughter. *Fornace*, a furnace, kiln, or oven, with its diminutives, *Fornacella*, *Fornacetta*, and *Fornello* (Fr. *four* and *fournais*) being derived from the Latin, *Fornax*, oven, and *Fornix*, a vault. The Latins, who had a presiding deity for every action of human life, assigned to the goddess *Fornax* the task and dignity of “ Protectress of Ovens. ” (Ovid.) The *Fornacalla* were sacrifices performed whilst the grain was being dried in the kilns or ovens. (Ib.)

† Whilst employed in painting, for the Pope, the celebrated Frescoes in the Vatican, the *Fornarina*, as at the Palazza Chigi, was Raphael’s inseparable companion—the indispensable adjunct to his studies. There is a story extant on the subject, equally characteristic of the Pontiff and the Painter. The Pope was in the almost daily habit of honouring the artist with a visit, to inspect the designs, and observe the progress of the work ; but on such occasions he invariably found the artist’s fair and constant companion, the *Fornarina*, at his side. “ Who is that woman, Raphael ? ” asked his Holiness one day, in a sharp and angry tone, “ she is always here ! ”—“ An it please your Holiness, she is my eyes, ” replied the doting and enamoured painter.

is unknown; but to this day a little old-fashioned house, near the corner of a bridge and gateway, leading from the Strada Balbi, and still used as a baker's shop, is pointed out as the "*Casa Fornarina*;" and a marble or stone tablet inserted in the wall, bearing these words, would appear to be a sufficient voucher for its identity. The house is situated in what may be called a bye street, and unfrequented quarter of Rome; and to the bulk of visitors to the Eternal City, intent only upon sight-hunting and amusement, the little unpretending shop remains unknown, even as respects its very existence. There, however, may occasionally be seen some pale-faced, foreign-looking, student-garbed pedestrian, most probably a German, who has performed his voluntary pilgrimage through streets and alleys, and turnings unknown, to visit a spot hallowed by his recollections of the great master: for on that spot it was, that the then scarcely more than student, Raphael Sanzio di Urbino, in the year of grace 1508, passing on his way to the mansion of the rich banker, Agostini Chigi, whose family chapel he was employed to decorate, first saw his *Fornarina*, as she served out rolls and *pagnotte* in her father's shop: there too it was, that, heedless alike of his unfinished sketch, and of the good advice and friendly remonstrance of his patron, these morning visits of the young painter became so frequent and prolonged, as seriously to interfere with the prosecution of those mighty works, which were in after days, under the designation of the *Stanze di Raphaël*, to immortalize his name. So that Agostini Chigi, like a fine old princely banker as he was, and no mean judge of art, and as would appear of men as artists too, fairly, invited the beautiful baker's girl to his palace, in order that his young and love-sick Maestro might continue his pictorial labours without interruption.\*

The world, with its characteristic injustice, has dealt but unfairly with the memory of "*La Fornarina*;" visiting upon her devoted head alone, the fault which has been conventionally supposed to have hurried the Great Master, in the meridian of splendour, to a lamented and untimely grave. The non-observance of the admonition conveyed in the old Italian proverb—

"Giugno, Luglio, ed Agosto  
Non toccar ne donna ne mosto"—

has been popularly assigned as the immediate agent of a catastrophe by which the world's hope was for ever cozened of that bright harvest of miracles in art, of which the spring-time of the Urbinian's genius had given such glorious promise. But the page of biography is, unfortunately, too rife with the flattering but deceptive bloom, the rapid perfection and early decay of those individuals, the light of whose transcendent abilities, have blazed suddenly on mankind, with the dazzling and almost supernatural lustre of the comet; but, alas! too, with a

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\* The painting of these rooms occupied nine successive years, beginning in 1508, and being completed in 1517, and they still retain the name of the "*Stanze di Raphaël*." It was whilst engaged in the decoration of this same Palazzo Chigi, or Ghigi, now, or until lately, the seat of the Neapolitan ambassador, that Michael Angelo (Buonarotti) once called on Raphael, and finding him gone out, left that famous sketch of a head upon the wall, which is there to this day; and is known among artists as "*the visiting-card of Michael Angelo*." Raphael, on seeing the head, exclaimed that Michael Angelo had been there; and he never painted over it.

glare, as fleeting, as transitory, and comparatively as ephemeral. Such, in the annals of the sister art of music, was the fate of a Mozart,—a Weber; and other, and time-honoured names, in the history of literature, were not wanting to swell the brilliant but melancholy list. With beings thus pre-eminently and intellectually endowed—who, like the Julian star\* of the Roman poet, immeasurably outshine the lesser lights by whom they are surrounded,—the vivid thoughts, the bright conceptions, the glowing *verve*, and mind-consuming excitement of a whole existence, seem crowded into the space of a few, glorious indeed, but over-wrought and feverish years: the too ardent mind, has drawn by anticipation on the more inert or physical powers; the healthful equilibrium—the “*mens sana in corpore sano*,” is destroyed, and both sink alike, to sudden, premature, irremediable decay. Since, therefore, the early close of Raphael’s career may be fairly attributed to other causes, let us no longer upbraid the memory of his beloved Fornarina with his untimely loss: if the stern moralist must needs withhold his sympathy from the mistress, let him accord one kindly thought to her name, in favour of the painter; and whilst he traces some undying record of her beauty, in the pure outline of a “*Madonna di Raffaëlo*,” join in the exculpatory feeling of the poet:—

“If to her share, some imperfections fall,  
Look in her face, and then—forget them all.”

From the period of Raphael’s death, all trace, historical or traditional, is lost respecting the fate of his celebrated mistress. A kind of local persuasion, however, seems to be prevalent, of her having subsequently been attached to Giulio Romano, his favourite pupil; a surmise which may probably have originated in the striking similarity, discoverable in the female figures of the latter painter, with those of his great prototype. But this is by no means a peculiarity in the style of Giulio the Roman; it is common with most of the other pupils of Raphael: and may well be accounted for, in the ascendancy which the master-mind had obtained over the genius and imaginations of the followers of his school; and it is to the effects of this legitimate ascendancy, operating on the kindred genius and conception of his age—a feeling which it were unjust, in the case of Giulio, for instance, and of some other of Raphael’s great contemporaries, to confound with the spirit of mere servile imitation, still less of plagiarism—that posterity is probably indebted for the multiplication of those alleged portraits of the *Fornarina*, which adorn the galleries of nearly all the connoisseurs and patrons of art, in Europe, at the present day: a glorious tribute of respect conceded to the might of genius—a strange caprice of fortune—which has made the effigies of a nameless girl, the humble offspring of a plebeian race—the inhabitant of an obscure and unfrequented suburb—a thrice welcome, priceless ornament on the walls of palaces—the cynosure of Princely, Pontifical, and Imperial eyes. How many a high-born and courtly beauty might envy the brilliant lot of the humble “*Fornarina*,” with a Raphael for her limner, and successive generations for admirers!

G. M.

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\* “*Micat inter omnes, Julium sidus.*”—HOR.

## CHARADE.

## II.

He told her he had bent the knee,  
 And talked of daggers and of halters,  
 And vowed untired fidelity,—  
 At half a dozen shrines and altars !  
 And yet he swore, “by Heaven above,”  
 Till *she* appeared—that *all* his senses  
 Ne’er learned to conjugate “I love,”  
 Through half its moods, or half its tenses !

He told her—(and the simple maid  
 Felt, while he spoke, “my first” so fluttered,  
 That half the splendid things he said,  
 Might just as well have ne’er been uttered)—  
 That never—till he saw *her* eyes,  
 Had sunlight seemed a farthing candle ;  
 And never—till he heard *her* sighs,  
 Could he find music—out of Handel !

She listened ;—ah ! what maid could chide  
 A youth with locks so like the raven,  
 Who wore his neckcloth all untied,  
 And left his beard a week unshaven,—  
 She listened, till her lover sees  
 Poor Lucy’s heart no more a riddle,—  
 And till “my second,” in his knees,  
 Cut short his speeches, in the middle !

Ah ! love !—a wicked love ! thy shrine  
 Is strewed around with broken fetters,—  
 Who calls thine altars *now*, divine ?  
 Who are thy priests ?—insolvent debtors !  
 Who pay a farthing in the pound  
 To all who, like poor Lucy, treat them,  
 And leave “my all,” where once they found  
 But smiles, and trusting hearts, to greet them !

Φ.

*Athenæum*, January, 1839.

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## THE PHANTOM SHIP.\*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

## CHAP. XIX.

It appeared as if their misfortunes were to cease, after the tragical death of the two commanders. In a few days, the *Dort* had passed through the Straits of Magellan, and was sailing in the Pacific Ocean, under a blue sky and quiet sea. The ship's company recovered their health and spirits, and the vessel being now well manned, the duty was carried on with cheerfulness.

In about a fortnight, they had gained well up on the Spanish coast, but although they had seen many of the inhabitants on the beach, they had not fallen in with any vessels belonging to the Spaniards. Aware that if he met with a ship of superior force the Spaniards would attack him, Philip had made every preparation, and had trained his men to the guns. He had now, with the joint crews of the vessels, a well-manned ship, and the anticipation of prize-money had made his men very eager to fall in with some Spaniard, which they knew that Philip would capture if he could. Light winds and calms detained them for a month on the coast, when Philip determined upon running for the Isle St. Marie, which he knew was in possession of the Spaniards, but where he hoped to be able to procure refreshments for the ship's company, either by fair means or by force. The *Dort* was, by their reckoning, about thirty miles from the island, and having run in until after dark, they had hove to till the next morning. Krantz was on deck, he leant over the side, and as the sails flapped to the masts, he attempted to define the line of the horizon. It was very dark, but as he watched, he thought that he perceived a light for a moment, and which then disappeared. Fixing his eyes on the spot, he soon made out a vessel, hove to, and not two cables' length distant. He hastened down to apprise Philip, and procure a glass. By the time Philip was on deck, the vessel had been distinctly made out to be a three-masted zebecque, very low in the water. After a short consultation, it was agreed that the boats on the quarter should be lowered down, and manned and armed without noise, and that they should steal gently alongside and surprise her. The men were called up, silence enjoined, and in a few minutes, the boat's crew had possession of the vessel; having boarded her and secured the hatches before the alarm could be given by the few who were on deck. More men were then taken on board by Krantz, who, as agreed upon, lay to under their lee, until the daylight made its appearance. The hatches were then taken off, and the prisoners sent on board of the *Dort*. There were sixty people on board, a large number for a vessel of that description.

On being interrogated, two of the prisoners, who were well dressed, and gentlemanlike personages, stepped forward and stated that the vessel was from St. Mary's, bound to Lima, with a cargo of flour and passengers; that the crew and captain consisted of twenty-five men, and all the rest who were on board, had taken that opportunity of going to

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\* Continued from No. ccvi., page 243.

Lima. That they themselves were among the passengers, and trusted that the vessel and cargo would be immediately released, as the two nations were not at war.

"At home, I grant not," replied Philip, "but in these seas, the constant aggressions of your armed ships, compel me to retaliate, and I shall therefore make a prize of your vessel and cargo. At the same time, as I have no wish to molest private individuals, I will land all the passengers and crew at St. Mary's, to which place I am bound in order to obtain refreshments, which now I shall expect will be given cheerfully as your ransom, and which will prevent me from resorting to force. The prisoners protested very hard, but without avail. They then requested leave to ransom the vessel and cargo, offering a larger sum than they appeared to be worth; but Philip, being short of provisions, refused to part with the cargo, and the Spaniards appeared much disappointed at the unsuccessful issue of their demand. Finding that nothing would induce him to dispense with the provisions, they then begged hard to ransom the vessel; and to this, after a consultation with Krantz, Philip gave his assent. The two vessels then made sail, and steered on for the island, then about four leagues distant. Although Philip did not wish to retain the vessel, yet, when as they stood in, they discovered her superior speed, he almost repented that he had agreed to ransom her.

At noon, the *Dort* was anchored in the roads, out of gunshot, and a portion of the passengers allowed to go on shore and make arrangements for the ransom of the remainder, while the prize was hauled alongside, and her cargo hoisted into the ship. Towards evening, three large boats with live stock and vegetables, and the sum agreed upon for the ransom of the *zebecque*, came alongside; and, so soon as one was cleared, the prisoners were permitted to go on shore in it, with the exception of the Spanish pilot, who, at the suggestion of Krantz, was retained with a promise of being released directly the *Dort* was clear of the Spanish seas. A negro slave was also, at his own request, allowed to remain on board, much to the annoyance of the two passengers before mentioned, who insisted that it was an infraction of the agreement which had been entered into, and who claimed the man as their property. "You prove my right by your own words," replied Philip, "I agreed to deliver up all the passengers, but no *property*, the slave will remain on board."

Finding their endeavours ineffectual, the Spaniards took a haughty leave. The *Dort* remained at anchor that night to examine her rigging, and the next morning they discovered that the *zebecque* had disappeared, having sailed unperceived during the night.

As soon as the anchor was up and sail made on the ship, Philip went down to his cabin with Krantz, to consult as to their best course. They were followed by the negro slave, who, shutting the door and looking watchfully round, said that he wished to speak with them. His information was most important, but given rather too late. The vessel which had been ransomed, was a government advice-boat, the fastest sailer they had. The pretended two passengers, were officers of the Spanish navy, and the others were the crew of the vessel. She had been sent down to collect the bullion and take it to Lima, and at the same time to watch for the arrival of the Dutch fleet, intelligence of whose sailing had been some time received overland.

When they made their appearance, she was to return to Lima with the news, and a Spanish force would be detached against them. Some of the supposed casks of flour contained 2000 gold doubloons each, others bars of silver; this precaution having been taken in case of capture. That the vessel had now sailed for Lima there was no doubt. The reason why they were so anxious not to leave him, was, that they knew that he would disclose what he now had done. As for the pilot, he was a man whom the Spaniards knew they could trust, and for that reason, they had better be careful of him, or he would lead them into some difficulty.

Philip now repented that he had ransomed the vessel, as he would, in all probability, have to meet and cope with a superior force, before he could make his way clear of these seas; but there was no help for it. He consulted with Krantz, and it was agreed that they should send for the ship's company and make them acquainted with the fact; arguing, that a knowledge of the capture they had made would induce the men to fight well, and stimulate them with the hopes of further success. The ship's company heard the intelligence with delight, professed themselves ready to meet double their force, and then, by the directions of Philip, the casks were brought up on the quarterdeck, opened, and the bullion taken out. The whole, when collected, amounted to about half a million of dollars, as near as they could estimate it, and a distribution of the coined money was made from the capstern the very next day; the bars of metal being reserved until they could be sold, and their value ascertained.

For six weeks Philip worked his vessel up the coast, without falling in with any vessel under sail. Notice had been given by the advice-boat, as it appeared, and every craft, large and small, was at anchor under the batteries. They had nearly run up the whole coast, and Philip had determined that the next day he would stretch across to Batavia, where a ship was seen in shore under a press of sail, running towards Lima. Chase was immediately given, but the water shoaled, and the pilot was asked if they could stand on. He replied in the affirmative, stating that they were now in the shallowest water, and that it was deeper within. The leadsman was ordered into the chains, but at the first heave the lead-line broke; another was sent for, and the Dort still carried on under a heavy press of sail. Just then, the negro slave went up to Philip, and told him that he had seen the pilot with his knife in the chains, and that he thought he must have cut the lead-line so far through, as to occasion its being carried away, and told Philip not to trust him. The helm was immediately put down; but as the ship went round she touched on the bank, dragged, and was again clear. "Scoundrel!" cried Philip. "So you cut the lead-line? The negro saw you, and has saved us."

The Spaniard leaped down from off the gun, and, before he could be prevented, had buried his knife into the heart of the negro. "Maldetto! take that for your pains," cried he in a fury, grinding his teeth and flourishing his knife.

The negro fell dead. The pilot was seized and disarmed by the crew of the Dort, who were partial to the negro, as it was from his information that they had become rich.

"Let them do with him as they please," said Krantz to Philip.

"Yes," replied Philip, "summary justice."

The crew debated a few minutes, and then they lashed the pilot to the body of the negro, and carried him off to the taffrail. There was a heavy plunge, and he disappeared under the eddying waters in the wake of the vessel.

Philip now determined to shape his course for Batavia. He was within a few days' sail of Lima, and had every reason to believe that vessels had been sent out to intercept him. With a favourable wind, he now stood away from the coast, and for three days made a rapid passage. On the 4th, at daylight, two large vessels appeared to windward, bearing down upon him. That they were large armed vessels was evident; and the display of Spanish ensigns and pennants, as they rounded to, about a mile to windward, soon showed that they were enemies. They proved to be a frigate of a larger size than the *Dort*, and a corvette of 22 guns.

The crew of the *Dort* showed no alarm at this disparity of force; they chinked their doubloons in their pockets; vowed not to return them to their lawful owners if they could help it; and flew to their guns with alacrity. The Dutch ensign was displayed in defiance, and the two Spanish vessels, again putting their heads towards the *Dort*, that they might lessen their distance, received some raking shot, which somewhat discomposed them; but they rounded to at a cable's length, and commenced the action with great spirit—the frigate lying on the beam, and the corvette on the bow of Philip's vessel. After half an hour's determined exchange of broadsides, the foremost of the Spanish frigates fell, carrying away with it the maintopmast; and this accident impeded her firing. The *Dort* immediately made sail, stood on to the corvette, which she crippled with three or four broadsides, then tacked, and fetched alongside of the frigate, whose lee-guns were still impeded with the wreck of the foremast. The two vessels now laid head and stern, within ten feet of each other, and the action recommenced, to the disadvantage of the Spaniard. In a quarter of an hour, the canvass, hanging overside, caught fire from the discharge of the guns, and very soon communicated to the ship, the *Dort* still pouring in a most destructive broadside, which could not be returned. After every attempt to extinguish the flames, the captain of the Spanish vessel resolved that both vessels should share the same fate. He put his helm up, and, running her on to the *Dort*, grappled with her, and attempted to secure the two vessels together. Then raged the conflict; the Spaniards attempting to pass their grappling-chains so as to prevent the escape of her enemy, and the Dutch preventing them from succeeding in their attempt. The chains and sides of both vessels were crowded with men fighting desperately; those struck down falling between the two vessels, which the wreck of the foremast still prevented from coming into actual collision. During this conflict, Philip and Krantz were not idle. By squaring the after-yards, and putting all sail on foreward, they contrived that the *Dort* should pay off before the wind with her antagonist, and by this manœuvre they cleared themselves of the smoke which so incommoded them; and, having good way on the two vessels, they then rounded to so as to get on the other tack, and bring the Spaniard to leeward. This gave them a manifest advantage, and soon terminated the conflict. The smoke and flames were beat back on the Spanish vessel—the fire which had communicated to the *Dort* was extinguished—the Spaniards were

no longer able to prosecute their endeavours to fasten the two vessels together, and retreated to within the bulwarks of their own vessel; and after great exertions, the *Dort* was disengaged, and forged ahead of her opponent, who was soon enveloped in a sheet of flame. The corvette remained a few cables' length to windward, occasionally firing a gun. Philip poured in a broadside, and she hauled down her colours. The action might now be considered at an end, and the object was, to save the crew of the burning frigate. The boats of the *Dort* were hoisted out, but only two of them would swim. One of them was immediately despatched to the corvette, with orders for her to send all her boats to the assistance of the frigate, which was done, and the major part of the surviving crew were saved. For two hours the guns of the frigate, as they were heated by the flames, discharged themselves; and then, the fire having communicated to the magazine, she blew up, and the remainder of her hull disappeared. Among the prisoners, Philip perceived the two pretended passengers in the uniform of the Spanish service, proving the correctness of the negro's statement. The two men-of-war had been sent out of Lima on purpose to intercept him, anticipating an easy victory with such a preponderating force. After some consultation with Krantz, Philip agreed that, as the corvette was in such a crippled state, and the nations were not actually at war, it would be advisable to release her with all the prisoners. This was done, and the *Dort* again made sail for Batavia, and anchored in the roads three weeks after the combat had taken place. He found the remainder of the fleet, which had been despatched before them, had arrived there some weeks, had taken in their cargoes, and were ready to sail for Holland. Philip wrote his despatches, in which he communicated to the directors the events of the voyage; and then went on shore, to reside at the house of the merchant who had formerly received him, until the *Dort* could be freighted for her voyage home.

## CHAP. XX.

WE must return to Amine, who is seated on the mossy bank where she and Philip conversed when they were interrupted by Schrifster, the pilot. She is in deep thought, with her eyes cast down, as if trying to recal the past. "Alas! for my mother's power," exclaimed she; "but it is gone—gone for ever! This torment and suspense I cannot bear—those foolish priests too!" And Amine rose from the bank and walked towards her cottage.

Father Mathias had not returned to Lisbon. At first, he had not found an opportunity, and afterwards, his debt of gratitude towards Philip induced him to remain by Amine, who appeared each day to hold more in aversion the tenets of the Christian faith. Many and many were the consultations with Father Seysen, many were the exhortations of both the good old men to Amine, who, at times, would listen without reply, and at others, argue boldly against them. It appeared to them that she rejected their religion with an obstinacy as unpardonable as it was incomprehensible. But to her the case was more simple; she refused to believe, she said, that which she could not understand. She went so far as to acknowledge the beauty of the principles, the purity of the doctrine; but when the good priests would enter into the

articles of their faith, Amine would either shake her head or attempt to turn the conversation. This only increased the anxiety of the good Father Mathias to convert and save the soul of one so young and beautiful; and he now no longer thought of returning to Lisbon, but devoted his whole time to the instruction of Amine, who, wearied by his incessant importunities, almost loathed his presence.

Upon reflection, it will not appear surprising that Amine rejected a creed so dissonant to her wishes and intentions. The human mind is of that proud nature, that it requires all its humility to be called into action before it will bow, even to the Deity.

Amine knew that her mother had possessed superior knowledge, and an intimacy with unearthly intelligences. She had seen her practise her art with success, although so young at the time that she could not now recal to mind the mystic preparations by which she had succeeded in her wishes; and it was now that her thoughts were wholly bent upon recovering what she had forgotten, that Father Mathias was exhorting her to a creed which positively forbade even the attempt. The peculiar and awful mission of her husband strengthened her opinion in the lawfulness of prosecuting supernatural agencies; and the arguments brought forward by these worthy, but not over-talented professors of the Christian creed, had but little effect upon a mind so strong and so decided as that of Amine; and, bent as it was upon one object, it rejected with scorn tenets, in proof of which they could offer no visible manifestation, and which would have bound her blindly to believe what appeared to her contrary to common sense. That her mother's art could bring evidence of its truth she had already shown, and satisfied herself in the effect of the dream which she had proved upon Philip—and what could they bring forward in proof?—Records which they would not permit her to read.

"Oh! that I had my mother's art," repeated Amine once more, as she entered the cottage; "then would I know where my Philip was at this moment. Oh! for the black mirror in which I used to peer at her command, and tell her what passed in array before me. How well do I remember that time of my father's absence when I looked into the liquid on the palm of my hand, and told her of the Bedouin camp—of the skirmish—the horse without a rider—and the turban on the sand!" And again Amine was in deep thought. "Yes," cried she, after a time, "thou canst assist me, mother! Give me thy knowledge in a dream: thy daughter begs it as a boon. Let me think again. The word—what was the word? what was the name of the spirit—Turshoon? Yes, methinks it was Turshoon. Mother! mother! help your daughter."

"Dost thou call upon the Blessed Virgin, my child?" said the Father Mathias, who had entered the room as she pronounced the last words. "If so, thou dost well, for she may appear to thee in thy dreams, and strengthen thee in the true faith."

"I called upon my own mother, who is in the land of spirits, good father," replied Amine.

"Yes; but, as an infidel, not in the land of the blessed spirits, my child, I fear."

"She hardly will be banished for following the creed of her fathers, living where she did, when no other creed was known?" replied Amine, indignantly. "If the good on earth are blessed in the next world—if



she had, as you assert she had, a soul to be saved—an immortal spirit—He who made that spirit will not destroy it because she worshipped as her fathers did. Her life was good: why should she be punished for ignorance of that creed which she never had an opportunity to reject?"

"Who shall dispute the will of Heaven, my child? Be thankful that you are permitted to be instructed, and to be received into the bosom of the holy church."

"I am thankful for many things, father; but I am weary, and must wish you a good night."

Amine retired to her room—but not to sleep. Once more did she attempt the ceremonies used by her mother, changing them each time, as doubtful of her success. Again the censer was lighted—the charms essayed; again the room was filled with smoke as she threw in the various herbs which she had knowledge of, for all the papers thrown aside at her father's death had been carefully collected, and on many were directions found as to their use. "The word! the word! I have the first—the second word! Help me, mother!" cried Amine, as she sat by the side of the bed, in the room which was now so full of smoke that nothing could be distinguished. "It is no use," thought she at last, letting her hands fall on her side, "I have forgot the art. Mother! mother! help me in my dreams this night."

The smoke gradually cleared away, and, when Amine lifted up her eyes, she perceived a figure standing before her. At first she thought she had been successful; but, as it became more distinct, she perceived that it was Father Mathias, who was looking at her with a severe frown and contracted brow, his arms folded before him.

"Unholy child! what dost thou?"

Amine had roused the suspicions of the priests, not only by her conversation, but by several attempts which she had before made to recover her lost art; and on one occasion in which she had defended it, both Father Mathias and Father Seysen had poured out the bitterest anathemas upon her or any one who had resort to such practices. The smell of the fragrant herbs thrown into the censer, and the smoke, which afterwards had escaped through the door and descended the stairs, had awakened the suspicions of Father Mathias, and he had crept up silently and entered the room without her perceiving it. Amine at once perceived her danger. Had she been single, she would have dared the priest; but, for Philip's sake, she determined to mislead him.

"I do no wrong, father," replied she calmly; "but it appears to me not seemly that you should enter the chamber of a young woman during her husband's absence. I might have been in my bed. It is a strange intrusion."

"Thou canst not mean this, woman! My age—my cloth—are a sufficient warranty," replied Father Mathias, somewhat confused at this unexpected attack.

"Not always, father, if what I have been told of monks and priests be true," replied Amine. "I ask again, why comest thou here into an unprotected woman's chamber?"

"Because I felt convinced that she was practising unholy arts."

"Unholy arts!—what mean you? Is the leech's skill unholy? Is it unholy to administer relief to those who suffer?—to charm the fever and

the ague which racks the limbs of those who live in this unwholesome climate?"

"All charms are most unholy."

"When I said charms, father, I meant not what you mean; I simply would have said a remedy. If a knowledge of certain powerful herbs combined will prove a specific to the suffering wretch—an art well known unto my mother, and which I now would fain recal—if that knowledge, or a wish to regain that knowledge, be unholy, then are you correct."

"I heard thee call upon thy mother for her help."

"I did, for she well knew the ingredients; but I, I fear, have not the knowledge quite correct. Is that sinful, good father?"

"'Tis, then, a remedy that you would find?" replied the priest; "I thought that thou didst practise what is most unlawful."

"Can the burning of a few weeds be then unlawful? What did you expect to find? Look you, father, at these ashes—they may, with oil, be rubbed into the pores and give relief—but can they do more? What do you expect from them—a ghost?—a spirit?—like that the prophet raised for the King of Israel?" And Amine laughed aloud.

"I am perplexed, but not convinced," replied the priest.

"I, too, am perplexed and not convinced," responded Amine, scornfully. "I cannot satisfy myself that a man of your discretion could really suppose that there was mischief in burning weeds; nor am I convinced that such was the occasion of your visit, at this hour of the night to a lone woman's chamber. There may be natural charms more powerful than those you call supernatural. I pray you, father, leave this chamber. It is not seemly. Should you again presume, you leave the house. I had thought better of you. In future, I will not be left alone at any time."

This attack of Amine's upon the reputation of the old priest was too severe. Father Mathias immediately quitted the room, saying, as he went out, "May God forgive you for your false suspicions and great injustice! I came here for the cause I have stated, and no more."

"Yes!" soliloquised Amine, as the door closed, "I know you did; but I must rid myself of your unwelcome company. I will have no spy on my actions—no meddler to thwart me in my will. In your zeal, you have committed yourself, and I will take the advantage you have given me. Is not the privacy of a woman's chamber to be held sacred by you sacred men? In return for assistance in distress—for food and shelter—you would become a spy. How grateful and how worthy of the creed which you profess!" Amine opened her door as soon as she had removed the censer, and summoned one of the women of the house to stay that night in her room, stating that the priest had entered her chamber, and she did not like the intrusion.

"Holy father! is it possible?" replied the woman.

Amine made no reply, but went to bed; but Father Mathias heard all that passed as he paced the room below. The next day he called upon Father Seysen, and communicated to him what had occurred, and the false suspicions of Amine.

"You have acted hastily," replied Father Seysen, "to visit a woman's chamber at such an hour of night."

"I had my suspicions, good Father Seysen."

And she will have hers. She is young and beautiful."

"Now, by the Blessed Virgin—"

"I absolve you, good Mathias," replied Father Seysen; "but still, if known, it will occasion much scandal to our church."

And known it soon was; for the woman who had been summoned by Amine did not fail to mention the circumstance; and Father Mathias found himself so coldly received, and so uncomfortable, that he very soon afterwards quitted the country and returned to Lisbon; angry with himself for his imprudence, but still more angry with Amine for her unjust suspicions.

## CHAP. XXI.

THE cargo of the *Dort* was soon ready, and Philip sailed and arrived at Amsterdam without any further adventure. That he gained his cottage, and was received with delight by Amine, need hardly be said. She had been expecting him, for the two ships of the squadron, which had sailed on his arrival at Batavia, and which had charge of his despatches, had, of course carried letters to her from Philip. The first letters she had were received from him during his voyages; six weeks after the letter Philip himself made his appearance, and Amine was happy. The directors were, of course, highly satisfied with Philip's conduct, and he was appointed to the command of a large armed ship, which was to proceed to India in the spring, and one-third of which, according to agreement, was purchased by Philip out of the funds, which he had in the hands of the company. He had now five months of quiet and repose to pass away, previous to his once more trusting to the elements; and this time, as it was agreed, he had to make arrangements on board for the reception of Amine.

Amine narrated to Philip what had occurred between her and the priest Mathias, and by what means she had rid herself of his unwished-for surveillance.

"And were you practising your mother's arts, Amine?"

"Nay, not practising them, for I could not recal them, but I was trying to recover them."

"Why so, Amine? this must not be. It is, as the good father said, 'unholy.' Promise me you will abandon them, now and for ever."

"If that act be unholy, Philip, so is your mission. You would deal and co-operate with the spirits of another world—I would do no more. Abandon your terrific mission—abandon your seeking after disembodied ghosts—stay at home with your Amine, and she will cheerfully comply with your request."

"Mine is an awful summons from the Most High."

"Then the Most High permits your communion with those who are not of this world?"

"He does: you know even the priests do not gainsay it, although they shudder at the very thought."

"If then He permits to one, He will to another; nay, nought that I can do is but with His permission."

"Yes, Amine, so does He permit evil to stalk on the earth, but He countenances it not."

"He countenances your seeking after your doomed father, your

attempts to meet him ; nay, more, He commands it. If you are thus permitted, why may not I be ? I am your wife, a portion of yourself ; and when I am left over a desolate hearth, while you pursue your course of danger, may not I appeal also to the immaterial world to give me that intelligence which will sooth my sorrow, lighten my burden, and which, at the same time, can hurt no living creature ? Did I attempt to practise these arts for evil purposes, it were just to deny them me, and wrong to follow them ; but I would but follow in the steps of my husband, and seek as he seeks, with a good intent."

"But it is contrary to our faith."

"Have the priests declared your mission contrary to their faith ? or, if they have, have they not been convinced to the contrary, and been awed to silence ? But why argue, my dear Philip ? Shall I not now be with you ? and with you I will attempt no more. You have my promise, but if separated, I then will not say, but I shall require of the invisible a knowledge of my husband's motives, when in search of the invisible also."

The winter passed rapidly away, for it was passed by Philip in quiet and happiness ; the spring came on, and the vessel was to be fitted out, and Philip and Amine repaired to Amsterdam.

The *Utrecht* was the name of the vessel to which he was appointed, a ship of 400 tons, newly launched, and pierced for twenty-four guns. Two more months passed away, during which Philip superintended the fitting and loading of the vessel, assisted by his favourite Krantz, who served in her as first-mate. Every convenience and comfort that Philip could think of was prepared for Amine ; and in the month of May he started, with orders to stop at Gambroon and Ceylon, run down the Straits, of Sumatra, and from thence to force his way into the China seas, as they had every reason to expect the most determined opposition from the Portuguese. His ship's company were numerous, and he had a small detachment of soldiers on board to assist the supercargo, who carried out many thousand dollars to make purchases at ports in China, where their goods might not be appreciated. Every care had been taken in the equipment of the vessel, which was perhaps the finest, the best manned, and freighted with the most valuable cargo, which had ever been sent out by the India Company.

The *Utrecht* sailed with a flowing sheet, and was soon clear of the English Channel ; the voyage promised to be auspicious, favouring gales bore them without accident to within a few hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope, when, for the first time, they were becalmed. Amine was delighted : in the evenings she would pace the deck with Philip ; then all was silent, except the splash of the wave as it washed up the side of the vessel—all was in repose and beauty, as the bright southern constellations sparkled over their heads.

"Whose destinies can be in these stars, which appear not to those who inhabit the northern regions ?" said Amine, as she cast her eyes above and watched them in their brightness, "and what does that falling meteor portend ? what causes its rapid descent from heaven ?"

"Do you then put faith in stars, Amine ?"

"In Araby we do, and why not ? They were not spread over the sky to give light—for what then ?"

"To beautify the world. They have their uses, too."

"Then you agree with me—they have their uses, and the destinies of men are there concealed. My mother was one of those who could read them well. Alas! they are a sealed book for me."

"Is it not better, Amine?"

"Better!—say better to grovel on this earth with our selfish, humbled race wandering in mystery, and awe, and doubt, when we can communicate with the intelligences above! Does not the soul leap at her admission to superior powers? Does not the proud heart bound at the feeling that its owner is one of those more gifted than the usual race of mortality? Is it not a noble ambition?"

"A dangerous one—most dangerous."

"And therefore most noble. They seem as if they would speak to me: look at yon bright star—it beckons to me."

For some time, Amine's eyes were raised aloft; she spoke not, and Philip remained at her side. She walked to the gangway of the vessel and looked down upon the placid wave, pierced by the moonbeams far below the surface.

"And does your imagination, Amine, conjure up a race of beings gifted to live beneath that deep blue wave, who sport amidst the coral rocks, and braid their hair with pearls?" said Philip, smiling.

"I know not, but it appears to me that it would be sweet to live there. You may call to mind your dream, Philip, I was then, by your description, one of those same beings."

"You were," replied Philip, thoughtfully.

"And yet I feel as if water would reject me, even if the vessel were to sink. In what manner this mortal frame of mine may be resolved into the elements, I know not, but this I do feel, that it never will become the sport of, or be tossed by, the mocking waves. But come in, Philip dearest; it is late, and the decks are wet with dew."

When the day dawned, the look-out man at the mast-head reported that he perceived something floating on the still surface of the water, on the beam of the vessel. Krantz went up with his glass to examine, and made it out to be a small boat, probably cut adrift from some vessel. As there was no appearance of wind, Philip permitted a boat to be sent to examine it, and after a long pull, the seamen returned on board, towing the small boat astern.

"There is a body of a man in it, sir," said the second mate to Krantz, as he gained the gangway; "but whether he is quite dead or not, I cannot tell."

Krantz reported this to Philip, who was, at that time, sitting at breakfast with Amine in the cabin, and then proceeded to the gangway, to where the body of the man had already been handed up by the seamen. The surgeon, who had been summoned, declared that life was not yet extinct, and was ordering him to be taken below for recovery, when, to their astonishment, the man turned as he lay, opened his eyelids, sat up, and ultimately rose upon his feet and staggered to a gun, when, after a time, he appeared to be fully recovered. In reply to questions put to him, he said that he was in a vessel which had been upset in a squall, that he had time to cut away the small boat astern, and that all the rest of the crew had perished. He had hardly made this answer, when Philip with Amine came out of the cabin, and walked up to where the seamen were crowded round the man; the seamen retreated so as

to make an opening, and to their astonishment and horror, Philip and Amine recognised their old acquaintance, the one-eyed pilot Schrieter.

"He! he! Captain Vanderdecken, I believe—glad to see you in command, and you too, fair lady."

Philip turned away with a chill at his heart; Amine's eye flashed as she surveyed the wasted form of the wretched creature. After a few seconds, she turned round and followed Philip into the cabin, whom she found with his face buried in his hands.

"Courage, Philip, courage!" said Amine; "it was indeed a heavy shock, and I fear me forbodes evil—but what then? it is our destiny."

"It is—it ought perhaps to be mine," replied Philip, raising his head, "but you, Amine, why should you be a partner—"

"I am your partner, Philip, in life and in death. I would not die first, Philip, because it would grieve you, but your death will be the signal for mine, and I will join you quickly."

"Surely, Amine, you would not hasten your own?"

"Yes! and require but one moment for this little steel to do its duty."

"Nay! Amine, it is not lawful—our religion forbids it."

"It may do so, but I cannot tell why. I came into this world without my own consent,—surely I may leave it without asking the leave of priests! But let that pass for the present: what will you do with that Schrieter?"

"Put him on shore at the Cape; I cannot bear the odious wretch's presence. Did you not feel the chill, as before, when you approached him?"

"I did—I knew that he was there before I saw him; but still, I know not why, I feel as if I would not send him away."

"Why not?"

"I believe it is because I feel inclined to brave my destiny, not to quail at it. The wretch can do no harm."

"Yes, he can—much: he can render the ship's company mutinous and disaffected;—besides, he attempted to deprive me of my relic."

"I almost wish he had done so; then must you have discontinued this wild search."

"Nay, Amine, say not so; it is my duty, and I have taken my solemn oath —"

"But this Schrieter, you cannot well put him ashore at the Cape; being a company's officer, you might send him home if you found a ship there homeward-bound; still, were I you, I would let destiny work. He is woven in it, that is certain. Courage, Philip, and let him remain."

"Perhaps you are right, Amine; I may retard, but cannot escape, whatever may prove to be my fate."

"Let him remain then, and let him do his worst. Treat him with kindness—who knows what we may gain from him?"

"True, true, Amine; he has been my enemy without cause. Who can tell?—perhaps he may become my friend."

"And if not, you will have done your duty. Send for him now."

"No, not now—to-morrow; in the mean time, I will order him every comfort."

"We are talking as if he were one of us, which I feel that he is



not," replied Amine, laughing; "but still, mundane or not, we cannot but offer mundane kindness, and what this world, or rather what this ship affords. I long now to talk with him, to see if I can produce any effect upon his ice-like frame. Shall I make love to the ghoul?" and Amine burst into a bitter laugh.

Here the conversation stopped, but its substance was not disregarded. The next morning, the surgeon having reported that Schrieter was apparently recovered, he was summoned into the cabin. His frame was wasted away to a skeleton, but his motions and his language were as sharp and petulant as ever.

"I have sent for you, Schrieter, to know if there is any thing that I can do to make you more comfortable. Is there any thing that you want?"

"Want?" replied Schrieter, eyeing first Philip and then Amine.—  
"He! he! I think I want filling out a little."

"That you will, I trust, do in good time; my steward has my orders."

"Poor man," said Amine, with a look of pity, "how much he must have suffered! Is not this the man who brought you the letter from the company, Philip?"

"He! he! yes! Not very welcome, was it, lady?"

"No, my good fellow, it's never a welcome message to a wife, that sends her husband away from her. But that was not your fault."

"If husbands will go to sea and leave a handsome wife, when he has, as they say, plenty of money to live on shore—he! he!"

"Yes, indeed, you may well say that," replied Amine.

"Better give it up. All folly, all madness—heh, captain?"

"I must finish this voyage, at all events," replied Philip to Amine, "whatever I may do afterwards. I have suffered much, and so have you Schrieter. You have been twice wrecked, now tell me what do you wish to do? Go home in the first ship, or go ashore at the Cape—or—"

"Or do any thing, so I get out of this ship—he! he!"

"Not so. If you prefer sailing with me, as I know you are a good seaman, you shall have your rating and pay of pilot,—that is, if you choose to follow my fortunes."

"Follow? Must follow. Yes! I'll sail with you Mynheer Vanderdecken, I wish to be always near you—he! he!"

"Be it so then: as soon as you are strong again, you will go to your duty; till then, I will see that you want nothing."

"Nor I, my good fellow. Come to me if you do, and I will be your help," said Amine. "You have suffered much, but we will do what we can to make you forget it."

"Very good! very kind!" replied Schrieter, surveying the lovely face and figure of Amine. After a time, shrugging up his shoulders—

"A pity!—Yes it is!—Must be though."

"Farewell," continued Amine, holding out her hand to Schrieter.

The man took it, and a cold shudder went to her heart; but she, expecting it, would not appear to feel it. Schrieter held her hand for a second or two in his own, looking at it earnestly, and then at Amine's face.—"So fair, so good! Mynheer Vanderdecken, I thank you. Lady, may Heaven preserve you!"—Then, squeezing the hand of Amine which he had not released, Schrieter hastened out of the cabin.

So great was the sudden icy shock which passed through Amine's

frame when Schrifter pressed her hand, that she with difficulty gained the sofa and fell upon it. After remaining with her hand pressed against her heart for some time, during which Philip bent over her, she said in a breathless voice, "He must be supernatural, that creature, I am sure of it, I am convinced now.—Well," continued she after a pause of some little while, "all the better, if we can make him a friend; and I will if I can."

"But think you, Amine, that those who are not of this world have feelings of kindness, gratitude, and ill-will, as we have? Can they be made subservient?"

"Most surely so. If they have ill-will, as we know they have, they must also have the better feelings. Why are there good and evil intelligences? They may have ridden themselves of their mortal clay, but the soul must be the same. A soul without feeling, were no soul at all. The soul is active in this world and in the next. If angels can pity, they must feel like us. If demons can vex, they must feel like us. Our feelings change, then why not theirs? Without feelings, there were no heaven, no hell. Here our souls are confined, cribbed, and overladen, borne down by the heavy flesh by which they are, for the time, polluted; but the soul that has winged its flight from clay is, I think, not one jot more pure, more bright, or more perfect than those within ourselves. Can they be made subservient say you? Yes! they can, they can be forced, when mortals possess the means and power. The evil-inclined may be forced to good, as well as to evil. It is not the good and perfect spirits that we subject by art, but those which are inclined to wrong. It is that which allows mortals to have the power. Our arts have no power over the perfect spirits, but over those who are ever working evil, and who are bound to obey and do good, if those who master them require it."

"You still resort to forbidden arts, Amine. Is that right?"

"Right! If we have power given to us, it is right to use it."

"Yes, most certainly, for good—but not for evil."

"Mortals in power, possessing nothing but what is mundane, are answerable for their use of that power, so those gifted by superior means, are answerable as they employ them. Does the God above make a flower to grow, intending that it should not be gathered? No! neither does he allow supernatural aids to be given, if he did not intend that mortals should avail themselves."

As Amine's eyes beamed upon Philip's, he could not for the moment prevent the idea rising in his mind, that she was not like other mortals, and he calmly observed, "Am I sure, Amine, that I am wedded to one mortal as myself?"

"Yes! yes! Philip, compose yourself, I am but mortal; would to heaven I were not. Would to heaven I were one of those who could hover over you, watch you in all your perils, save and protect you in this your mad career; but I am but a poor weak woman, whose heart beats fondly, devotedly for thee—who, for thee, would dare all and every thing—who, changed in her nature, has become courageous and daring from her love, and who rejects all creeds which would prevent her from calling upon heaven, or earth, or hell, to assist her in retaining with her her soul's existence."

"Nay! nay! Amine, say not you reject the creed. Does not this,"—

and Philip pulled from his bosom the holy relic, "does not this, and the message sent by it, prove our creed is true?"

"I have thought much of it, Philip. At first it startled me almost into a belief, but even your own priests helped to undeceive me. They would not answer you, they would have left you to guide yourself, the message and the holy word, the wonderful signs given, and their creed were not in unison, and they halted. May I not too halt, if they did? The relic may be as mystic, as powerful as you describe, but the agencies may be false and wicked, the power given to it may have fallen into wrong hands—the power remains the same, but it is applied to uses not intended."

"The power, Amine, can only be exercised by those who are friends to Him who died upon it."

"Then is it no power at all; or if a power, not half so great as that of the arch-fiend; for his can work for good and evil both. But on this point, dear Philip, we do not well agree, nor can we convince each other. You have been taught in one way, I another. That which our childhood has imbibed, which has grown up with our growth, and strengthened with our years, is not to be eradicated. I have seen my mother work great charms, and succeed. You have knelt to priests, I blame you not;—blame not your Amine. We both mean well,—I trust, do well."

"If a life of innocence and purity were all that were required, my Amine would be sure of future bliss."

"I think it is; and thinking so, it is my creed. There are many creeds, who shall say which is the true? And what matters? they all have but one end in view—a future heaven."

"True, Amine, true," replied Philip, pacing the cabin thoughtfully. "And yet our priests say otherwise."

"What is the basis of their creed, Philip?"

"Charity and good will."

"Does charity condemn to eternal misery those who have never heard this creed, who have lived and died worshipping the Great Being after their best endeavours, and little knowledge?"

"No, surely."

Amine made no further observations; and Philip, after pacing for a few minutes in deep thought, walked out of the cabin.

The Utrecht arrived at the Cape, watered, and proceeded on her voyage, and, after two months of difficult navigation, cast anchor off Gambroon. During this time, Amine had been unceasing in her attempts to gain the good will of Schrifter. She had often conversed with him on deck, had done him every kindness, and had overcome that fear which his near approach had generally occasioned. Schrifter gradually appeared mindful of this kindness, and at last appeared to be pleased with Amine's company. To Philip he was civil and courteous at times, but not always; but to Amine he was always deferent. His language was mystical, she could not prevent his chuckling laugh, and his occasional "He! he!" from breaking forth. But when they anchored at Gambroon, he was then on those terms, that he would occasionally come into the cabin; and, although he would not sit down, would talk to Amine for a few minutes, and then depart. While the vessel laid at anchor at Gambroon, Schrifter one evening walked up to Amine, who was sitting on the poop,—“Lady” said Schrifter, after a

pause, "Yon ship sails for your own country in a few days."

"So I am told," replied Amine.

"Will you take the advice of one who wishes you well? Return in that vessel, go back to your own cottage and stay there till your husband comes to you once more."

"Why is this advice given?"

"Because I forbode danger, nay—perhaps death, a cruel death—to one that I would not harm."

"To me!" replied Amine, fixing her eyes upon Schrifster, and meeting his piercing gaze.

"Yes, to you. Some people can see into futurity farther than others."

"Not if they are mortal," replied Amine.

"Yes, if they are mortal. But mortal or not, I do see that which I would avert. Tempt not destiny farther."

"Who can avert it? If I take your counsel, still was it my destiny to take your counsel. If I take it not, still it was my destiny."

"Well then, avoid what threatens you."

"I fear not, yet do I thank you. Tell me Schrifster, hast thou not thy fate someway interwoven with that of my husband? I feel that thou hast."

"Why think you so, lady?"

"For many reasons. Twice have you summoned him—twice have you been wrecked, and miraculously reappeared and recovered. You know too of his mission, that is evident."

"But proves nothing."

"Yes! it proves much; for it proves that you knew, what was supposed to be known but to him alone."

"It was known to you, and holy men debated on it," replied Schrifster, with a sneer.

"How knew you that, again?"

"He! he!" replied Schrifster. "Forgive me, lady, I meant not to affront you."

"You cannot deny but that you are connected mysteriously and incomprehensibly in this mission of my husband's. Tell me, is it as he believes, true and holy?"

"If he thinks that it is true and holy, it becomes so."

"Why then do you appear his enemy?"

"I am not *his* enemy, fair lady."

"You are not his enemy,—why then did you once attempt to deprive him of the mystic relic by which the mission is to be accomplished?"

"I would prevent his further search, for reasons which must not be told. Does that prove that I am *his* enemy? Would it not be better that he should remain on shore with competence and you, than to be crossing the wild seas on this mad search? Without the relic, it is not to be accomplished. It were a kindness, then, to take it from him."

Amine answered not, for she was lost in thought.

"Lady," continued Schrifster, after a time, "I wish you well. For your husband I care not, yet do I wish him no harm. Now hear me: if you wish for your future life to be one of ease and peace, if you wish to remain long in this world with the husband of your choice—of your first and warmest love—if you wish that he should die in his bed at a good old age, and that you should close his eyes with children's tears lamenting, and their smiles reserved to cheer their mother,—all this I see and

can promise is in futurity, if you will take that relic from his bosom and give it up to me. But if you would that he should suffer more than men have suffered, pass his whole life in doubt, anxiety, and pain, until the deep wave receive his corpse, then let him keep it. If you would that your own days be shortened, and yet those remaining be long in human suffering, if you would be separated from him and die a cruel death, then let him keep it. I can read futurity, and such must be the destiny of both. Lady, consider well, I must leave you now. To-morrow I will have your answer."

Schrifter walked away and left Amine to her own reflections. For a long while she repeated to herself the conversation and denunciations of the man, whom she was now convinced was not of this world, and was some way or another so connected with her husband's fate. "To me he wishes well, no harm to my husband, and would prevent his search. Why would he?—that he will not tell. He has tempted me, tempted me most strangely. How easy 'twere to take the relic as he sleeps upon my bosom, but how treacherous! And yet a life of competence and ease, a smiling family, a good old age; what offers to a fond and doting wife! And if not, toil, anxiety, and a watery grave; and for me. Pshaw! that's nothing. And yet to die separated from Philip is that nothing? Oh, no, the thought is dreadful, I do believe him. Yes, he has foretold the future, and told it truly. Could I persuade Philip? No! he has vowed, and is not to be changed—I know him well. And yet, if it were taken without his knowledge, he would not have to blame himself. Who then would he blame? Could I deceive him? I, the wife of his bosom tell a lie. No! no! It must not be. Come what will, it is our destiny, and I am resigned. I would he had not spoken. Alas! we search into futurity, and then would fain retrace our steps, and wish we had been in ignorance."

"What makes you so pensive, Amine?" said Philip, who some time afterwards walked up to where she was seated.

Amine replied not at first. "Shall I tell him all?" thought she. "It is my only chance—I will." Amine repeated the conversation between her and Schrifter. Philip made no reply, he sat down by Amine and took her hand. Amine dropped her head upon her husband's shoulder. "What think you, Amine?" said Philip after a time.

"I could not steal your relic, Philip; perhaps you'll give it to me."

"And my father, Amine, my poor father—his dreadful doom to be eternal! He who appealed, was permitted to appeal to his son, that that dreadful doom might be averted. Does not the conversation of this man prove to you that my mission is not false? Does not his knowledge of it strengthen all? Yet, why would he prevent it?" continued Philip, musing.

"Why, I cannot tell, Philip, but I would fain prevent it. I feel that he has power to read the future, and has read aright."

"Be it so; he has spoken, but not plainly. He has promised me what I have long been prepared for. What I vowed to Heaven to suffer. Already have I suffered much, and am prepared to suffer all. I have long looked upon this world as a pilgrimage, and selected as I have been, that my reward shall be in the other. But Amine, you are not bound by oath to Heaven, you have made no compact. He advised you to go home. He talked of a cruel death. Follow his advice and avoid it."

"I am not bound by oath, Philip: but hear me; as I hope for future bliss, I now bind myself —"

"Hold, Amine!"

"Nay, Philip, you cannot prevent me; for if you do now, I will repeat it when you are absent. A cruel death were a charity to me, for I shall not see you suffer. Then may I never expect future bliss, may eternal misery be my portion, if I leave you as long as fate permits us to be together. I am yours, your wife; my fortunes, my present, my future, my all are embarked with you, and destiny may do its worst, for Amine will not quail. I have no recreant heart to turn aside from danger or from suffering. In that one point, Philip, at least, you chose, you wedded well."

Philip raised her hand to his lips in silence, and the conversation was not resumed. The next evening, Schrieter came up again to Amine. "Well, lady?" said he.

"Schrieter, it cannot be," replied Amine; "yet do I thank you much."

"Lady, if he must follow up his mission, why should you?"

"Schrieter I am his wife—his for ever, in this world, and the next. You cannot blame me."

"No," replied Schrieter, "I do not blame, I admire you. I feel sorry. But after all, what is death? Nothing. He! he!" and Schrieter hastened away and left Amine to herself.

## ELEGIAC TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

"Only one doom for the Poet is recorded."\*

ONLY one doom! writ in misfortune's page  
For earth's most highly gifted;—does the lyre,  
To those who woo it, such a fate presage  
To damp the kindling thoughts, that would aspire,  
Prometheus-like, to sport with heavenly fire?—  
Alas! 'tis even so!—Fame's laurel wreath  
Distils its poison on the brow beneath!

Thy grave is made, under a foreign sky,  
And in a stranger soil;—thine ashes rest  
In a far-distant clime;—no kindred eye  
Softened thy death-pangs,—saw thy heaving breast  
Gasp its last sigh, or caught the fond bequest  
Thy murmuring lip had breathed to friends afar;—  
Lone was thy setting, Genius' "Polar Star!"†

\* "The Death of Camoens," by L. E. L. Vide *New Monthly Magazine*, June, 1838.

† Vide L. E. L.'s last published poem, in the *New Monthly Magazine* for January, 1839.



There should have knelt around thee, mourning friends,  
With anxious hearts, in that all-fearful hour  
When weeping Love in silent prayer ascends  
To Heav'n, that it will raise the drooping Flower  
(A "broken reed," to save is human power) ;  
And the last murmur of thy parting groan  
Should not have pass'd, unheeded and unknown !

Thine should have been a tomb within the aisles  
Where "storied urn and animated bust"  
Rise to our mighty dead ;—where Honour smiles  
Above the spot, enshrining Genius' dust !  
Where Kingly crowns and Heroes' trophies rust ;—  
There, among England's gifted, great, and good,  
The urn that holds thine ashes should have stood.

This Fate forbids!—but in thy lyric page  
Thine epitaph is written ;—down the stream  
Of gliding years, to many a distant age,  
Shall float thy magic numbers ;—as a dream,  
Haunting the mem'ry with sweet sounds, that seem  
Like snatches of some old familiar strain,  
Waking fond thoughts of childhood's hours again !

For thou wert Feeling's own impassion'd child !  
Her girdling spells were on thee ;—and thy heart  
Was as a living lyre, whose chords the wild  
Soft breezes kiss'd to music ;—forth would start,  
At NATURE's touch (for thou disdainedst ART),  
The gushing stream of Song ;—the kindling flame  
Breathed on by thee, in answering numbers came.

But mute is now that lyre ! hush'd as the heart  
Whose pulses were its echo ;—for the strings,  
Of both, alas ! are broken.—As depart  
Day's beams, and o'er the dial twilight flings  
The dusky shadow of her brooding wings,  
So, from the world, thy lyric light hath pass'd,  
And Death has hush'd the Swan's sweet notes at last !

*Jan. 4, 1839.*

## POETIC PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

“ Our poesy is as a gum which oozes  
From whence 'tis nourished.”

THE word Poetry, may be made to take so wide a range in its signification, that it is necessary to be as definite as possible, when applying the term to works of art; we therefore beg to be understood, as referring principally to a certain imaginative temperament in the artist, which raises his work beyond a close imitation of life, distinguishing it from mere skilful mechanism, and the various principles of taste, which are transferable from master to pupil, and whose diversity forms and divides the schools. Thus, a taste for colour, composition, and effect of light and shade, may be exhibited in pictures of exceeding beauty; yet those pictures, in their subjects and treatment, may rather delight the eye as accurate delineations of nature, than excite the fancy particularly, or come within the circle of what is generally called poetic. Imagination is stimulated by the study of Nature, but its inbred and independent character is imparted to every object it moulds or colours,

“ And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices—  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye.”

The greatest works of painter or sculptor with which we are acquainted, are indebted, for the halo of glory which surrounds them, to this intellectual attribute. Let the connoisseur rave as he will about what he calls *texture* and *touch*, there is nothing to be compared to the delight afforded to the mind by an elevated style of art, which places all the means used in a subordinate position, and produces in the thoughts an ecstasy, associated with the best and loftiest emotions, of which human beings are capable.\* At the same time, we admit the necessity of an accompanying feeling and taste for those minor accomplishments, and an artist-like execution of them, otherwise the pleasure of the amateur is likely to be qualified with a portion of disappointment as considerable as that of a musician would be, who listened to a composition of Handel, performed by an unpractised hand.

So nice a balance is required of the various faculties which make up the mind of a really great artist—the combination of enlarged imaginative powers, and a dexterous, industrious, and tasteful application of the materials, being the grand desideratum—that it is not surprising so few genuine poetical painters and sculptors have existed. It happens, not unfrequently, with a prodigal imagination, revelling in the undisciplined exercise of its capabilities—wild above rule and art—to be carried with impulsive energy beyond all reasonable limits. So long

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\* An eminent living writer and poet, but neither artist nor connoisseur, was present with us at a private exhibition of some very fine copies, from Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sibyls. Every person in the room seemed struck with awe at the extreme majesty of the figures; but he sat apart, and actually cried with the emotions produced by the sublime of painting. How noble a thing is art in this exalted aspect! we envy not the man who laughs at, or who cannot understand all this. He may exclaim in mockery, what a noble thing to cry at a picture! cannot he go deeper than this? The living and the dead are but as pictures.

as the fancy and the implements are at work, it matters little what is the subject, according to the notions of this kind of enthusiast. What will the reader think of a painter representing the *Blessed Virgin performing a dance with the Prince of Darkness*, or of another delineating the *Ghost of a Flea*? These are instances of imagination run to seed. Some there are, or have been rather (the present generation of artists being remarkable for sobriety of fancy), still forgetting propriety of subject, who plunge into an element adapted only to the appliances and means of the writer, and become unintelligible or offensive to the sense, through which the artist must ever appeal to the mind. From this Limbo, wherein the unsound conceit is imparadised, to the highest Heaven of invention, the path is marked by numerous degrees—a hundred mirrors, each stained with its peculiar colour, and all held up to nature, dazzle and perplex the taste they should instruct and guide. The fantastic, the eccentric, the grotesque, the unnatural, the horrible, may all put in their claims to the title of Poetic, and some portion of the true Hippocrene may mingle with all; but a matured taste rejects from any affinity with the genuine fountain of the Muses, whatsoever is inconsistent with fine sense or propriety of character.

FUSELI's pictures will occur to the recollection of the visitors of the Somerset House Exhibition some years ago, as illustrating a kind of nightmare of the heat-oppressed brain, rather than the healthy inspiration of the poet—there was a strange mixture in them of the ludicrous and the terrible—evidence of a wild and powerful fancy created a respect, which was marred by the eccentric mode of its operation. The capacity of FUSELI was too great to allow him to fail in depicting poetical subjects of the highest kind—his designs from Milton, for example—even something of the sublime occasionally gleamed from his pencil; but his impatient spirit spurned the control, which a refined taste would have imposed upon his wilful manner. All his learning (and he was no mean scholar), all his knowledge of the finest art, were insufficient to restrain his love of the preternatural—his relish of the terrible, within bounds. His figures look not like the inhabitants of the earth, nor seem aught that man may question—their gestures are the contortions of dumb fiends, an ominous forefinger violently points some deadly purpose. If a voluptuously-formed woman is designed, a goblin-knight hovers about, pursues—torments her. The simple sorrow feeding on the damask cheek, had no charm in itself for an imagination, which revelled in the most appalling scenes of Dante—beauty was only valued as it might set off surrounding terrors—it was a light which served but to discover sights of woe.—“Nature put him out,” was the painter's apology for not consulting her more frequently than he did; his mind shrunk from her simplicity, as the Devil is said to eschew the touch of holy water—his conceptions expanded in proportion as they receded from familiar life, and seemed at home in an ideal world; but it was a world of grimace rather than of beauty. Nothing in Fuseli's pictures was adapted to the taste of the connoisseur; a few finely-imagined designs, therefore, are all that remain on the memory to warrant their admission to our Gallery of Poetic Art. Such are the *Lycidas*, *Uriel watching the flight of Satan*, *The Lazar House*, and nearly all the illustrations of Milton.

It is melancholy to think what the SHAKSPEARE GALLERY might have been, or should have been, and what it was. Scarcely one picture

was executed in a spirit akin to that of the great poet ; nor is it reasonable to expect, out of a collection containing between one and two hundred subjects, from the hands of nearly thirty artists, much of the right leaven ; but the set of illustrations was remarkably deficient in imagination, originality of character, and in those essential qualities of pictorial merit which compensate to the eye for any loss to the fancy. The designs of SMIRKE, form a great exception, it is true, but their subjects are chiefly of a comic nature. Mr. Boydell, the spirited projector of this gallery, says, in his preface to the catalogue, printed May 1, 1789, "Though I believe it will be readily admitted, that no subjects seem so proper to form an English school of historical painting, as the scenes of the immortal Shakspeare ; yet it must be always remembered that he possessed powers which no pencil can reach, &c. It must not then be expected, the art of the painter can ever equal the sublimity of our poet. The strength of Michael Angelo, united to the grace of Raphael, would here have laboured in vain. It is therefore hoped, that the spectator will view these pictures with this regard, and not allow his imagination, warmed by the magic powers of the poet, to expect from painting what painting cannot perform." The worthy alderman should have confined his apology to the pictures in his catalogue, which, for the most part, certainly stood in need of it ; and not have troubled himself to extend his excuse to the art itself. Painting or sculpture require no vindication upon such grounds. They possess poets of their own, whose works are sufficiently vivid with poetic fire, to kindle the imagination, which, it is advised, the spectator of the Shakspeare gallery should keep as cool as possible. It is sorry work for art, when there is much to forgive. If it be not triumphant, it is worthless.

The only men of genius, in the list of Alderman Boydell's selection, are BARRY, STOTHARD, OPIE, REYNOLDS, ROMNEY, FUSELI, and SMIRKE above mentioned ; that is, seven out of eight-and-thirty ! Nor can it be declared the powers of these are altogether of a Shakspearian kind. Of BARRY it has been truly said he possessed a grasp of mind, and this grasp represents the poetical quality of his pictures, as far as intention or design goes—it is clearly evident from his works, he was an original and profound thinker ; but the eye seeks in them vainly for some charm, either of form, expression, or colour, by which it associates the design of the artist with the beauty or grandeur of nature in its external aspect. We are also occasionally shocked by absurdities, such as the unlooked-for appearance of Dr. Burney, "accounted as he was" in cocked-hat, wig, &c., plunging among the river nymphs,

*"In the waters which flow by Somerset House,"*

or by an assembly of painters seated at their easels in the clouds. It is true, the "old masters" gave their angels violins to play upon ; but however *outré* this taking scripture at its word, on the part of the painters, may be to our reformed notions, it was in perfect keeping with the faith of the Roman Church, and the taste for allegory of the fifteenth century. Barry's contribution to the Shakspeare gallery, taken from CYMBELINE, where Iachimo issues from the trunk, is finely conceived. If Sir Joshua had painted the Imogen, we might have had nothing to wish for. STOTHARD was undoubtedly poetical—grace, sweetness, simplicity, refined taste, female beauty, all his own, yet reminding us of

the antique, must accord, more or less, with judicious selections from our great dramatic poet. The elegant invention of this distinguished artist was exercised upon three subjects only, from Shakspeare, and those not best adapted for the display of his peculiar style; whilst others, filled canvass after canvass, and occupied with their mawkish productions three-fourths of a collection intended to illustrate the greatest poet of England, and to exhibit the strength of British art. REYNOLDS, genius as he was, could not adapt his extraordinary and beautiful skill, as a painter, to the text of our poet. The impulse which guided him to such truth of character, and startling reality, when painting from nature, his constant custom, forsook him when his mind was left to roam about the ideal world, in search of abstract personation. He wanted a SIDMONS seated before him on his throne to inspire, to elevate his touch to the poetry of art; and with a sitter whose characteristics he was scrupulous to seize, whether that sitter were Goldsmith or Burke, a charming woman or a dear little child, he became a poet himself—exquisite in taste, delicious in colour unequalled in the vivid effect of individual nature.

The *Death of Dido* is one of the most splendid pictures in existence; but its ideality lies in the distribution of light and richness of colour rather than in expression and character. *Cymon and Iphigenia* is miraculously fine: here again, the fascination is involved in the brilliant colouring of the fair maid's naked form, reposing beneath a wide-spreading beech-tree—a living soul seems to breathe through the glowing skin; perfect harmony lulls the mind to a state of placid satisfaction; the sun's rays struggle through the trees, as if to gaze with Cymon, but they are less bright than Iphigenia—what a gallant poet was Sir Joshua! OPIC threw a strength of character and a breadth into his pictures, which might well illustrate some of the heated encounters in the historical plays. ROMNEY's *Infant Shakspeare, attended by Nature and the Passions*, contains much grandeur of design, and a feeling for beauty. NORTHCOTE's *Burial of the Princes in the Tower, from Richard III.*, is well known, and has been deservedly extolled.

The public, as ignorant of the profound beauties of Shakspeare, as of the highest capabilities of art, might have been satisfied with this pictorial elucidation of the poet's conceptions. Many of the painters, now totally forgotten, were then in the full bloom of fashionable patronage, and no doubt were considered by many quite competent to the task assigned them of doing justice to Shakspeare. Some of the most talented in the second class of artists were encumbered by their study of the various schools of Italian art, and venerating Raphael and Michael Angelo, more than they respected nature, were infatuated by the ambition of reviving a style of art, which was valuable only if accompanied by the genius which invented it. They fashioned the body anew, but were unable to restore the soul. In the pictures of men of genius we see something great or lovely we cannot find elsewhere; the inferior works contain only a degenerated variety of the indigenous flower.

Invention is of no school, Academies can neither create nor destroy its finely-touched quality, and wherever it appears, wonder and delight rise to do it honour—a host of admirers, a swarm of imitators follow in its wake. The homage literally paid to CIMABUE, when he revived painting, and when the picture he first produced at Florence was carried from his house in procession to the Church of the Virgin, attended

by a band of performers on musical instruments, and amidst the loudest applauses of the citizens, is bestowed, in various degrees and diversity of manner, upon novelty of every kind. If the landscapes of CLAUDE, SALVATOR, of TITIAN, REMBRANDT, and the POUSSINS, may be termed poetic—and who would withhold from them the beautiful epithet?—what phrase shall be applied to the ambitious and magnificent works of some of the landscape-painters of our own times and country? “One pursues the vast alone :” a daring ingenuity propels mechanism and science into the world of ideality—a gigantic conception is built up of infinitesimal particles—the fancy wanders uncontrolled amidst interminable architectural piles of poetic perspective, immeasurably multiplied and stretched to infinity—palace rises above palace, whose marble floor contains a city’s entire population, whose golden roofs and battlements pierce beyond the highest of heaven’s clouds :

“ Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
Equall’d in all their glory, to inshrine  
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury.”

Innumerable touches of sparkling light, and splendid colour, express the movement of an army, the panic of Belshazzar’s court, or the annihilation of a world. A sulphurous light indicates the immediate presence of an avenging or a protecting God, to smite Nineveh, or to aid Joshua by a miracle. Wonder-exciting, novel, comprehensive in design, minute and exact in detail, a series of biblical pictures appealed at once to the imagination, and the religious faith of the British public. Poetry in art was identified with the marvellous—the simplicity of nature was for the time superseded by the illusion of scenic splendour, as better illustrating the text of scripture, and the inventive powers of the fancy.

Much true poetic feeling, revealing itself in beautifully-painted landscape of a solemn tone of colouring, appropriate to subjects of awful sentiment, has been shown to us in the works of DANBY, being equally elevated in design with those alluded to above, and less equivocal in their claims upon the admiration of the connoisseur. Such are the grand pictures exhibited at the Academy, of *The Destruction of Pharaoh’s Host in the passage of the Red Sea*, *The Opening of the Sixth Seal*, from Revelations, and *Sunset after a Wreck at Sea*.

A third, a still mightier master of the magical powers of landscape, whose genius disdains shadow as a source of excitement, radiates before the eye in a universal spread of sunshine. The sentiment of historical or poetical subject is unfolded by the visionary charm of atmospherical colour. Thus, in the large picture, which may be considered a *chef-d’œuvre* of the artist,\* *The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire*, the splendour, the luxury, the sinking grandeur of Carthage, are finely expressed by the brilliancy of the setting sun, which gilds with a transient lustre the architectural glories of the city, and beautifully illustrates the moral state of an enervated race. CLAUDE himself, in his most classic compositions, has not surpassed the great

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\* This picture was exhibited at the Academy, in 1817. Will Mr. Turner test his reputation by that year’s produce, or by his freaks of fancy in the last exhibition?



qualities of this picture. Our distinguished academician is not always so happy in the elucidation of his subject, *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*, by any other name, would look as sweet. The mind is directed to a subject replete with materials of the most romantic character. The islands of the Cyclops, where

——— “stretched beside the hoary ocean lie  
Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail.”

The foreground

——— “fast by the sea,  
A cavern lofty, and dark-browed above  
With laurels :  
——— fenced with stones from quarries hewn,  
With spiry firs and oaks of ample bough.”

Polyphemus,

——— “a giant vast, hideous in form,  
Far less resembling man, by bread sustained,  
Than some huge mountain-summit.”

All these particulars, which the fine spinning brain of the poet had so carefully turned into shape, and given a local habitation, the capricious painter has dissolved again into thin air, an insubstantial pageant. A purple mist envelops rock, ship, and man.

“The eastern gate, all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.”

An artist who takes such liberties with the poets, is not likely to be over scrupulous, when commissioned to paint views of gentlemen's houses. Sufficiently puzzled have been the matter-of-fact ideas, of various wealthy landed proprietors, when beholding this painter's version of their mansions and parks. The removal of a clump of trees, or of a building from its exact position, is an employment of little difficulty and less compunction with the artist. He considers it rather a virtue to change those relative situations, which appear criminal in the eye of taste. An accusation is preferred against the fanciful painter that he perverts the truth. Truth, however, in this respect, as well as in subjects more ethical, chameleon-like shifts her aspect, appearing to the organs of one man coloured in bridal splendour, and in the eyes of another, attired in modest green or monotonous gray. “That picture is very beautiful,” said an acquaintance of the artist to him, regarding one of his works, “I only wish it was more like nature.”—“Do you not wish nature was more like this?” replied the other. Such is one of the most original and poetic of living landscape-painters. Showering from his palette golden dust in the eyes of connoisseurs, as if to dazzle and confound—charming the fancy, delighting the eye by a lavish display of colour, the clearest brilliancy of light. Now sweet and harmonious, now meretricious, now delicate, now coarse, at once magnificent and absurd. Subject, propriety of detail, minute distinction of form must submit to the deluging influence of his fancy. However precise may be the first outline, the last operation appears the abandonment of all discretion—with the knife, with the brush, or the hand, tints are spread, light heaped upon light, colours opposed or harmonized, as if chance or magic effected their consummation—or the uncertain flowing of the material waited the watching eye of its master, to be struck with sudden meaning and tasteful order springing from confu-

sion. That his style is dashed with vicious qualities, there can be no doubt, but not to these is the charm due, which is acknowledged by all persons of finished taste and knowledge of art. If nature would disclaim the whole possession, she would assert her right to the finest portions of his style—to the breadth which is her own teaching, to the purity of tint and dazzling splendour; nor would she resign her share of the poetic character of his works, for an effect is not necessarily unnatural, because it is uncommon, nor need colouring be false, in order to be brilliant. The decision must rest with those who possess in the highest degree knowledge of art and an imaginative temperament, taste and an eye for nature. It is no small compliment to the powers of this eminent man, that frequently, when an unusual loveliness and visionary beauty invests an actual scene of rock, wood, and water, or architectural composition, an involuntary exclamation bursts from the lips of the beholder of “How like Turner!”

Colour, as an art, bears the same relation to the eye as music to the ear. The word harmony is applied to both—the perfection of each depends upon the same sensibility of mind and exquisite touching of the faculty. This may be understood by the amateur of music, however indifferent he may be to that which meets his eye, if he will conceive for a moment the same sentiments may be produced, an equal degree of delight and elevation of feeling, by a certain combination of tints with that which he may experience from fine musical compositions. What would Paganini think of a person incapable of distinguishing between A flat and D sharp? or what would Erry say of another who should be unable to distinguish the colour of his own coat? Would they not both consider in such cases “wisdom at one entrance quite shut out?”—

“Offspring of holy light!  
Bright effluence of bright essence!”

Colour confers a new beauty and glory upon art—a new blessing to the eye—a fresh impulse to the imagination. Nature, so prodigal of this charming property, unfolds in its display to the artist, with the principles of harmony, the characteristics of joy and love—of pathos and the sublime. Thanks and honour to the painters for the music, the poetry of colour!—To TITIAN and REMBRANDT, for their richness and organ-like depth of tone—for their golden solemnity, delicious harmony, warmth, and brilliancy!—To PAOLO VERONESE, for his airy gaiety, silvery skies, and beautiful balance of local tints!—To REUBENS, for his peach-like bloom, his vivacity and splendour, pearly moisture, exuberance, and lavish expenditure of his palette’s treasures!—And last, not least, to our dear Sir Joshua, for his strawberries and cream!\*

No painter ever possessed a stronger passion for colour than REUBENS—his delights were, indeed, dying—“dolphin-like”—they sport above the deep element wherein the minds of more solemn thinkers germinate—not to be controlled by the subduing spell of the pathetic or the awful, his subject was lifted into the ideal world by the charms of a thousand hues; and with the fancy of a poet he expounded from his palette the mystery and beauty of the chromatic language. His pictures swarm with beings “that in the colours of the rainbow live and play!”

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\* An eminent critic on art has said, in allusion to Reynolds’s colouring of the flesh, he painted as if he had dipped his brush in strawberries and cream!

the plighted clouds"—bursting with life, motion, and vigour—teeming with the wanton growth of primeval nature—radiant as sunrise, juicy as fruit "ripe for use." What a picture is the Silenus! How very drunk is the white-bearded gorbellied preceptor of Bacchus! how brimful of rustic mischief and fun the group of fauns shouldering him along! A wild and beautiful girl squeezes a bunch of grapes over the rubicund huge hill of flesh; the glittering drops slip down his hairy breast like dew over the hide of a boar.

A scene occurs to us at this moment as described by Shakspeare, from whom, indeed, extracts might be made illustrating the various tastes of all the painters, which brings so vividly before the mind's eye the unrestrained style of Reubens, that we cannot help quoting it, particularly as, not being a passage from his plays, it may come fresh to the generality of readers. The subject is Venus meeting the boar which had just killed Adonis:—

- "And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar,  
Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together;  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
- "Here, kennel'd in a brake, she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
And there another, licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another, sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.
- "When he had ceased his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go."

In the same era were produced a sculptor and architect, a painter and a poet, so mighty in their genius, so nicely balanced their various powers, it seems that nature, in giving SHAKSPEARE to England, had wished to preserve her impartiality, by bestowing upon Italy MICHAEL ANGELO and RAPHAEL. The poetic mind was at once poured in its brightest splendour through the medium of the arts, literature, and the stage. The poetry of art towered to its meridian in the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. It triumphed when the painter of the Prophets and Sibyls triumphed over the low envy of Bramante, and the impatient Pope and crowd of cognoscenti rushed through the dust caused by the removal of the scaffolding, and gazed with wondering eyes upon the greatest achievement known of the mind and hand of an artist. The intellectual greatness of art also triumphs in the Vatican, where the angelic genius of Raphael, whose name is familiar as a household word in lands far removed from the scene of his labours, presides in princely dignity the acknowledged sovereign of the pictorial world. It is hard to pass such high examples of the poetic in art with brevity; yet is it unnecessary, at this time of day, to attempt to add to the many and fine things which have been written and spoken upon the characteristics of M. Angelo and of Raphael. The imaginative temperament of their genius is visible even in the most indifferent copies of their works—it has formed

the inspiration of successive generations of artists, some of whom have built thereon a temporary, and some a lasting reputation for themselves. From these instances, one great principle may be learned—taught also by our Shakspeare and Milton—viz., no restriction is imposed upon the imagination by the study and imitation of nature—for ideality is but a splendid folly without such poise. The dilated contour of M. Angelo impresses greatness of style upon an anatomized limb—the most trifling sketch illustrative of the elements of knowledge shows indications of the winged mind which expands every fibre when it unfolds its entire breadth. Grandeur was the element of Michael Angelo—grace that of Raphael. The last exhibits more beauty, more variety, more dramatic power; it is enough that Michael is sublime. Yet there is beauty, awful beauty, in the Delphic Sibyl, and the Prophets are as various in character as the similarity of their occupations will allow. It is curious that a work which the greatest sculptor undertook so reluctantly, and would have altogether avoided upon the plea of never having painted in fresco, should prove so glorious for his reputation, so overpowering to his enemies. It is also a curious fact, that during the pontificate succeeding the death of Julius II., the great patron of M. Angelo, the latter was employed in doing nothing more than in superintending the quarries of Carrara. Had Leo X. been the sole patron of our artist, into what mean channels might not his imagination have been forced! How many mute, inglorious Miltons, may be at this moment writing leading articles in daily and weekly newspapers!

The arts might have remained at the point in which they were left in Asia and Egypt, had not the Greeks discovered this ideal beauty and expression of character, so conspicuous in their sculpture. From the first advance beyond the earliest efforts known to us, made by Dædalus, to the time of Phidias, a period of nearly four hundred years, art in Greece had progressively advanced towards that ideal beauty through all the stages of emblematic representation. At length a marvellous light burst full upon it—a divine revelation seemed to descend and chase the darkness of error. The enlightened artist dispensed with all that was not consonant to nature, and assembled whatever was found most perfect in that nature itself. The gods were made after the image of man, freed from all brutality; and divine character was mirrored in human proportions. By these beautiful examples of form, grace, and expression, the taste of all succeeding ages has been modified:—

“In form and moving, how express and admirable!  
In action, how like an angel!”

“The beauty of the world!  
How this grace speaks his own standing!  
What a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination  
Moves in this lip! To the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.”

“Hyperion’s curls—the front of Jove himself,” &c.

In associating the foregoing extracts with the abstract of man’s form, it is impossible to avoid applying them to the antique. Taken apart, they are like so many grand fragments of an age which produced the Jupiter and Apollo—they contain no allusion to colour, which is an additional reason for affixing them to poetic sculpture.

The taste which excludes the imitation of colour in an art devoted to form, which deprives the eye of its flash, the hair of its texture, seems, to our notions, more refined than that which would paint the marble statue and fill the sockets of the eyes with precious stones. If such aping of nature were desirable, Madame Tussaud might rival Canova. It is the privilege of sculpture, in its most dignified character, to recede from the familiarity of rigid imitation. We recognise the characteristics of the human being in the statue which yet appears not of the earth. There is in its aspect

“Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.”

The mortal clay has put on immortality; the frail flesh is translated to unchanging stone; the voluptuous is refined; the heroic is sublimated; the grand is hallowed. A comprehensive perception triumphs over trivial imitation. One great attribute of nature is sacrificed to achieve the perfection of another, and the absence of colour is the poetry of form.

Whatsoever is most elevated in the contemplations of the mind, will meet with support by its adhesion to all which is greatest in art. Nothing is so mean in nature, which ideality may not mould to a fine purpose—nothing is so great in art, that its germ cannot be found in nature. Imitation begins, imagination completes. Deprive art of its poetry, you kill its soul; enrich it by the co-operating powers of invention, the sphere in which it may act is immense, the progress it may make is illimitable. Imagination is an exquisite, yet a dangerous faculty: allied to folly, its power is madness; to reason, taste; to vice, deception; to knowledge truth; to genius, inspiration. Its retrospective glance refreshes the desolate regions of antiquity; the millions who have died, are uplifted from the dust, and on the present is thrown the refracted splendour of the past. Ignorance has misapplied, knowledge has directed its miraculous light. To this age—to the future, may belong the honour or the disgrace of uniting with or separating from the graces of the imagination, increase of knowledge, enlarged science, improved mechanism. That the spirit of poetry will ever be entirely banished from the earth, whilst ideality remains a part of the human mind, is impossible. Without the aid of the mightiest powers of this quality art will never be great as of old, will never rise to dignity, to consummate beauty, or include the sublime as a moral agent. The ground of its exercise must be shifted, the subjects, the stimulants, must differ from those of a bygone age. The insatiable thirst for novelty, the ever-active propensities for wonder and delight, exact from genius, wherever it may appear, new exertions of the imagination, phases of its glittering orb hitherto unbeheld.

The subject entered upon in this essay, admits of amplification more extensive than the limits afforded by the present publication will allow. It has been necessarily compressed, and many illustrious names\* and works consequently omitted. The ground has been broken only, but the writer has in store a fund of materials for a renewal of the theme, should it be required.

ECHION.

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\* The American painter ALLSTON, who exhibited at the Academy formerly, displayed a fine poetic feeling in pictures. *The Jacob's Dream* and *Uriel* will not be forgotten by those who have seen them.

## A NIGHT MARCH.\*

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"WELL, Doctor, how fares it with you this morning?" asked Mansfield, pulling aside the canvass door, and thrusting his head into the Doctor's tent, about two hours before daylight, on the morning succeeding the memorable elephant-hunt, which had so nearly proved fatal to poor Macphee.

"Wha's yon?" muttered the Doctor, with a grunt like a sick bear; partially opening his eyes, and suddenly closing them again, to exclude the light of the lantern which Mansfield carried in his hand. "What ails you, you misleer'd loon, to gang stavin' about the camp at this time o' night, wi' your cutty sark, and your lang spauls o' legs, and your bit lantern in your hand, for a' the world like the troubled speerit o' a departed tinkler, walking the earth in search o' his breeks? If you canna' sleep yoursel', sir, I wish ye would find some other place to play your cantraips in, and no disturb the rest o' honest folk, that want to sleep." And the Doctor, turning his back upon the unwelcome intruder with a stifled groan, and a catching of the breath, which showed that the effort cost him considerable pain, drew the bedclothes sulkily over his head, and settled himself as if determined to answer no further question.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Doctor, for disturbing you," replied Mansfield, smiling at the poor Doctor's crusty humour. "I merely came to inquire after your health, and to ask whether you are well enough to undertake a march this morning, for we have a long way to go, and it is high time for us to think of striking the camp, if we are to move."

"Umph!" grunted the Doctor, tucking his knees up to his chin, and pulling the bedclothes farther over his head with an impatient jerk, as he felt the cold morning air creeping round the walls of the tent.

"But I see you are still in great pain, and am afraid you must be more seriously injured than you at first supposed. Come, man, let me look at you. I suspect you ought to lose a little blood, or, at all events, a repetition of the hot fomentation you applied last night, might help to relieve you. Shall I call Heels, and desire him to prepare some hot water?"

"Where the deil did you learn the doctoring trade, may I ask?" growled the Doctor, thrusting his black muzzle from under the bedclothes, and looking askance at Mansfield over his shoulder: "do you suppose, sir, that I took out my degree at the College of Edinburgh for nathing? or that I am soft enough to lie here, and let mysel' be sticket, and plotted wi' hot water, like an auld soo, by a daft, harum-scarum, throughother, bletherin' loon o' a sodger, that has nae mair knowledge o' the noble science of pharmacy than my Granny?—and no that same—for she, honest woman, had some skill o' the rhumatis, and was no' an ill Howdy, at a pinch.—Awa! out o' that, I say, and dinna fash me nae mair wi' your havers, for I'm just perfect ramfeezled and disjaskit for want o' rest."



“Well, well, Doctor,” said Mansfield, striving to suppress a laugh, as he approached the bed, and patted the Doctor gently on the shoulder, “don’t be so sulky about it, you old bear; there is no necessity for your moving, unless you like it; so keep yourself quiet, and try to sleep. I shall call you when breakfast is ready, and hope to find your temper improved, as well as your bodily ailments. Adieu, my old boy, and pleasant dreams to you.”

“Come back here, Captain,” cried the Doctor, poking his head from under the clothes, and extending his long bony hand towards Mansfield, who was about to retire.—“Come back here, I tell you, and shake hands with me. Hoot, fie, sir! what ails you to be in sic a dooms hurry? I thought ye might hae kent better than to hae taken a cankered body at his word, yon way.”

“Well, old Sulky,” said Mansfield, returning, and taking the Doctor’s hand in his, “what is the matter now?”

“You maun excuse me,” said the poor Doctor, squeezing his hand affectionately; “you maun excuse me, sir, for being a wee bit cankered ways this morning. Ye ken, sir, I’m gae short in the temper at the best o’ times; and I’m so sair birzed and churled, that, between that and the want o’ rest, I’m just a wee bit mair cantankerous than ordinar. It was an ill-done thing, it was an unco ill-done thing in me, sir, to speak sae short to you, to whom I owe my life; but I hope you’ll excuse me, Captain, and believe that I’m no ungratefu’, although the pain has made me a wee crabbit like.”

“No, no, my dear Doctor,” said Mansfield, returning the pressure of his hand. “I know your honest heart too well to suspect you of ingratitude; and a little fretfulness is excusable in one who has passed a sleepless night of suffering; so pray, do not make yourself uneasy about it, but keep quiet; and, if you can only get a few hours sleep, I have no doubt you will awake in such a good humour, that a child might play with you.”

“Thank you, thank you, Captain,” said the Doctor, squeezing his hand hard; “it’s o’er good o’ you to forgie me so easily, and I’m just ashamed o’ mysel’ for giving way to pain, and lying here, girning like an auld wife. I believe it’s best for me to rise after a’, for I canna sleep; and, as there are nae bones broken, the exercise o’ riding, and a good sweat, will, maybe, do me good.—Heels, ye black sinner!—Heels, I say! bring me my clothes.” So saying, the Doctor, with one mighty effort, and one fearful grunt, kicked his long legs out of bed, and sat upright.

Mansfield, after trying in vain to dissuade him from his purpose—for the Doctor was as obstinate as a mule when once he got a crotchet in his head—lighted a candle from his lantern, and departed to rouse the camp, leaving the Doctor to be dressed by Heels, who was striving, as gently as possible, to insinuate his battered limbs into the legs and sleeves of his garments. This operation, however, was not completed without extorting sundry groans and curses from the irritable patient, who, between the twitches of pain, might be heard muttering, between his clenched teeth, “D—n the muckle black beast! I believe he has yerkit every bane in my body out o’ its place; but I will hae my ain way, in spite o’ him. I will rise, though the deil should girn in my face.”

It is not yet within two hours of daylight; but the moon, although rapidly sinking towards the western horizon, and now partially concealed by the waving tree-tops, still sheds a broken light upon the drowsy camp, checkering the dew-bespangled grass with strange fantastic shadows, and ever-changing spots of sparkling light. The wandering night-wind sighs through the forest, wafting to the ear the melancholy murmur of the lonely river, as, in solitary grandeur, it glides along its dark mysterious course, far, far away into the unknown wilderness. But no sound of life is there—no living thing is seen to move in that sequestered spot.] The white-robed figures of the natives, stretched at full length upon the ground, look like sheeted corpses in the cold moonlight. Silence reigns within the tents, and the death-like calm, which pervades the whole scene, tends to impress the mind of the beholder with a solemn feeling of awe, as if he gazed upon a scene, which, once indeed, had teemed with life, but over which the cold breath of the destroying angel had passed, during the silent watches of the night, leaving the forest winds, as they howled through the wilderness, to sing the dirges of the unburied dead.

But hark!—the cheerful notes of a bugle rise full and clear upon the morning air, rousing the startled echoes, which slumbered deep amidst the gloomy arches of the forest; and, at that joyous sound, the slumbering camp, which so lately presented an image of death, suddenly bursts into life, as if aroused from its trance by the mighty voice of a magician. The active Lascars are already busy in knocking up the tent-pegs; their wildly-chanted song keeping time to the rapid stroke of their mallets. The horse-keepers bestir themselves to rub down and saddle their masters' steeds; the proud animals snorting and pawing the ground, as if impatient of their long rest, and eager for the chase. A confused jingling of bells, mingled with the grunting of camels, and the faint lowing of oxen, announce that the beasts of burden are also on the move. The dusky figures of the native servants, may be seen flitting about like evil spirits, and jostling each other, in the eager haste to pack up and despatch their masters' baggage. Groups of women and children, shivering in the cold morning air, crouch closely around the numerous fires, for which the old litter of the horses has furnished them a ready material: their gaudy-coloured dresses, picturesque figures, and graceful attitudes, now thrown out in strong relief against the dark background of trees, and again shrouded in comparative darkness, as the expiring fire, occasionally replenished by a handful of straw or dry leaves, suddenly sends up a bright sheet of bickering flame, and again subsides into a dull red glow. Here the kneeling form of a camel is distinctly seen by the light of a neighbouring fire, gnashing his long tusks, and threatening, with out-stretched neck, the busy natives who are employed in arranging his load; and there the gigantic form of the stately elephant may be faintly traced, advancing slowly from amidst the surrounding gloom, like a moving tower. Whilst, from the remoter clumps of trees, where the deepened gloom renders the actors of the busy scene invisible, the wild song of the camel-drivers, intermixed with hearty maledictions denounced against the ancestors of some restive brute, which unwillingly submits itself to be accoutred for the march, come faintly borne on the night wind. Old *Kamak* is the only one of the busy throng who appears unoccupied, as he leans

against the stem of a tree, smoking a cheroot, and bearing in his hand a flaming torch, with which, in the capacity of guide, he has prepared himself, to direct the steps of the travellers through the dark paths of the forest, as well as to scare any wild animal which may happen to cross their path during the hour of darkness which must intervene between the setting of the moon and the appearance of daylight.

In little more than half an hour from the time that the signal for morning had been given, every tent was struck, and the last camel loaded : and Mansfield, who maintained a sort of military discipline in his hunting camp, having remained to see the latest straggler quit the ground, our three friends mounted their horses, and, turning their backs upon the deserted camp-ground, struck into the forest by a different path from the one by which they had arrived ; it being their intention to return to the Hills, by a circuitous route through the plains, where Mansfield expected to fall in with wild hog and antelope.

The moon had by this time set ; and, notwithstanding the light of the torch which old Kamah carried in front, the horsemen found some difficulty in preventing their horses from falling in the rugged path, along which, in spite of the deepened gloom, occasioned by the overhanging trees, their savage guide pursued his onward course, with a steadiness of purpose, and swiftness of foot, which appeared almost miraculous.

A little more than an hour's riding sufficed to carry them through the denser part of the forest, which was traversed almost in silence ; the constant attention necessary to prevent their horses from stumbling over roots of trees, and other impediments, keeping them too fully occupied to admit of much conversation ; neither did they encounter any of the savage denizens of the forest, although, more than once, a suspicious rustling among the branches made the poor Doctor's heart rise to his throat, and forced upon his recollection, with fearful distinctness, all the ghastly tales he had ever heard of night attacks from tigers and wild elephants.

The first gray tints of morning were beginning to appear, as they emerged from the dense bamboo jungle, and entered a romantic valley, flanked by lofty hills, wooded almost to the top, and terminating in abrupt rocky crags, which reared their gray and thunder-riven summits to the clouds.

Streaks of purple and gold are spreading gradually over the eastern sky, against which is traced the fine bold outline of the mountain, which appears to rise perpendicularly from the path, like a wall of black marble ; but darkness still broods over the valley, and the silence of night is unbroken, save by the distant sound of falling water, or the wild plaintive cry of a stray plover.

"The Lord be about us ! what na eldrich skirl is yon ?" whispered the Doctor, seizing Charles's arm with a convulsive grasp, as the silence was suddenly broken by an unearthly voice, apparently amongst the rocks above, uttering a loud and sudden *Waugh O ! Waugh O !* followed by a half-suppressed scream, as of a person in the act of being strangled. "Oh ! Maister Charles, hear to that—what can it be ? It is surely something no canny."

*Waugh O ! Waugh O !* replied that wild mysterious voice, so close, that it appeared to the Doctor to be shrieking in his very ears—then an awful pause, and again the wailing cry was heard, but at so great a

distance, that it appeared to proceed from some wandering spirit of darkness, flitting from place to place with more than mortal speed.

"Why, I really do not know what to make of it," replied Charles: "I should take it to be the voice of some wild animal, probably a hyena, only that I am puzzled to account for the sudden and noiseless manner in which it moves from place to place."

"Na! na! Maister Charles, there is something no just so canny as a wild beast there, take my word for it. But we had better ride on and ask the Captain; for if we bide here any longer, it will, may be, come and grip us in the dark." So saying, the Doctor clapped spurs to his horse, and cantered after Mansfield, who had now got some distance ahead.

"Heard what?" asked Mansfield, smiling at the anxious manner with which the Doctor inquired whether he had "heard yon."—"Do you mean the owl?"

"The Hoolet, sir?"

"Yes, just the *Hoolet*, as you call it; for I can assure you the savage cry you heard just now, although I confess it sounds rather unearthly, is nothing more than the cry of the great horned-owl. Often and often, during my rambles in the forest, have I been warned of the approach of day by that same ghostly watchman, and well do I know his ugly voice."

"A Hoolet! a Hoolet!" cried the Doctor. "Od, sir, do you think to mak a fool o' me, and gar me believe that sic an unearthly skirl as yon, came frae the throat of a Hoolet, or ony other bird that ever was hatched? Na, na, sir! I'll no believe the like o' yon—you maun no hae heerd it right: that sound was na uttered by ony craiter o' this world, and sae some o' us will find to our cost ere lang."

"What the devil do you suppose it is then?" asked Mansfield impatiently.

"Whist, Captain! speak laich, for ony sake," whispered the Doctor, drawing closer to him, and seizing him by the arm. "It's the *Banshee*,\* sir—its the *Banshee*, as sure as I'm a miserable sinner; and tak my word for't, nae good ever comes o' hearing her ill-omened wail." "A Hoolet, indeed! Na, na, that's nae Hoolet!" and the Doctor shook his head mournfully; for although a sensible man in other respects, he had never been able entirely to divest himself of the superstitious ideas which had been instilled into his mind, almost with his mother's milk, and like many of his countrymen, in the same sphere of life, fully believed in the existence of that harbinger of death, the *Banshee*.

"Well, well, Doctor," replied Mansfield, laughing, "you, being a Scotchman, ought to know more about the *Banshee* than I do; but if that be she, I can only say, her style of singing does but little credit to the country from whence she came."

"She was na singing—she was greeting," replied the Doctor, with great *naïveté*.

"Well, laughing or greeting, she has a cursed ugly voice of her own. But hark ye, Doctor," continued Mansfield, unslinging his rifle, and

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\* A peculiar sort of spirit, indigenous to the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland, which attaches herself to particular families, and is heard sighing and wailing previous to the death of any of its members.

carefully examining the caps by the light of the torch, to satisfy himself that they had not been injured by the damp—"you had better not lag so far behind as you did just now, for the Jaggardar tells me that this ravine is dreadfully infested by tigers; and if we fall in with one of these fly-by-night gentlemen, retiring to his lair with an empty stomach, you will find it rather a more serious business than hearing the *Banshee*, although you appear to think that bad enough."

"Bad enough, bad enough, indeed," muttered the poor Doctor, plying the spurs vigorously, and urging the unwilling Smiler into a trot.

The party had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, and had reached a turn in the road, which, being overhung by a dense mass of trees, was so intensely dark, that, without the assistance of the torch, the horsemen could not have seen their own length in front of them, when the Doctor's horse, which as usual had fallen behind the rest, suddenly stopped short, and, uttering a loud snort, began to tremble violently, as if overcome by mortal fear.

"Captain! Captain!" shouted the Doctor, plying his stick furiously in the vain attempt to make Smiler move, "Ah, Captain, for any sake come here—the beast surely sees something uncanny, for he'll no stir an inch, in spite o' me!" and again a shower of blows descended upon poor Smiler's sounding ribs.

Mansfield and Charles, who were a little in advance, immediately pulled up; but ere they could turn their horses' heads, a terrific roar was heard—a crash—a wild scream of agony—and the ill-starred Doctor, with the struggling horse, were borne to the earth by some heavy body, which, flashing for an instant in the torch-light, darted from the bank above with the velocity of a thunderbolt.

It was too dark to distinguish objects on the ground; but it was evident, from the violent struggle which ensued, and the piteous moaning of the poor horse, that he was trying to free himself from the grasp of some powerful animal.

"*Bagh! Bagh!*"\* shouted the Jaggardar, hurling his torch in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.

"Here, Kamah, hold this beast," cried Mansfield, jumping from his terrified horse, and throwing the reins to the Jaggardar; as, by the faint light of the expiring torch, he discovered a Panther clinging to the prostrate body of the horse, with his teeth and claws firmly fixed in the throat of the dying animal, who had now almost ceased to struggle, and drew his breath in thick gasping sobs, as the throttling savage, with a malignant growl of satisfaction, sucked the warm blood from his ebbing veins.

"This is a bad light," said Mansfield, shaking his head, and recovering the rifle, which he had brought to his shoulder, the flame of the torch having sunk so low, as to render surrounding objects almost invisible. "I wish to Heaven it would blaze up again, and allow me to see whereabouts the poor Doctor lies, for I have as good a chance of hitting him as the Panther, if I risk a shot in the dark. Ha! that will do." A sudden gust of wind fanned the expiring torch into a bright flame, lighting up the ghastly scene with more brilliancy than ever. The Panther, startled by the sudden light, quitted his hold of the horse, and,

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\* *Bagh*—a tiger.

grinning fiercely, shrunk into a crouching attitude, as if undecided whether to spring on his assailant or fly.

"Now, then, you snarling devil!" muttered Mansfield, laying his cheek against the stock of his rifle, with as much cool deliberation as if he were about to fire at a mark; but ere he had brought the fine-drawn sight to bear upon its object, a convulsive kick from the dying horse struck the fiery end of the torch, and sent it flying among the bushes; the air was filled with a shower of glittering sparks, and again all was darkness.

"A spear! a spear!" shouted Mansfield, mad with disappointment, throwing aside his rifle, and snatching at a spear, which Charles carried in his hand. "Quick, man, before he moves! I can pin him to the ground where he lies.—Ha! who fired that shot?"

A bright flash—a sharp report—the whistle of a bullet—and then a gasping bubbling sound, was heard, as of an animal stifling in his own blood.

"Hurra!" shouted the Doctor, from amidst the gloom; the unexpected but welcome cheer coming to the ears of his companions like a voice from the dead. "Hurra, lads! he's dead, he's dead!—Come here, some o' you; for ony sake, come here and help me to get my leg out from below the horse, for it's amaist smashed. This way, this way! ye needna be 'feard; I've dang the life out o' him fairly. What do you think of the auld Doctor, noo?" exclaimed Macphee, brandishing, with a triumphant air, a huge horse-pistol, as Mansfield and Charles busied themselves in extricating him from under the dead horse. "Was na that weel done, Captain?—Easy! easy wi' me, lads, for I'm that sair birzed wi' yesterday's work, that I canna thole to be touched, amaist. Wasna that weel done, I say, sir? Od, ye hae often laughed at my old grandfather's pistol, but I telt you it would come to use some day or other, and sae it has, at last. O, man, but I'm stiff!" continued he, as he got upon his legs, with the assistance of his two companions, and seated himself on a bank.

"By Heavens, it was well done!" exclaimed Mansfield, grasping the Doctor's hand with enthusiasm; for he was really attached to the worthy man, and his heart was filled with gratitude to Heaven for his wonderful escape, and admiration of the unwonted spirit he displayed on the occasion. "Well done, and coolly, as any thing I ever saw. Why, Doctor, you have come out quite in a new character—a very dare-devil;—but, as you say, it was fortunate for you, and, indeed, for all of us, that you had the old pistol at hand, and presence [of mind to use it; for, to tell you the truth, when the light was extinguished, I began to have rather unpleasant forebodings, as to the termination of our adventure."

"Faith, ye may say that," replied the Doctor: "I was sae dumb-founded, and taken by surprise at first, when I found mysel' sprawling on the ground, like a cripple puddock, and heard the worry, worry o' the bloodthirsty deevle, as he rugged and rived at poor Smiler's throat, that I just gied mysel' up for lost—and, then that awfu' cry we heard the now came into my mind. Ye needna laugh, sir, for I tell ye there was something no canny in that cry; and I thought my hour was come, and then I prayed for mercy on my sinfu' soul;—and wi' that, I appeared



to get new strength and courage,—and then I minded o' the auld pistol I had put in the holster; and the wee drap Heeland blood I hae in my veins began to boil; and, says I to mysel', D—n you, for a muckle ginnin cat! I'm a match for ye yet! And, wi' that, I lifted mysel' cannily on my elbow, and whippit the pistol out o' the holster, and clappit it to his lug, and dang the life out o' him afore he had time to wink. Ha! ha! Captain, you see there is some good stuff in the auld Doctor, yet; although I maun confess, my nerves rather got the better o' me yesterday. But that was a' the effects o' the Glenlivet, ye ken—Eh, Captain?" and the worthy Doctor grinned, and rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction.

"Tut, tut! never mind what happened yesterday," said Mansfield encouragingly; "you have behaved like a man this morning, at all events, and so let bygones be bygones, as you say yourself. But are you not hurt?—I am sure you got a terrible roll."

"Hoot, fie, no!" replied the Doctor, "I came down in a fine soft place, amang the lang grass; but I'm so cursedly warped in the back, after yesterday's toolzie, that the shake I got has just put me a wee throughother, and gart me feel faint-like about the heart. Maister Charles, if ye will just be good enough to look in the other holster, and gie me a wee bit flask ye'll find there, I think a drap out o' it will maybe do me good. The horse-pistol has done us a good turn already, and now we'll try what effect the pocket-pistol will hae—Ha! ha! ha! Captain."—Here the Doctor chuckled, and poked Mansfield facetiously in the ribs, "You see I'm an old soldier, and aye march with twa pistols—ane for my enemies, and anither for my friends. Here, sir, tak a sup o't—it will warm your heart this cold morning."

The dew having fallen so heavily during the night, as almost to wet through their thin clothing, neither Mansfield nor Charles made any objection to the Doctor's proposal; and Charles, who was blessed with a youthful appetite, that never failed him under any circumstances, having produced some biscuits and a piece of cold venison, from the holsters of his saddle, our three friends seated themselves on the grass; and the energy with which the worthy Doctor applied himself to gnawing the bones, after having whetted his appetite by a hearty pull at his pocket-pistol, proved that, however stiff his other joints might be, his jaws, at least, had escaped uninjured.

Day had, in the mean time, been rushing on with that rapidity peculiar to a tropical climate, where light succeeds darkness almost instantaneously; and, ere their hasty meal was finished, nature burst into life; and the glorious sun, rising in fiery splendour, poured a flood of golden light into that sequestered valley—the gloomy mountain-pass, which, an hour before, in the darkness and silence of night, appeared a fitting haunt for prowling beasts and birds of evil omen, now smiling in all the luxuriant beauty of oriental scenery. The woods, sparkling with dewdrops, festooned with beautiful flowering creepers, and echoing to the tender cooing of turtle-doves; birds of gorgeous plumage, wheeling, in joyous gambles, amongst the lofty tree-tops; the balmy morning air, loaded with perfume, and breathing melody, all conspired to soothe and calm the ruffled spirits, to soften one's very nature, and make the most careless observer, in his inmost heart, acknowledge and worship the Almighty Power, which had given birth to so much beauty.

“What a Heavenly scene is this!” exclaimed Charles, after gazing for some minutes in silent admiration.

“It is, indeed, a Heavenly scene,” replied Mansfield; “and yet how treacherous are its beauties!—How strange the thought, that this lovely spot should be the chosen haunt of wild beasts—its perfumed atmosphere a compound of deadly vapours; looking an earthly Paradise, yet teeming with pestilence and death, like a lovely woman, with the exterior of an angel, cherishing a demon in her heart! Methinks a group of dancing wood-nymphs would form an appropriate foreground to such a picture; and yet, behold the stern reality—a band of armed men—a naked savage, but one degree removed from the beasts that perish! Mangled carcasses—death in its most ghastly form, and the steam of reeking gore, ascending to Heaven, mingled with the incense of flowers! How forcibly doth such a contrast as this bring to one’s recollection the melancholy truth, that fallen man has brought sin and death into the world!”

“Indeed, sir, what you say is o’er true. It’s just a mischancey bit, this same glen; and, bonny though it be, I wish we were well out o’ it; for, after what we hae heard this blessed morning, it were a mere tempting o’ Providence to bide here ony longer. And, oh, sir,” casting a rueful glance at the mangled remains of poor Smiler, “is it no a sair sight to look at that poor beast lying cold and stiff there, and the bonny green grass steepit in his blood, and the sun shining sae bright, and the bit birdies singing sae blythe and happy, as if there was nae such thing as death in the world? And it would be just the same, though you or me were lying there in his place.—Poor Smiler—poor Smiler; ye were a good honest beast, although a wie short in the temper, like myself. But you and me will never cast out nae mair.” And the poor Doctor, drawing the back of his large hand across his eyes, pulled a flint and steel from his pocket, and proceeded to strike a light for his cheroot, humming, as he did so, a melancholy Scotch ditty, which, if not the original tune the old cow is said to have died of, was certainly a very good imitation.

“Well, Doctor, you certainly are an unlucky dog in some things,” said Charles, smiling at the Doctor’s rueful countenance; “and I must say that, of late, you have come in for monkey’s allowance, or worse; but if you do get into scrapes, it must be allowed you have a wonderful knack of getting out of them again. Just look back to the last four-and-twenty hours: within that short space of time, you have been at the killing of a tiger on foot; have had an elephant playing at pitch-and-hustle with your unfortunate carcass; and taken the scalp of a panther, single-handed; and here you are, resting on your laurels, and smoking a cigar, as if nothing had happened—a trifle battered, to be sure, and minus your old horse, but covered with glory, and having a trophy in that panther-skin, which will, no doubt, be preserved by the next ten generations of Macphee’s, as a memento of their illustrious ancestor. Come, come, my dear Doctor, cheer up, and do not look so miserable about it; for, after all, you have much to be thankful for.”

“Aye, Maister Charles, what you say is very true. I hae, indeed, much to be thankfu’ for; and I trust I am no ungratefu’ for the Providential way in which my life has been spared. But, foolish though it be, I canna look at that poor beast, without feeling as if I had lost an

auld and trusty friend." And the Doctor began to puff his cheroot furiously, as if annoyed with himself for being possessed of a good heart.

The baggage and followers had by this time come up, and the dead panther having been placed upon the elephant, a fresh horse was saddled for the Doctor. The Jaggardar was dismissed with a handsome present of ammunition and tobacco; and, leaving the remains of poor Smiler to become a prey to the vultures, the three horsemen cantered off at a round pace, in hopes of reaching the village, where they intended to halt before the heat of the day had become oppressive.

The poor Doctor was so disconcerted by the loss of his faithful steed, that he did not recover his wonted spirits for the rest of that day; and, after having tried in vain to convince his companions that the mysterious voice, which they attributed to an owl, was a supernatural warning of poor Smiler's tragical end, he gave up the point, and rode on, smoking his cheroot in moody silence. But, from that day to this, he never exhibits the panther's skin, or tells the story of the Night March, without assuring his hearers that, "as true as death," he heard the *Banshee*.

KOONDAH.

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## FREDERICK AND FLEURY;

OR, THE ILLUMINEES.

HOWEVER strange the following narrative may appear at the present day, it may, nevertheless, not be devoid of interest to those who still bear in remembrance the principal occurrences of the year 1792, and more especially the strong sensation occasioned by a very important and unexpected event to which it has reference. The story rests upon the statement of Caron de Beaumarchais, a man whose character did not stand sufficiently high in the estimation of his contemporaries to ensure its being received as an unquestionable fact, upon his bare assertion, unsupported by more respectable evidence; they were more likely to have considered it a flight of that lively and prolific imagination which had produced the *Marriage de Figaro*, and other works (displaying very superior genius, but abounding in immorality, as well as wit), if a variety of circumstances had not combined to render it so highly probable, that it readily obtained credit by all those to whom it was communicated.

Beaumarchais came to England towards the close of 1792, and soon after his arrival, told his story to the Abbé Sabathier de Cabre,\* who,

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\* It was from the Abbé Sabathier de Cabre, that I heard the story of Fleury's journey to Verdun; and who, at one period of his life, had been a person of some celebrity in France. He was a *Conseiller à la grande Chambre du Parlement de Paris*, and had rendered himself very conspicuous during the disputes between the King and Parliament, by his strenuous and undaunted opposition to the enregistering of several of the King's edicts, in particular those of the *Séance Royale*, of the 19th of November, 1787. His popularity was prodigiously increased by the persecutions which he and another

struck with the light it appeared to throw upon a circumstance involved in great mystery, and which had annihilated the hopes of the French Royalists, hastened with all possible speed to impart it to several of his emigrant friends, who concurred in giving it implicit belief.

The town of Verdun had, in the month of August, 1792, been summoned to surrender by the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, commander of the combined armies of Austria and Prussia, assembled on the frontiers of France, for the avowed purpose of liberating the king and royal family, from the captivity in which they were then held. An ineffectual attempt to defend the place had been made by Monsieur de Beaumepaire, the governor, until finding himself opposed by the inhabitants, and unable to make further resistance, he took the desperate resolution of blowing out his brains, which he actually put into execution in full council. The garrison immediately capitulated, and having obtained leave to retire into the interior of France, the gates of Verdun were thrown open, and the King of Prussia entered it at the head of his army, the 2d of September, 1792.

The occupation of Verdun, by the King of Prussia, was hailed by the Royalists with the utmost joy; their dearest hopes seemed about to be fulfilled, and only a few days they expected would elapse, ere the King of Prussia would overcome every obstacle, enter Paris, set free the imprisoned monarch, reinstate him upon the throne of his ancestors, overthrow the power usurped by the Revolutionists, and restore to that unhappy country, deluged as it had been by blood, that peace and order, which had long been banished from it.

It was at this juncture, and whilst the King of Prussia was still at Verdun, that Beaumarchais called at the house of an actor, named Fleury, who had acquired prodigious applause in his performances at one of the theatres in Paris of the character of Frederick II., King of Prussia. Fleury had got an old coat worn by Frederick, his waistcoat, his hat, his boots, and he had contrived to make even his face bear a strong resemblance to the deceased monarch. Upon Beaumarchais knocking at Fleury's door, it was opened by a little girl of ten or twelve years old, the niece of Fleury, who, in answer to the inquiry, whether her uncle was at home, said that he was in the country.

"Will he be at home to-morrow?" asked Beaumarchais, who wished very much to see him.

"Oh, no," replied the girl, "my uncle will not be home for eight or ten days; he is gone to Verdun."

Beaumarchais turned from the door. Gone to Verdun, thought he; what can possibly have called Fleury to Verdun? certainly not the exercise of his profession—they have other things to occupy their attention just now—more serious work in hand than to be thinking of acting plays. Thus reasoned Beaumarchais; and as soon as the time

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Consiller, Monsieur d'Epremenil, underwent, in consequence of their exertions in supporting the rights of the Parliament. They were both arrested by *Lettres de Cachet*, and Sabathier was conveyed to the fortress of Mont St. Michel, in the Bay of Constance, and d'Epremenil to some other. The Duc d'Orleans, who had played a prominent part upon the latter occasion, being at the same time exiled to his own country-seat of Villers Cotterets. This Sabathier was afterwards employed by Bonaparte as Ambassador, or Envoy to Sweden.

fixed for Fleury's return was expired, he made another visit to his House, with better success, and was admitted, as they were upon terms of great intimacy.

Beaumarchais naturally asked Fleury what had occasioned his going from Paris so unexpectedly, and what business could have called him to Verdun. To his astonishment, he found his friend (contrary to his usual communicative manner) very shy of speaking upon the subject of his late journey, evading to answer any direct questions, and seemingly desirous to envelop the whole in an impenetrable veil of mystery. But the more Fleury laboured at concealment, the more Beaumarchais became convinced that this journey was connected with matters of importance; and he strove, by every means he could devise, to obtain the secret. Nothing, however could he elicit from the cautious Fleury, and the mind of Beaumarchais was still deeply engaged in forming conjectures, when a report was spread, that the King of Prussia, instead of marching to Paris for the relief of the king and royal family, as set forth in the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, had determined upon relinquishing any further attempt, and had actually withdrawn his army. Before the astonishment, which this very unexpected news occasioned, had subsided, an authentic account arrived confirming the disastrous intelligence, and of the Prussians being in full retreat. A change so sudden, and at a moment when the hopes of the Royalists had been raised to the highest pitch, came upon them like a clap of thunder; they were plunged into the deepest despair, and above all, the gallant band of emigrants, assembled under the banners of the king's two brothers, Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois, and commanded by the Prince de Condé; whilst men of noble families, and possessing large estates in France, who were serving in the ranks as common soldiers, submitting to the hardships and privations, which would have been severely felt by persons born in the lower classes of life, but which these gentlemen, sustained as they were by the hope of being the instruments destined by Providence to rescue their King, their country, and their families, from the galling yoke of the Revolutionists, bore, with a patience and devotedness, truly heroic. Every possible endeavour was tried to induce the King of Prussia to revoke this cruel resolve, but in vain; and no alternative was left to them but the heart-rendering sacrifice of their long-cherished hopes, and the painful necessity of disbanding their little army.

Conjecture was of course busy in assigning reasons for the King of Prussia's abandonment of a cause, which he had espoused with an ardour that promised the happiest result. One report, which was propagated by the Revolutionists, stated that the measure had originated from a letter written by Louis XVI. to the King of Prussia; but nothing could less bear the semblance of truth, than that the unhappy monarch would himself have assisted to rivet his own fetters, and stop the progress of an army rapidly advancing to Paris for his deliverance; or if, in fact, such a letter had been written by him, was it not obvious that it must have been done under the control of his jailers, dictated by them, and not expressive of his own sentiments; and ought it not to have been treated as such by the King of Prussia? Another, and by far a more prevalent rumour, affirmed that the King of Prussia had seen the spirit of his uncle, Frederick II., who, in menacing terms, forbade his further

advance into the French territory, and commanded him, upon pain of his vengeance, to retrace his steps to his own dominions.

This last rumour obtained very general belief, strengthened as it was, by its being well known that his Prussian Majesty was intimately acquainted with several of the Illuminees, disciples of Swedenborg, who affirmed that the favoured few, who were initiated into their unhallowed rites, possessed the power of invoking the dead, of recalling the disembodied spirit back to earth, compelling it by their incantations, to submit to interrogation, and to answer whatever questions they might think fit to propose. No sooner did this last rumour reach Beaumarchais, than the light seemed to flash upon his mind, and he was convinced that he had got a clue to all Fleury's proceedings. With indefatigable research he ascertained, that Fleury's journey to Verdun tallied exactly with the time that the spirit of Frederick II. was said to have appeared; but his strictest inquiries could not obtain the slightest information respecting Fleury's sojourn at Verdun,—no one had seen him, no one had heard of him, his name had never been mentioned. By comparing all that he had heard, Beaumarchais was confirmed in his opinion, that the talents of Fleury had been brought into action for a great political purpose, that of imposing upon the King of Prussia, whose mind being in some degree predisposed in favour of the power of the Illuminees, was wrought upon to believe that he had actually seen his deceased uncle, of whom, whilst living, he had stood exceedingly in awe; and received from him the order, which struck the death-blow to the unfortunate Louis, his Queen, his Sister, and his Son.

A mind of much less acuteness than that of Beaumarchais, would naturally have drawn the same inference that he did, from the coincidence of the above-mentioned circumstances. If the story of the illusion practised upon the King of Prussia had any foundation in truth, no doubt could be entertained of its having been effected by means of some deep-laid scheme—no common artifice, no stale juggling tricks, had been resorted to; and what stratagem so likely to have been devised, as having recourse to Fleury's resemblance in person, voice, and manner, to the celebrated Frederick II., the Solomon of the North?

How any person impressed with a just sense of the Divine wisdom and goodness, could for one moment harbour the belief that the Supreme Being ever had delegated, or even would delegate so large a portion of his power to a sinful creature of mere earthly mould, is a question which is quite incomprehensible. Yet, certain it is, that all nations, civilized as well as barbarous, and in all ages, from Jannes and Jambres, who withstood Moses, to the present time, there have been impostors, who, by various artifices, have contrived to deceive mankind with pretended miracles, and supernatural appearances. None more effectually than the Illuminees, who, towards the end of the last century, were so much talked of in every country of Europe, particularly in Germany, which was the principal theatre of their operations. What rendered their success most surprising, was, that the proselytes were not generally credulous, weak-minded persons, easily led astray by such charlatans as Cagliostro, Mesmer, &c., but very many of them were men of strong minds, and highly-cultivated understandings.

I had opportunities of hearing much upon this subject, from both English and Foreigners, who had been personally acquainted with the



Comte de St. Germain, Cagliostro, Mesmer, and Le Roi. But I shall, for the present, take my leave of them, with an extraordinary story which I heard told, at an early period of the French Revolution, at the Comtesse de Boufflers's.\*

The narrator was the Comtesse de Balbi, at that time the acknowledged favourite of Monsieur,† brother of Louis XVI. ; the fascination of whose conversation, although unaided by the charms of beauty, fully justified the influence she was said to hold over her royal friend. She had very lately arrived from Paris, where the Rosicrusians and Illuminees were much spoken of ; and, when mentioned at Madame de Boufflers's, Madame de Balbi said she could give a very remarkable instance of the lamentable effects of becoming an Illuminee, produced upon the Comte de Caylus,‡ not only to the subversion of his understanding, but, as she firmly believed, to the forfeiture of his life.

The Comte de Caylus was known to most of the company, as highly distinguished for his literature, and as having acquired deserved celebrity by his antiquarian researches, and the engravings published from his beautiful drawings ; yet this man, endowed, as he undoubtedly was, with a superior and enlightened understanding, was completely deluded into a conviction of himself possessing the power of invoking the spirits of the dead.

Madame de Balbi said, that the story had been told to her by Madame de Bonneuil, with whom she was well acquainted, and whose husband was *premier valet-de-chambre* to Monsieur.§ The Comte de Caylus lived in great intimacy with Monsieur and Madame Bonneuil, and to the latter he frequently spoke, with most profound reverence, of the wonders, which his command over certain spirits enabled him to perform ; and of the extraordinary discoveries he had made, by his intercourse with several illustrious persons, who had ceased to be inhabitants of earth ; expatiating, at the same time, upon the vast superiority enjoyed by the Illuminees, over all other human beings. These communications often repeated, and by one so gifted as the Comte de Caylus, could not fail making, in time, some impression upon the mind of Madame de Bonneuil ; she listened until she began to consider the improbability of the Comte's having any motive for attempting to deceive her ; and from thence she was led to hope, that if in reality he had acquired the ascendancy of which he boasted, over certain evil spirits, she might, through his agency be indulged with the gratification which she ardently

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\* The Comtesse de Boufflers, the friend of Walpole, Gibbon, and Hume, was celebrated for her beauty, had been the *chère amie* of the Prince de Conté, and had even, at one time, aspired to the honour of becoming his wife, as Madame de Montesson had been of the Duc d'Orleans, father of Egalité.

† Since Louis XVIII.

‡ "The celebrated Comte de Caylus, had such an antipathy to a Capuchin friar, that he was scarcely able to keep himself from fainting at the sight of one. The origin of this antipathy is referred to an incident said to have happened to him, while playing at the game of Tric-trac, with one of his friends. He suddenly fancied that he perceived on the dice a clot of blood, and lifting up his eyes, he saw the appearance of a Capuchin friar in the apartment. Struck with the extraordinary sight, he cried 'Heavens, what an omen ! My brother who is in the army, has assuredly been killed in battle !' A few days afterwards, a monk of this order, brought him the afflicting news as he had presaged. The hour and even the minute of his brother's death, corresponded exactly with that at which he had discovered the bloody intimation."—*Literary Panorama*, 1811.

§ Louis XVIII.

desired, of seeing and conversing with a friend whose memory she cherished. In one of her interviews with the Comte, she made known her wishes, and very earnestly entreated him to invoke the spirits in her behalf. After much solicitation on her part, and some reluctance on his, the Comte consented to her request; but only upon condition that she would solemnly promise to follow implicitly his direction, not to move from the place which he should assign to her; to observe the most profound silence, and not to utter the slightest sound during the performance of the ceremony. To these terms, Madame de Bonneuil gave her ready assent, and waited with great anxiety for the summons which she expected from her friend, appointing a meeting. After a short interval, a day was fixed by the Comte, and Madame de Bonneuil was punctual in her attendance. Arrived at the house of the Comte, he received her at the door of his apartment, dressed in black, and with a more than usual solemnity of countenance and demeanour, he accosted her in a low tone of voice, scarce above a whisper, and reminded her of the pledge she had given, neither to move nor speak; assuring her, at the same time, that it was of the utmost consequence, both to her own life and to his, that she should strictly observe the profound silence he had enjoined. Madame de Bonneuil repeated the promise, and again assured the Comte, that he might rely upon her taciturnity, and her conforming rigidly in every respect to his instructions. The Comte then led her through two or three rooms, all hung with black, receiving light from only a few lamps, so sparingly distributed, that they served rather to increase than to dispel the sepulchral gloom. The last room which she entered was darker, and much more *lugubre* than the others, it seemed fitted up for the express purpose of inspiring horror; for, by the very feeble light which a single lamp afforded, she could perceive the sad emblems of mortality, skulls and crossbones affixed to the walls. Madame de Bonneuil shuddered, and was somewhat dismayed; but the presence of the Comte gave her confidence, and, after a few minutes' consideration, she fancied herself capable of awaiting the result, if not with courage, at least without betraying fear, as the Comte had not imposed upon her any act that could in any way be repugnant to her feelings—all she had to do, was to be passive, silent, and immoveable.

The Comte having conducted her to the seat which she was to occupy, began the ceremony by drawing a circle around himself with a wand; he then proceeded to throw the ingredients, which composed the spell, into a vessel prepared for the purpose, from whence issued a dense smoke, muttering at the same time incantations in a low voice, until he worked himself up to the loudest and most vehement tone of command, accompanied with the wild gestures and horrid contortions of a demoniac. The courage of Madame de Bonneuil began to give way; and at the moment when screams and yells, the most dreadful and terrific, assailed her ear, she became so completely appalled, that she lost all self-possession; and, to utter one answering and involuntary scream, and to rush from the room before the Comte could stop her, was the work of an instant. Almost breathless, she traversed the apartments, flung herself into her carriage which was waiting at the door, and by the time she reached her own house, was seriously ill from the effects of the terror she had undergone. During her illness, which lasted several days, she neither saw nor heard of the Comte de Caylus; at last,

after some considerable time had elapsed, he came, but so changed in his appearance, that she was greatly struck with it; his countenance was woe-begone, and his conversation the most melancholy. He reproached her with having so strenuously urged him to put forth his power of calling up the dead, and deceiving him by the promise of implicitly following his directions. His reliance upon her had induced him, he said, to make use of the most powerful spells, and summon to his aid malignant demons, which could only be kept in awe by severity—that her scream had broken the charm—the demons had obtained the mastery over him, and nothing but his life would expiate his offence. Poor Madame de Bonneuil, excessively distressed at hearing the Comte talk in this strain, endeavoured to reason with him, but without the slightest effect; and he parted from her as one who “bids the world good night,” assuring her that they should never meet again on this side of the grave, for that he had but a short time to live, ere the fiends whom she had insulted would demand him as their victim.

Whether the Comte de Caylus was at the time suffering from any malady likely to put a speedy period to his existence, or whether the mental delusion under which he laboured produced a fatal effect upon his body, certain it is, that very soon, within a few weeks after this interview, Madame de Bonneuil learnt that the Comte de Caylus was dead!!!

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## A MANUAL FOR SUITORS.

INCLUDING A FEW REMARKS ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE  
WEATHER ON TEMPER.

BY OLIVER OLDRUM, GENT.

I HAVE lived the better part of sixty years in the world, and have mingled with every description of persons. I therefore think I know something of mankind. I also think, that as such is the case, I ought to communicate my knowledge, which I have methodized after long observation and reflection. Out of my stores, I have selected the matter of the following pages, as being likely to become serviceable to individuals of every class; for there is hardly one who has not occasion, at some period or other of his life, to ask a favour, and it is of the greatest importance to do so at the most proper time, and in a proper manner. When we do make up our minds to solicit another for something highly essential,\* we should use every exertion to avoid a repulse. Like a cautious general, we should reconnoitre the besieged, ascertain the weak points, and consider the best time and means for making the assault. To proceed with the simile—it is better to keep in our quarters, when there is an overpowering force against us, than rashly to advance to the

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\* It is only objects of that description that are referred to here. Trivial objects may be sought with less effort.

attack with every probability of being overthrown. I have known men, who having many occasions to ask favours, and allowing themselves to be guided only by their desire to obtain them, have rushed forward with their applications at unsuitable periods, and have consequently met with nothing but insult and disappointment. Had they possessed but a small portion of the knowledge of mankind which I have attained, they would have been spared from some of these mortifications; I cannot say from all of them, because, even with my acquaintance with temper, and the peculiar circumstances which are apt to affect it, I would not undertake to ensure a favourable result in every case, but I will undertake to ensure the probability of success if my rules, as here set forth, are properly attended to.

I have stated at the head of this article, something about “the influence of the weather on temper.” Now, I dare say many who have read it exclaimed, “What! have we got another weathercock fellow? are we to have predictions of the *days* of the year when good nature is to be frozen up—when it is to shower down benefits, or when passion is to be stormy or changeable?” No, gentlemen, you are wrong. I do not present to you an *almanack* of such matters for any given year; but, in addition to my rules, I do certainly profess to instruct you, as a permanent guide, what certain winds and temperature are likely to render persons of naturally mild, or of passionate disposition, either propitious or unpropitious for dispensing favours. However, you must take other circumstances in connexion with these; and the several rules and observations which are here given are therefore to be attended to jointly with the remarks relative to the effect of the weather. I do not say that the state of the weather will always point out the condition of a man’s temper, because there may be counteractions in the state of his health or affairs; but I do say, that whatever may be his peculiar situation in those respects, he will be more or less affected by the secret influence of the condition of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind. Consequently, if we know what will be the probable effect of the weather upon certain temperaments, we must look to that effect as well as to other peculiar circumstances in selecting a proper time to make our advances.

I divide mankind into two classes—mild and violent. There are many other classes of temper which may be ranked between these, but it will be enough for our purpose to take only the two extremes.

My experience has instructed me thus:

IN THE WINTER		
	<i>Mild Persons are</i>	<i>Violent Persons are</i>
If the wind is north or north-west, and a dry, intense cold.	Lively, sometimes hasty.	Quick and surly.
If with the same wind there is rain or snow, and very cold.	Frequently testy.	Liable to gusts of passion.
If the wind is north-east or easterly, dry and cold.	Testy, rather impatient.	Passionate, insolent.
If with the same wind it is wet—cold.	Impatient, very testy.	Very passionate.
If with a south wind it is dry, cold moderate.	Placid, polite.	Tolerably composed.

If with the same wind, or if south-west, and it is wet, cold moderate.	{ Dull, rather disinclined to any solicitation.	Moody, surly.
If the wind is due west, dry and cold.	{ Cheerful, brisk.	Active, but very hasty.
If with the same wind it is wet—cold.	{ Rather testy.	Frequently surly and passionate.
Fogs, a dark sky, strong winds, thunder-storms, are all adverse. When these have passed off, the period is favourable.		

The effect of the winds on temper at the other seasons of the year, may be estimated from the above; but a favourable allowance must always be made for improved temperature.

In the *spring*, when the dregs of the winter are quite got rid of, improvement in the temper is remarkably rapid. The advance of Phœbus promotes the growth of goodnature, and with the earliest flowers we may expect favours.

In the *summer*, extreme heat occasions a lassitude that disinclines men for more engagements than are absolutely required. It is, in fact, a period of general relaxation amongst the great and superior classes; and men of this order do not like to be stirred up by applications, be the weather what it may. But in cases where it is necessary for you not to lose time, do not make your visit, or if you write, do not allow your letter, if possible, to be delivered to your great man, before one or two o'clock in the day. If you know his habits, you may be aware of his time of rising in the morning, and you will take care not to have your request before him until he has been duly refreshed. The highest hopes, upon which immediate support or future fortunes may depend, are liable to be destroyed by the coffee or chocolate not having had time to clear away from the brain of a patron the vapours with which he may have arisen. Every one must have felt, that *at all seasons*, on quitting the couch, some time is required to get the system into an active state. The blood moves sluggishly along, until exercise, immediately followed by internal refreshment, sets its current in a brisk and happy condition. Let, then, *at all periods of the year*, the morning be well advanced before you venture to stir up the energies of a dispenser of favours. The evening is rarely a fit time—it is a period of relaxation, and should not be invaded.

But we must attend to other circumstances in respect to the time of making requests. It should, if possible, be ascertained whether there is any thing that exists relative to the party to be addressed, that would make it unsuitable to take up his attention at that particular period. I would not, for instance, solicit a minister, or a member of parliament, immediately after a fatiguing debate, and particularly after a defeat, or after having blundered in his speech, and been very often “Oh—oh’d!” Neither would I advise you to address a man when he has some immediate great design in hand; nor just after any serious loss in his family, his purse, or as respects his general interests: nor during indisposition, particularly whilst labouring under a severe cold, which I have often observed greatly affects the equanimity of the temper. Convalescence is, in general, a favourable period. Discreet applicants will always allow

their acquaintance with such matters to guide them to a fit time for making their requests.

So far with respect to this portion of my suggestions; only, I will add, that the foregoing may be considered applicable in a great degree to all classes, after making due allowance for difference of circumstances or habits.

I now will claim attention to the following rules and observations :

**FIRST.—AS REGARDS APPLICATIONS TO SUPERIORS.**

**Rule I.—*Be not presumptuous.***

*Ob.*—To imagine you have only to ask, and are sure of obtaining your wish, is very likely to be fatal to your expectations, because you are apt to neglect every thing that may be necessary to support them.

**Rule II.—*Do not solicit in a flippant manner.***

*Ob.*—If a favour is valuable, surely it should be sought in a way to show that, if obtained, it would be felt to be of consequence, and the patron will then consider that his good offices are worth bestowing on the individual.

**Rule III.—*Be moderate in your requests.***

*Ob.*—Excessive desires produce disgust.

**Rule IV.—*Never ask for what you are unfitted to exercise.***

*Ob.*—If your character or acquirements are known to be insufficient, you are immediately rejected. If not known, and you are at first successful, ultimately you are disgraced.

**Rule V.—*Always appear neatly and respectably attired.***

*Ob.*—Those great men who love to dress themselves in the extreme of fashion, do not admire rivals in the same way. Those who dress plainly, are disgusted with the bedaubings of rings, gold chains, and brilliant shirt-pins, as well as with the cut of excessive fashion in regard to clothes. A real gentleman dresses in good broad cloth, shaped so as to fit well, but without the least appearance of study. The head is generally considered as not well attended to, when the rest of the person appears to have greatly occupied it in the way of adornment.

**Rule VI.—*Your address should be respectful, but without constraint.***

*Ob.*—The air with which a man approaches one above him in station, is the first thing that is observed. If it displeases, there is a prejudice to be overcome, which it is often difficult to effect, as the great seldom will take the trouble to undo their prepossessions.

**Rule VII.—*Never flatter.***

*Ob.*—Few can praise a man in so delicate a way as not to offend. Besides, some dislike it altogether; therefore it should never be resorted to. It is a sneaking, paltry manoeuvre; no arts of the kind should be used; be plain and open.

**Rule VIII.—*Do not be prolix.***

*Ob.*—It is generally best to come to the point at once. If you do not, conjectures may arise before you have half done, of a disadvantageous nature.

**Rule IX.—*Hear patiently, and reply modestly, and to the purpose.***

*Ob.*—A sensible man will know how to act under adverse circumstances. A fool will soon settle his business the wrong way.



**Rule X.—***Do not press your requests too anxiously, nor too frequently.*

**Ob.—**The great will not suffer themselves to be pestered.

**Rule XI.—***If you write, let your epistle be short and pithy.*

**Ob.—**A long letter often meets with short consideration. It is frequently read carelessly; and even if read through, generally fails to make a lasting impression. People should recollect that a man who has many applications, cannot devote time to a very reflective perusal of wordy long essays on individual necessities.

**Rule XII.—***Show good humour and respect, although your wishes are not complied with.*

**Ob.—**It will not mend matters to look or act angrily when refused; but there may, perhaps, be much done for your cause by evincing a well-governed temper under disappointments. It cannot fail to be remarked, and where you have a generous man to deal with, a feeling of regard, and a desire to do you some good office, are likely to be created.

**Rule XIII.—***Be grateful upon success.*

**Ob.—**A kindness should never be forgotten, even long after independence. Such a return is honourable to both parties.

I need hardly add, that *punctuality* in keeping appointments is most important.

#### SECONDLY—AS REGARDS APPLICATIONS TO EQUALS.

Many of the foregoing Rules will apply here—such as the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 7th, 9th, 12th, and 13th. To these may be added—

That, if circumstances admit of it, let there be a reciprocity of kindness, not offered as a bribe, but bestowed as a just recompence. The power of conferring mutual benefits is granted by Providence to bind society together, and we should never neglect to use it.

#### THIRDLY—WITH RESPECT TO APPLICATIONS TO INFERIORS.

Between gentlemen, in the true sense of the word, although of unequal rank, a departure from good-breeding is not to be anticipated. The man of highest order, however, is not to ask a favour bearing with him the weight of his station, lest he meet a lofty and independent spirit that spurns such a mode of approach. A desirable object must be sought for between the higher classes, as well as amongst the other classes, after some study of circumstances affecting either position or temper, and be pursued accordingly.

As we have often persons to solicit who are much beneath us in rank and education, it is proper to consider how we should conduct ourselves towards them. And under this head I will say,

*You should be free without vulgarity.*

If you descend in language and manner, you are likely to meet with no respect. If you show too much of the superior, the pride of the inferior is roused. I knew a *soi-disant* gentleman who sometimes had occasion to ask favours of small tradesmen. He always resorted to the low art of putting himself for the time upon a level with them. He would imitate their habits and conversation; enter fully into the spirit of their coarse jokes; hob-nob out of the same pot of porter, and even “blow a cloud” with them, to his great personal inconvenience. What was the consequence? Why, he lost the advantage of retaining

respect—a suspicion of sinister views was created—he was treated as he had acted—coarsely, and generally did not attain his object.

It is best always to deal with persons of the humbler classes upon the clear footing of each understanding their respective position, to avow at once your desire, and bring it to a point in distinct terms.

Candidates for popular favours should particularly observe such a line of conduct. The John Bull spirit dislikes all trickery in manners—it favours a hearty, plain-spoken address, that shows the applicant one of the same sort ; whilst an acknowledgment of the superiority of station, talent, and education, which give additional force and lustre to the expression of honest and independent principles, is fully awarded.

#### FOURTHLY—AS RESPECTS SUITORS TO THE LADIES.

Here is a difficult task for me ! The ladies ! young ladies and old ! What can *I* say on this subject, whose experience has been more limited than that of many others ? What can I do then but speak of them as I have found them, and as generally as possible ?

I do then declare, that I consider the ladies as forming one class, provided they have been well educated, and I do not intend to refer to any other than such. I maintain that the characteristics of the class are innocence, enduring virtue, and devotedness.

—————“ Thy daughters I,  
BRITANNIA, hail ! for beauty is their own,  
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
And elegance and taste.”

The ladies, however, are subject, occasionally, to strong prejudices, from drawing such knowledge of the world as they possess more from books and conversation than from personal acquaintance with its habits and its scenes. Unused to exercise the sterner qualities of the mind, women frequently form wrong judgments ; but they generally advocate the lenient side of the question, and form a conclusion rather by the heart than the head. They thus tend to soften down the rigidity of the masculine mind, and intercept the harshness of its opinions and decisions. They are the silken bonds of society, which keep men in a great degree in peace and harmony with each other. They give such a charm to the domicile, that even the erratic and change-loving sons of folly often sigh for the delights of home.

When any thing is sought at the hands of these kindly-disposed creatures, a generous man will avoid an undue trespass on their good nature or inexperience. He will speak to them with candour, and not permit a single interest of theirs to be sacrificed to promote his wishes. He will, of course, to attain a legitimate object, be at liberty to endeavour to avert refusal, where temper or prejudice are liable to stand in his way ; and, consequently, he will select the fittest time and circumstances to prefer his requests—he will be all politeness, and take care to allow the lady her full share of the conversation ; yielding where it is “ folly to be wise,” and strongly advocating her sentiments when they can possibly accord with his own.

Should the object be, not to obtain some gift or personal advantage, but to win a heart and a wife—let not the ardour of affection cause you to forget that you are seeking the favour of a being of this world. The poetical folly of lovers has led many a man to sacrifice not only his own

peace but that of the lady he adored; and not unfrequently has produced ridicule instead of love. Proceed rationally and sincerely. Prove yourself a man of sense and virtue, without mercenary motives. Seek your fair one at times when there is nothing likely to be unpropitious. Do not converse with her as if she were a baby, but treat her as one possessing qualities, equal, if not superior, to your own. Endeavour to make her, and every one around her, happy. No woful looks—no silly sighs—no doleful speeches. Women generally laugh at all this, and properly too. If you are bantered with, banter on your part. Give smile for smile; measure thoughts and tastes, and let them run parallel:—yet turn your lady's sombre ones delicately into a happier channel. It is your business to let in the sunshine—to cull the brightest flowers and sweetest odours of life—to make happy the one from whom you expect happiness. If you act thus, bearing about you no foppery, no gross disqualifications, and wooing a lady whose heart is free, and is really worth having, it is highly probable that you will succeed.

It may be asked of me, "Pray, Mr. Oldrum, can you give us any proof, from your own personal success in the way of favours requested by you, of the efficacy of your system?" I reply, decidedly, I can. I have solicited for a place, and have got it. I have wooed a lady, and have her for my wife. With respect to the place: I had apparently no chance of obtaining it, for I had no parliamentary interest. But I selected my time of application judiciously. I knew my desired patron was a man of business—had little leisure, being engaged almost incessantly in important state affairs. I learnt his habits. I was aware that his general disposition was kind, but then I had no claim on him for good offices. However, I called upon him one fine morning, just after he had taken his chocolate. He was in his private apartment, in his dressing-gown, and seated in his arm-chair. He was lively, and at his ease; my interview ran smooth. He wished to do me a kindness, he said, if possible; he would see what could be done. Six months elapsed without my venturing to seek another interview, which might not altogether have combined so many favouring circumstances. At length, I have no doubt that the pleasant sensations which he felt when I had seen him, and which arose from delightful weather, and recent refreshment of the system, became connected in his memory with my visit and request: the result undoubtedly turned out to be, that I was agreeably recollected, and he obtained my wished-for object.

With respect to my other point of success: I saw my fair one, and became enamoured with her person and her virtues. But knowing that ladies will sometimes be fastidious, and must have their little peculiarities attended to; and not being a vain fop, who thought so highly of himself as to set at nought every thing but the supposed power of his figure and address; nor thinking contemptibly, as such fools generally do, of the female character, I studied to please by unobtrusive means. I did not constantly dangle after the young lady; I sought her society at times when it was likely the greatest number of favouring circumstances would occur. I watched the weather; her freedom from any engagements that my presence might not have suited. I never allowed a disagreeable general subject to escape from me in conversation. I spread the blooming flowers of life before her; picturing out scenes of happiness; elevating her mind to something beyond the dull routine of

common existence. I never forgot I was addressing a woman of virtue, nor ever allowed her to imagine that I did not think highly of her abilities and acquirements. Yet I never uttered gross and vulgar flattery. She judged of my regard for her, by my respect for all that is valuable in the character of woman. I proposed a walk or ride only when the state of the air was grateful. I never allowed it to be prolonged until she was fatigued; and took care to suit the direction to her immediate taste or wish. I sought out pleasing objects for her occupation, and fresh sources of elegant amusement. Thus, lasting, favourable impressions, derivable from temporary scenes and circumstances of an agreeable nature, combined, I may flatter myself, with some recommendations of a more personal description, were the result, and I became the happy fellow I wished to be. The system of my courtship, however, was not abandoned after marriage. I have ever made it a principle to please the woman of my choice in every rational way; and my old lady and I might still be deemed a pair of lovers.

And now I think I may close these few suggestions with wishing success to all who have *fair* objects to attain; and with converting myself into a *suitor*. I would, then, *beg the favour* of my readers not to call OLIVER OLDRUM an "old fool."

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### SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.—No. III.\*

I do not know whether it was that this return to womanhood—which was, after all, a most unnatural condition to me—demanded a still greater exertion of manly courage to make me pardon myself, for having thus, in the face of the army acknowledged my petticoats; but certain it is, that at the battle of Fleurus, which very soon followed this adventure, I fought like a fiend, and did such actions as drew upon me the attention of the whole division. I had, as I believe I have observed to you, the painful conviction that this affair would be our last, and therefore I determined to win glory, and wear it, dead, at least, if not living. With this object, during the heat of the battle, I put aside my trumpet, took to my sabre, and attacked most vigorously a young Prussian cornet, who was so much of my own match, that it seemed as if he had been born on purpose to fight with me. He was really a gallant lad; closely cuddling his colours, and yet hacking away all round him most manfully. I took a fancy to this standard, and I thought I should see my Emperor smile once more, if I could present it to him; so to it I went, and the cornet and I hit away, right and left, like a couple of devils. As we were, as near as possible, of the same size, age, strength, and activity, all was tolerably fair play between us, till he drew out a pistol and fired it, aiming at my head. As my horse was curvetting at a most unreasonable rate at this moment, kicking up his heels as high as he could in the air, it followed that my head was lower

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\* Continued from No. ccxvii., page 56.

than his ramp, which had therefore the full benefit of the Prussian officer's charge. Of course, this little touch up to his hinder quarters, did not make him caper the less; on the contrary, kicking up behind most furiously, he shot me fairly out of my own saddle on to the cornet's, or rather on the cornet's own person, to which I clung with a most cat-like tenacity and perseverance, and began to tear away the Prussian's colours. The cornet's horse, not understanding the double duty of two masters, and by no means relishing a battle on his back, threw us both off, and stood quietly by us, looking on, with an air which said as plain as if he had spoken, "Fight it out, gentlemen, I can wait." And so he did, for ten minutes after, I was remounted on him, with the Prussian colours twisted tight round my body, galloping off in the direction of the baggage with my prize, when an officer of the Prussian cavalry recognising *his* Eagle, which unlike ours was black, made a dash at me, and finding he could not easily untwist the standard from my person, endeavoured to free it with his sabre. This arrangement being by no means to my taste, I parried his blows; but receiving a most ugly cut on the head, and perceiving very soon, that I had met my master, and that a second favour of the same colour would not only release my colours, but my life into the bargain, I did not think it necessary to wait for it; so, setting spurs to my conquered horse, I galloped off to the rear as fast as I could, first giving my antagonist the charge of one of my pistols, as close to his ear as possible, in order to prevent his taking the trouble to follow me. I suppose the whisper required some attention; for, though he did not fall from his horse in my presence, I saw him turn bridle, and scour off the field in the direction of the Prussian line, as fast as he possibly could.

My severe wound, my gallant conduct, and my conquered colours, were the praise of every body after the battle; and my colonel having told the Emperor my earnest desire to offer them to him, he came himself to the hospital to see me, and accepted them with a goodness that made me proud of suffering for him. "Have I not seen thee before, my gallant lad?" said he. "I am sorry to find thee disabled just now, when hearts and hands like thine are so scarce, and so wanting—ah! if all had done like thee!" He stopped short, and I think—his eyes were otherwise so unnaturally bright—that I saw a tear in them. I am not sure of this, for it certainly did not fall; but that is no reason, for even tears dared not disobey him, nor fall, contrary to his good pleasure. It was the last time I ever saw him, and my heart swelled as he turned from my bed, for I felt his pain more than my own. If I could have sat my horse, nothing should have kept me from Waterloo, the "tomb of his glory," as some of these French fools call it! The tomb! as if glory could ever be entombed! Why it's like shutting out light, that peeps through the smallest crevice, banish it how you will!

I shall never forget what I suffered on that day, nor how sincerely I cursed my wound, that would not allow me the satisfaction to kill an Englishman or two, and send a complimentary bullet after their general. I liked him better when I heard that he was sorry to see us so cruelly out down, and tried to save the guard from their fate. That was noble, and like a true soldier: for really brave men always love each

other after the battle, however they may hate while fighting it. If Napoleon and he could have met afterwards, and had been left alone to settle affairs, I am sure they would have been much better settled : but when all was left to the politicians by trade, of course all went wrong ; for what should such fellows know of settling kingdoms ? — animals that never drew a sabre in their lives, nor smelt the crack of a carbine.

I wandered about, unhappy enough, for some time scarcely knowing what to do with my newly-acquired liberty, for as there was no longer any war, I easily obtained my discharge. I detest a soldier's life in time of peace, as much as I love it in time of war ; one is always happy in active service, but a lazy, lounging, smoking garrison existence I cannot endure. A soldier must drink all day long by way of having something to do, and quarrel for ever with his comrades in order to keep his hand in. So I retired, and with the sums which I had gained in the service, the plunder I had won from our enemies, the money which I had made by the various trades I exercised, and the English colonel's hundred pounds, I lived very handsomely, and travelled about over all France, enjoying myself quite at my ease, till about four years ago ; when an unfortunate idea came into my head, that I would visit home and see how things were going on there. This whim clung to me so closely, that I was obliged to satisfy it ; and accordingly set out on my journey to visit my native village, which I had not seen for nearly ten years.

Some changes had occurred in it, of course, during the period of my long absence—the greatest and most important to me was the death of my father, who, however, had left me his little property and his forgiveness ; the latter, to inherit from the moment of his death—the former, not till the death of my mother. I was in no hurry to possess my fortune,—I was rich enough, and sincerely glad to find the poor old woman still alive, and comfortably provided for ; she was heartily rejoiced to see me. And now I could have been happy enough, if I had been allowed to be so after my own manner : that is, to live single, independent, taking care of the farm, and of my mother, and entirely master of my time and actions. But this was not permitted me ; my dear friends and relations, who took an interest in my happiness, and who knew better than I did what was fitting for me, determined it should be otherwise. They began their operations, by putting it into my mother's head that I ought to marry, and give grandchildren to her old age, and a son-in-law who could improve the property ; that it was neither honest nor respectable in me to live quite differently from every body else ; and that, in short, by the mode of conduct which I had adopted, I stood a great chance of being totally abandoned in this world, and perhaps in the next. From this hour my persecutions began ; between my mother's prayers and tears, and the entreaties, reasonings, and menaces of all my dear relations, male and female, especially those who had disposable sons and brothers, I had not one moment's peace. At first I laughed, then I reasoned, then I got angry ; all to no purpose. No sooner had I argued one jackass into silence, than another began to bray ; had there been only one or two of them, I should have known how to settle it, but I could not horsewhip them all, with my mother at their head. I tried to make the men hate me ;



I treated them with contempt, proved to them that they were fools, and, most daring of all, reproached them with their ugliness. I hoped by these means to make them detest me, and I believe I succeeded; but they knew that I had nearly a thousand francs a year, and I did not succeed in making them detest that. I threatened to destroy myself, but that idea did not give them any very great alarm; for then, my money would have been divided among them. I bore this insufferable torment during a whole year, my mother weeping herself nearly blind in the hope of having a grandson! Oh, how I detested the idea! since, for this absurd reason, I was to give up my darling liberty, and learn to be obedient to one of those selfish beings, who would not hesitate to mar my happiness to make their own fortune.

Well, to shorten a long tale, my courage and patience at last wore out, and I consented to give my mother a grandson; but no persuasion, could induce me to marry. I resolved not to profane the sacred ceremony with false promises. I did not love, and I knew that I should not obey; and, therefore, I would not tell a lie at the altar. I offered very fairly, to contract a civil marriage for a couple of years,—being at liberty at the end of that period, either to wed for life, or separate entirely, according to my experience of that period. This was all they could obtain from me; firm to this point, I obliged my dear friends and relatives to give up their kind intentions and submit to mine; and I enforced this council with a hint that they thought worth attending to: I remarked to them, that the Greeks, in their quarrels with Turkey, had the good wishes of the French, and that my sabre was growing rusty! They took the hint, and were silent.

My civil marriage, at length, took place, in presence of all my friends, and, instead of the religious ceremony, I substituted a military one; as I had not the slightest preference for any one of the half-dozen presented to me for choice, and my mother recommending them all, I made them throw dice for the honour of spending my money, and he, to whose lot I thus fell, was not a greater drunkard, and not quite so much of a brawler as the rest; so, that all things considered, I did not complain, but submitted to fulfil my destiny, which, bad as it was, might have been worse, as they told me, by way of encouragement.

Things went on tolerably well for the first year, at the end of which I had a son, who, to my infinite grief and regret, died before the conclusion of the next. My child had a little reconciled me to domestic life, and I was beginning almost to love my husband, when I thought I observed a great change in his conduct and manners towards me, and some months afterwards, he seemed vexed and irritated when I announced to him the prospect of his again being a father. I, however, forgave him his neglect of me, and only recalled the affection which I was going to give him, back to my heart, in order to hoard it there for my child. I was neither handsome nor amiable, so I did not quarrel with him for preferring those who were; but when I discovered that he was dissipating my little fortune—my father's hard-earned savings, my own hard-won gold.—Oh! then indeed, I entirely lost patience, and gave him my opinion in no very measured terms, which offended the gentleman so much, that robbing me of as much of my own, and my mother's savings, of which I had the care, as he could get at, a sum

nearly amounting to three thousand francs, he ran off early one morning with his favourite damsel, and was absent a whole day before I had discovered my loss—of the money, I mean, for his was of no importance. I soon got a clue to his retreat, and set out in pursuit; for though I cared very little about his person, I was not so indifferent about my three thousand francs. I found the precious pair at a village, about two miles from this place, where I made a peaceable proposition to him. I offered to give him his liberty, and half the money he had carried off, upon condition of his restoring the other half, which I should need for the expenses of my approaching confinement, and also for those of my journey home, and to give him five hundred francs to help to re-establish him, in the course of the following six months. You would imagine, doubtless, that glad to be rid of me, he would accept my terms, which were generous, quietly. No such thing! At so great a distance from our native town, he knew that I could not easily prove our relationship to each other, and therefore hit upon a better method to get rid of me, and keep all the money. He swore that I was an impostor; a woman well known for going about the country, claiming fathers for her children, of which I had produced one every year; that very far from having any money belonging to me, he had given me small sums to relieve my distress very often; that I was the terror of all the farmers in our neighbourhood, and that he himself had been obliged to quit his native village to escape my importunities. This impudence was readily believed by the understrappers of the authorities, the fat brutal substitute of the Mayor, and the legal robbers under his orders, and was corroborated by his companion, who appeared in the character of his unhappy wife, made wretched by my connexion with her husband. The rest of our hearers, little interested for a woman, who was neither young nor handsome, adopted their opinion, and I saw myself condemned and abandoned by all. Oh! how I cursed marriage, children, peace, and domestic life, and how I longed for my trumpet, sabre, and the liberty of the bivouac! These thoughts drove me mad. Seeing clearly that I should obtain nothing like justice for myself, I determined to render it to others on the spot; and for that purpose applied to my strongest argument—a stout cudgel, which I so successfully applied to the scoundrel's back, that the authorities interfered to protect the virtuous pair from my resentment, and, in their blinking wisdom, gave us all into the hands of justice. I as the principal offender was conducted here by the scoundrelly Gendarmes, whom he had bribed to ill treat me, to remain until I can obtain proofs of my assertion from my native village—they, forsooth, to be at liberty, on parole, not to quit this place till the proofs arrive. When that will be, owing to the civil war, I know not; but one thing I do know, which is, that it will give these wretches time to spend my money, and, perhaps, steal quietly off afterwards. Thus, you see, I was quite right when I said, that I owed all my misfortunes to yielding up my opinions to those of others; for if I had continued obstinate in the affair of the grandson, I should not now be in prison, nor have lost three thousand francs, which it will take some years to economise again. So much for the distribution of justice in France, Mr. Englishman! They say things are managed better in your country. Is that true?"

"Yes and no, my gentle Joseph," replied Falconer, "although, thank

Heaven, we have no Gendarmes, all is not always roses even there. But you have had some slight vengeance on these scoundrels, as you justly call them; for they have all been knocked on the head, or nearly so—for your illegitimate spouse, and his second civil wife depend upon it, they will not be able to escape you quite so easily, as, in these glorious ebullitions of liberty, no man can make a step any where without the risk of getting a bullet in his brains—therefore, make yourself as easy as you can, and in the mean time, for you have talked a long time, take a sip out of that portly bottle, which ornaments the wooden shelf which is our cellar, pantry, and store-room; it will wash down all your grief, for it is first-rate Curaçoa,—do you love Curaçoa, Joseph?”

“Do I love the music of the kettle-drums?” said Joseph, taking Falconer at his word in an instant. “Here’s to your heart’s love and mine—my trumpet—and the deuce take husbands, Revolutions, and Gendarmes!”

“Agreed! Joseph,” replied Falconer; “being none of these good things myself, I can afford to pledge you.”

About three weeks after this conversation, during which time Joseph had established herself as man-servant to the two gentlemen, the new royalty of Paris having been proclaimed, something like order began to be established; three generations of Kings had gone sadly into exile, and their kinsman, profiting by their fault, had seated himself on the vacant throne, and, in default of the nobility of the kingdom, who coldly and resolutely kept aloof, called about him a court of new men, and rapidly converted radical merchants and republican bankers into tyrannical ministers, and cringing courtiers. As he foresaw that ere long he should have more need of the Gendarmes than his predecessor, he allowed them to sneak back to their several posts, and resume their duties of conducting criminals to their different destinations; and this they now came to our prison to do for such prisoners as had not, in common with the others in Paris, made their escape in the confusion of the Revolution. Two of them, one a very young man, went to the chamber of the two gentlemen, and signified to Joseph, that the proofs of the truth of her story having arrived, the Mayor of the town, after having severely reprimanded the dignitaries of the village for so roughly treating her, and obliged her civil husband to refund all her property, had sent an order for her immediate release, and two Gendarmes to conduct her in safety to her native town. Joseph was horribly disappointed at the sight of the Gendarmes, whom she had piously concluded had got their “last *pour boire*” from the people, who hated them for the brutal manner in which they perform their service; but her disappointment was nothing, compared to the wrath with which she listened to the arrangements made for her journey under their protection. She declared she would remain in prison all her life, rather than quit it in such infamous society.—Unhappily, in France, there is no delicacy observed with regard to the character of the inferior members of society, which is considered beneath the attention of authority in matters of appearance; the Gendarmes, therefore, insisted upon executing their orders, and the Concierge of the prison, finding himself unable to reason with the prisoner, sent for the priest of the establish-

ment to talk to her, hoping that he would have greater influence than himself over her stubborn character.

Joseph's respect for the church partook very much of her military character—that is to say, that she might be a decent daughter of it in time of peace, though she would not have hesitated to plunder it in time of war. Her notions of religion were none of the clearest, but there still remained in her mind some slight idea of the respect which, in her childhood, she was taught to pay the clergy. The priest called in upon this occasion to talk reason to her, was, unhappily, the most unfit person in the world for the purpose. Accustomed to hardened criminals, to whom severity was necessary to prevent their laughing in his face, he had adopted a formula for the use of the inhabitants of the prison, which he had slightly varied according to circumstances. In this instance, the Concierge had told him a part of Joseph's history; and the iniquity of wearing breeches, and fighting against the enemy; was text enough to make out a most angry and terrifying discourse, which he delivered in a loud and dogmatical tone of voice, telling his unrepenting hearer, that “she could not now be too obedient to authority, in order to atone for her many crimes of pillage, sacrilege, and murder.”

“Murder!” interrupted Joseph, in great astonishment.

“Yes, murder,” returned the preacher, who was not blessed with the talent of making nice distinctions; “I say again, murder, for you will be made accountable for every bullet you have fired—”

“Whether it hit or not?” again demanded Joseph, interrupting him.

“Whether it hit or not,” returned the Exhorter, solemnly. He was going on to remonstrate vehemently against all vanities of all kinds, when he suddenly made the discovery that there was none much greater than his attempt at conversion. He was led to this conclusion, by his observation of the manner in which the penitent prepared herself to receive his exhortation. She had seated herself comfortably at the table, in front of a huge magnum of brandy, from which she immediately poured out and swallowed a sturdy glass, to give her “grace,” as she said, “to listen to his homily,” and make her think of it with comfort afterwards. The priest grew diffident of his hitherto triumphant talent. Despairing by eloquence to vanquish his mute rival, the brandy-bottle, he fairly quitted the field of battle, and left Falconer to argue with the prisoner.

“Did you ever hear such a jobation as that old *Secula Seculorum* has given me?” demanded Joseph, the moment his back was turned.

“He says it's a sin to combat in breeches, as if I could have fought, or bestridden my horse, or even blown my trumpet in petticoats. Why, one would think it a crime to fight for one's country, though if Joan of Vaucouleurs had not done so, he and all his brethren would have been your subjects to this day, Mr. Englishman. *Corbleu!*—it's enough to make one swear; but I'll not submit to such treatment; I'll take my courage in both hands, and bid them all defiance—no power on earth shall compel me to go home with such an escort tacked to my tail. I'm an honest man—woman, I should say—and am neither thief nor assassin, that I should be condemned to such a punishment.”

“ Well, but Joseph,” replied Falconer, “ after all, it’s done for your protection.”

“ My protection !—*diantre* !—I can protect myself. I did so before yonder sniveller was born, and shall do so, after he is hanged. My protection !—*fichtre* !—I have protected myself in the face of a gallant army brave as steel, though they were not French, and never stepped backward from any of them. Protection, indeed !—a precious protection ! The *gardes du corps* of all the gallerians, thieves, and murderers in the kingdom ! You know the proverb, ‘ Tell me your company, and I’ll tell you what you are ;’ and the other which says, ‘ With the wolves we learn to howl.’ Now how do I know that these yellow belts have not learned to howl, and may not cut my throat during the journey to rob me of the property I carry about me ? and I am without arms, too ! If I might at least have my own good little whisperers with me—for I know perfectly well I run more danger from my ‘ protectors’ than from robbers.—”

Falconer consoled his protégée by promising to obtain a permission from the magistrates, allowing her to carry arms upon her journey, provided she would submit immediately to their orders. This promise soothed in some degree her irritated feelings, and reconciled her to the necessity of obedience. The permission—the matter once clearly explained to the Mayor—was readily accorded ; and Joseph after taking a most affectionate leave of her English master, as she called Falconer, set forward on her journey in a sort of covered cart, escorted by two *Gendarmes*, to whom, on seating herself, she exhibited a pistol in each hand, without deigning to address a single word to either. In this manner she arrived at her native village, and when within half a mile of it, dismounted from her carriage, and dismissed her ominous body-guard, by throwing a couple of five-franc pieces at their heads, for which they most complaisantly stooped, and heartily thanked her afterwards. Joseph watched them out of sight, and then entered tranquilly her native home, in which for the future she was to be sole master. There she is still, lamenting bitterly over her inactivity, worshipping the remembrance of Napoleon and the busy times he made for France, and longing for the year of grace, 1840, when, according to Martin’s prophecy, there are to be again wars and rumours of wars in France, and then a final settling of all the claims of all the aspirants to the crown of France ; in which case the year will be a busy one.

*Paris, December, 1838.*

[In concluding this paper, founded on fact, we only congratulate ourselves that the *amiable* Joseph was an idolizer of Buonaparte, and a hater of the English.—ED.]

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## SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY.—NO. IX.\*

BY THE RIGHT HON. T. P. COURTENAY.

I now approach a play with which the public is familiar, and which is a great favourite as an acting play; probably because the hero is always represented by the first tragic actor of the time being.

This hero, Richard Duke of Gloucester, opens the play with a soliloquy, in which, as in the former play,† he descants upon his personal deformities:—

“ And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
*I am determined to prove a villain,*  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.”

And he avows his underhand schemes for effecting the ruin of his brother Clarence, by infusing suspicions and apprehensions into the mind of Edward. The systematic villainy of Richard, thus connected with his misshapen person, may be deemed the *croû* of the play.

And this brings us at once to the question, whether Richard was really a deformed, lame, and ill-looking man. Whether he was “born with teeth,” or his birth was otherwise prodigious, I shall not inquire, yet, of these strange averments it must be admitted, that they throw much doubt upon the more probable imperfections with which they are mixed.

Now, what is the authority for imputing deformity to Richard?

Shakspeare probably wrote from tradition, and from Sir Thomas More, whose history is copied by Holinshed.

“As he was small and little of stature, so was he of body greatly deformed, the one shoulder higher than the other; his face was small, but his countenance cruel, and such, that at the first aspect, a man would judge it to savour and smell of malice, fraud, and deceit. When he stood musing, he would bite and chew busily his nether lip, as who said that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet: beside that, the dagger which he wore, he would (when he studied) with his hand pluck up and draw from the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out. He was of a ready, pregnant, and quick wit, wily to feign, and apt to dissemble: he had a proud mind, and an arrogant stomach, the which accompanied him even to his death, rather choosing to suffer the same by dint of sword, than being forsaken and left helpless of his unfaithful companions, to preserve by cowardly flight such a fair and uncertain life, which, by malice, sickness, or condign punishment, was like shortly to come to confusion.”‡

Sir Thomas More's character would be a guaranty for his truth, if he wrote of what was within his own knowledge. He was not born until five years before Richard's death, but he is supposed § to have derived his information from Archbishop Morton, of whom we hear in the play as Bishop of Ely. At the death of this prelate, More was twenty years old; and if we were sure that what is related in his history, as to the personal appearance of the late king, was from Morton's

\* Continued from No. cccvii., p. 79.

† No. ccxvii., p. 76.

‡ Hol., 447.

§ Walpole's historic doubts, in Works, ii. 111.



information, we might rely upon it; though not without some allowance for the ill-will of one who had quarrelled with the person he describes. More thus describes Richard :

"In wit and courage he was equal with either of his brothers; in body and prowess far under them both, little of stature, ill-featured of limb, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favoured of visage, and such as is in states called *warlie*, in other men otherwise."\*

John Rous, a contemporary, who professes to have seen Richard, says, "He was of low stature, having a short face, unequal shoulders, the right being higher than the left."†

In an examination of portraits, Walpole admits the inequality of the shoulders, and he conceives that this was the extent of the deformity. Nor is there, indeed, much difference between Rous and More, though the latter probably made the most of the distortion. For the excess of deformity, which Richard is made by Shakspeare to impute to himself, there is no authority.

On the other hand, I lay no stress upon the testimony of "the old Countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard, and declared he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward, and was very well made;"‡ because it comes through too many hands.

Richard now avows, in the play, his treacherous plans for setting King Edward and Clarence at variance.

"Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
In deadly hate, the one against the other :  
And if King Edward be as true and just,  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,  
About a prophecy which says that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be."

And the result of these plots soon appears, when there "enter Clarence, guarded, and Brackenbury," who was lieutenant of the tower, and Richard persuades his brother that his misfortunes are owing to the queen and her relations, through whose influence, Lord Hastings also had been sent to the tower, and subsequently released, on making an humble supplication to her.

The incarceration of Clarence is misplaced, it did not occur until the year 1478, whereas it is placed by our poet in 1471. The story of the G is from Holinshed,§ and is to be found in Rous.|| But I do not find, even in Holinshed, the insinuation that Edward's jealousy of Clarence, and his consequent proceedings, were brought about or fomented by Gloucester. It is one of the instances which abound in

\* More, in Hol., 362. I do not find the passage in Kennet, who professes to give More's history. For some doubts whether the book was written by More, see Sir Henry Ellis's preface to Hardyng, p. xix., and Lingard, 237. If written by Morton himself, it is more like testimony, but is less likely to be impartial. † Hist., p. 236.

‡ Walpole, p. 166. In p. 216, he says, "The Earl of Shaftesbury was so good as to inform me that his ancestor, Lady Ashley, who lived to a great age, had conversed with Lady Desmond, and gave from her the same account that I have given, with this strong addition, that Perkin Warbeck was remarkably like Edward IV." I can find no Lady Ashley, except the widow of Sir Anthony; she died in 1619. It can only have been by tradition, that her account came down to the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury.

§ Hol., 346; Hall, 326.

|| P. 215.

the play, of that which may indeed be almost deemed its design, the blackening of the character of the king, whom the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth had dethroned. It is true that there was jealousy between Edward's two brothers. It arose out of an event which Shakspeare places after the imprisonment of Clarence, namely, the marriage of Richard with the widow of Prince Edward,\* sister to the Duchess of Clarence. We have seen,† on the occasion of the first marriage of this lady, how jealous Clarence was of a participation in the inheritance of Nevill: this jealousy was now removed, but even supposing (for which there is no reason) that the angry feeling was the more violent on the part of the brother whose marriage occasioned it, his interest in the cause of quarrel was not furthered by the death of Clarence five years afterwards.

Not even Sir Thomas More, who is so much relied upon by those who have the worst opinion of Richard, imputes to him the disfavour or death of Clarence.

It is remarkable that Shakspeare, while he introduces Gloucester courting the widowed Anne in the public streets, when attending the funeral of her father-in-law, had not heard the circumstances of the marriage, as related by a cotemporary. This writer tells us, that Clarence concealed his sister-in-law from the pursuit of Gloucester, but that she was at last discovered in London, in the disguise of a cook-maid,‡ and then placed in sanctuary. How Anne was induced to assume this disguise,—whether Richard had any difficulty in persuading her to marry him, not any where appears.

Although the marriages of the fifteenth century,—perhaps, the women of that time, are not to be judged by our present notions,—I cannot but regard this marriage of Anne as a material point in the evidence which disproves Gloucester's part in the death of Prince Edward and King Henry.

Shakspeare's character of Anne is imaginary, and not well imagined; nor does the scene in which the courtship is represented, contain passages of dramatic merit sufficient to countervail the fault of the conception.

We have now the queen and her relatives, Rivers|| and Grey,¶ lamenting the illness of King Edward, and speculating upon the probable consequences of his death, and especially the protectorship of Gloucester. The company is enlarged by the arrival of Buckingham§ and Stanley;\*\* to whose compliments the queen thus replies:

“ The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,  
To your good prayer will scarcely say Amen :  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord assured,  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.”

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\* Relying upon the authority given by Lingard (v. 201), I have considered Anne as married to Prince Edward, but I am not quite satisfied. The Croyland Continuation says only that she was betrothed, p. 553.

† P. 68. See Lingard, 226, and Penn, ii. 91, 127.

‡ Croyl. Cont., 557.

§ Henry Stafford, son of him who was killed at Northampton, see p. 59.

|| Anthony Widville, the queen's brother. Banks, iii. 316.

¶ Richard Grey, the queen's son. Banks, iii. 258.

\*\* Thomas Stanley, second Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby; lineal ancestor of the present earl. Collins, iii. 58.

I do not know of any ground for the queen's imputation of peculiar hostility to the Countess of Richmond, other than her connexion with the house of Lancaster. She was the daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset,\* and wife, first of Jasper, Earl of Richmond, then of Sir Henry Stafford,† and now of Lord Stanley.

Then enters Gloucester, in company with Hastings and Dorset,‡ and breaks forth against the queen's relatives :—

" They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.  
Who are they that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused,  
By silken, sly, insinuating jacks ?"

It may be doubted, whether this pretension to a rugged manner, and an inaptitude to the arts of cajolery, is quite consistent with the wooing of the Princess Anne, which has just been described.

More's narrative ascribes to Richard the arts of dissimulation :—

" He was malicious, wrathful, and envious.....Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal ; with large gifts he gat him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and get him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill, despicious and cruel, not for evil will alway, but offer for ambition, and either the surety or increase of his estate."§

Richard now throws off all restraint, and scolds at the Widvilles and the queen herself, laying particular stress upon her causing the imprisonment of Clarence, and upon the advancement of her relatives.

———— "The world is grown so bad,  
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.  
Since every jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a noble person made a jack."

And,

———— " the nobility  
Held in contempt ; while great promotions  
Are daily given, to ennoble those,  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble."

After more of this, the queen, who always preserves her " formal countenance,"|| and is never made to scold, addresses him,

" My lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :

\* See No. ccxv., p. 382.

† Of the family of the Duke of Buckingham.

‡ Thomas Grey, the queen's son by her first husband. He was Lord Ferrers, of Groby, by inheritance, and created Marquis of Dorset by Edward IV. Banks, ii. 191, iii. 258.

§ Hol., 362.

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty\*  
 Of these gross taunts I often have endured.  
 I had rather be a country servant-maid,  
 Than a great queen with this condition,  
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.  
 Small joy I have in being England's queen."

Queen Margaret now enters, and vituperates the whole party in a characteristic style. The absurdity of introducing this personage, who had at no time been at large in Edward's court, and was now in France! I agree with Steevens, that "the merits of this scene are insufficient to excuse its improbability; Margaret, bullying the court of England in a royal palace, is a circumstance as absurd, as the courtship of Gloucester in a public street."†

In the conclusion of this scene, Richard again soliloquizes upon his own enormities, especially his hypocrisy:—

"I do beweepe to many simple gulls,  
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;  
 And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies  
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
 Now, they believe it, and withal whet me  
 To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey:  
 But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture  
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:  
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
 With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,  
 And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

We come now‡ to the death of Clarence, which is perpetrated, in the play, by two murderers hired by Gloucester, who produce a commission, from the king it is to be presumed, commanding the keeper to deliver the duke into their hands. They talk of drowning him in the butt of malmsey, but this ingenious notion is not acted upon; he is stabbed by one of the ruffians.

This is one of the cases in which Shakspeare has gone beyond his authorities, in order to blacken Richard. Not a word is said by Holinshed, or More, of Richard's participation in the murder.

"About this season, through great mishap, the spark of privy malice was newly kindled between the king and the Duke of Clarence, inasmuch that when one of the duke's servants was suddenly accused (I cannot say whether of truth, or untruly suspected by the duke's enemies) of poisoning, sorcery, or enchantment, and thereof condemned and put to execution for the same, the duke, which might not suffer the wrongful condemnation of his man (as he in his conscience judged), nor yet to forbear to murmur and reprove the doing thereof, moved the king with his daily exclamation to take such displeasure with him, that finally the duke was cast into the tower, and therewith adjudged for a traitor, and privily drowned in a butt of malmsey, the eleventh of March, in the beginning of the seventeenth year of the king's reign. Some have reported, that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophecy; which was, that after King Edward one should reign, whose first letter of his name should be a G. . . . Others alleged that the cause of his death was, that the duke being destitute of a wife,§ by the means of his sister, the lady Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, procured to have the lady Mary, daughter and heir to her husband, Duke Charles; which marriage, King Edward (envying the

\* This is an anachronism. Henry VIII. was the first of our kings who assumed majesty.

† Bosw., 42.

‡ Act i., sc. 4.

§ I do not know when Isabel Nevill died.

prosperity of his brother), both grieved and disturbed, and thereby old malice revived betwixt them, which the queen and her blood (ever mistrusting and privily barking at the king's lineage) ceased not to increase."\*

Holinshed copied *verbatim* Polydore Vergil.† Walpole observes, that *Habington* tells us, that "the king's discontents were secretly fomented by the Duke of Gloucester;" and he adds, that "when jealousies are secretly fomented in a court, they seldom come to the knowledge of an historian."‡ But the truth is that *Habington* wrote *after Shakspeare*. The only cotemporary, the Continuator of *Croyland*,|| is silent as to the intrigues of Gloucester. This chronicle, after mentioning Clarence's interference on behalf of Burdet,¶ his summons before the king, in the presence of the mayor and aldermen of London, and his imprisonment, mentions his being accused in *parliament*.

"No one argued against the duke but the king; no one replied to the king but the duke. But some persons were introduced, of whom it was doubted whether they were accusers or witnesses; for the two functions, in the same cause, are not compatible. The duke met all the charges by a denial of the fact; offering, if he could be heard, to defend his cause in personal combat. The members of parliament, thinking that the information they had heard was sufficient, came to a sentence of condemnation, which was pronounced by the Duke of Buckingham, lord high steward of England *pro tempore*. The execution of the sentence was for a long time delayed, until the speaker of the house of commons, going into the upper house with his companions, made a fresh request for the accomplishment of the affair; and consequently, within a few days, the punishment of whatever kind it was, was secretly carried into effect in the tower of London, in the year 1478."

The Rolls of Parliament\*\* show that Clarence was convicted and attainted of high treason; upon a long recital of offences, including that which Lingard thinks was the most essential, the being preferred to Edward in the Lancastrian settlement of the crown. But of the petition from the Commons for the execution of the sentence, I find nothing in the Rolls.

The affair is unconquerably mysterious. No reason is assigned, why a parliamentary sentence should be secretly put into execution.

The second act introduces Edward in his last illness, having effected an apparent reconciliation between Rivers and Hastings,†† Dorset and Buckingham.

Holinshed‡‡ and Sir Thomas More,§§ both mention the king's dying injunctions to his courtiers to live in amity together; but here is a striking illustration of the nature of historical speeches. The same volume contains two versions of the deathbed oration of King Edward, and there is scarcely a similarity between the two in a single sentence. Either of them would have furnished Shakspeare with the ground of an excellent speech. Gloucester enters, and adds his asseverations of

\* Hol., 346. The event is not within More's period, but he alludes to it, without mentioning Richard, p. 362. † P. 537.

‡ Hist. doubts, in Works, ii. 118. § Biog. Dict., xvii. 5. || P. 560.

¶ A gentleman in Clarence's family, accused of sorcery. See Lingard, 227.

\*\* vi. 193.

†† William Hastings, first Lord Hastings, of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. The Marquis of Hastings is his representative, through a female.

‡‡ P. 355.

§§ In Hol., 363.

good will towards the queen's friends; but mentions the death of Clarence, whom Edward professes to have reprieved:—

“ But he, poor man, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear:  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried.”

I know of no authority for these contradictory orders. For what follows, there is the authority of Sir Thomas More, who adds to the account of Clarence's execution—

“ Sure it is, that though King Edward were consenting to his death, yet he both did much lament his unfortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution, insomuch, that when any person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomably say, and chiefly speak, *O, unfortunate brother, for whose life not one would make suit!* openly and apparently meaning that by some of the means of some of the nobility he was deceived, and brought to his confusion.”

When the Stanley of the play solicits pardon for one of his dependants, who had committed homicide:—

“ *K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom a brother's death,  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?  
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.  
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet and bad me be advis'd?  
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick and did fight for me?  
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,\*  
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,  
And said, ‘ Dear brother, live and be a king?’  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me,  
Even in his garments, and did give himself,  
All thin and naked to the numb-cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.  
But for my brother not a man would speak,  
Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself,  
For him poor soul. The proudest of you all,  
Have been beholden to him in his life;  
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.  
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold  
Of me, and mine, and you, and yours, for this.  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.  
Poor Clarence!”

Edward dies,† and much time is now taken up in the lamentations of his widow, his mother, and the two children of Clarence. The old Duchess of York, who did in fact live for some years after the accession

\* I do not know where Shakspeare found this incident.

† April 9, 1483.



of Henry VII., joins with the rest in imputing faults of all sorts to her son Richard ; and he appears in these scenes as a hypocrite and a scoffer. They call for no further observations.

It is now proposed by Buckingham, that the young prince, Edward, should be brought from Ludlow, where he held his court as Prince of Wales, in order to be crowned ; and that he should come "*with some little train*" only.

" *Rivers.* Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham ?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out,  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd.  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glou.* I hope the king made peace with all of us,  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Rivers.* And so in me ; and so I think in all.  
Yet since it is but green, it should be put,  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be urg'd :  
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince."

Gloucester and Buckingham, who is at this time his devoted humble servant, agree privately together that they will be of the party to Ludlow, in furtherance of their design

" To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince."

There is no very material variation here from Holinshed and Sir Thomas More. Gloucester and Rivers did not meet immediately on Edward's death ; Gloucester was in the north, having been engaged in a campaign against the Scots. Rivers had the care of the prince at Ludlow. It was at first intended that young Edward should be brought up to London, accompanied by an imposing force ; but Gloucester, or his friends, of whom the chief were Buckingham and Hastings, persuaded the queen that it would be much better for the peace of the country, and for avoiding suspicions, that the train should be small.

And this account of Sir Thomas More is, generally, supported by contemporary authority. But *the small train* appears to have been the subject of much debate in the council.

We have now a scene in which the occurrences of the journey from Ludlow are related to the queen and the Duchess of York, who have with them the Archbishop\* of York, and the young prince Richard, Duke of York. But Shakspeare first takes an opportunity of presenting this young prince as a forward youth, and fit to be the medium of a pun.

" *York.* Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest."

It is announced that Rivers, Vaughan,† and Grey, have been sent by

\* Croyl. Cont., 565 ; see Lingard, 238.

† Sir Thomas Vaughan, an elderly knight, of the household of the young king.

Gloucester and Buckingham, as prisoners to Pomfret; and another scene produces them on their way to execution.

All this is from More. Edward had reached Stony Stratford in his way to London; the dukes arrived at Northampton, where they found Rivers. Their measures soon betrayed the intention of some violent proceeding. Rivers

"determined, upon the surety of his own conscience, to go boldly to them, and ask what this matter might mean. Whom as soon as they saw they began to quarrel with him, and say that he intended to set distance between the king and them, and to bring them to confusion, but it should not lie in his power. And when he began (as he was a very well spoken man) in goodly wise to excuse himself, they tarried not the end of his answer, but shortly took him, and put him in ward, and that done went to horseback, and took the way to Stony Stratford, where they found the king and his company ready to leap on horseback, and depart forward to leave that lodging for them, because it was too straight for both companies. And as soon as they came in his presence, they light adown with all their company about them. To whom the Duke of Buckingham said, Go afore, gentlemen, and yeomen keep your rooms. And thus in a goodly array they came to the king, and on their knees in very humble wise saluted his grace, which received them in very joyous and amiable manner, nothing earthly knowing or mistrusting as yet. But even by and by, in his presence, they picked a quarrel with the Lord Richard Grey, the king's other brother by his mother, saying that he with the lord marquis his brother, and the Lord Rivers his uncle, had compassed to rule the king and the realm, and to set variance among the states, and to subdue and destroy the noble blood of the realm. Towards the accomplishing whereof, they said, that the lord marquis had entered into the tower of London, and thence taken out the king's treasure, and sent men to the sea. All which things, the said dukes write, were done for good purposes and necessary, by the whole council at London, saving that somewhat they must say. Unto which words the king answered, '*What my brother marquis hath done I cannot say, but in good will I dare well answer for mine uncle Rivers and my brother Richard, that they be innocent of any such matter. Yea, my liege* (quoth the Duke of Buckingham) *they have kept their dealing in these matters far from the knowledge of your grace.*' And forthwith they arrested the Lord Richard and Sir Thomas Vaughan, knight, in the king's presence, and brought the king and all back unto Northampton, where they took again further counsel. And then they went away from the king when it pleased them, and set new servants about him, such as liked better than him. At which dealings he wept, and was nothing content, but it booted not. And at dinner the Duke of Gloucester sent a dish from his own table unto the Lord Rivers, praying him to be of good cheer, all should be well enough. And he thanked the duke, and prayed the messenger to bear it to his nephew the Lord Richard, with the same message for his comfort, who he thought had more need of comfort, as one to whom such adversity was strange. But himself had been all his days in use therewith, and therefore could bear it the better. But for all this comfortable courtesy of the Duke of Gloucester, he sent the Lord Rivers, with the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan into the north country, into divers places to prison, and afterwards all to Pomfret, where they were in conclusion beheaded.\*

The young king's asseveration of the innocence of his maternal relations is slightly noticed in the play †:—

"*Prince.* ——— our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.

\* More in Hol., 366.

† Act iii., so. 1, which is in London, where the king is with Gloucester and Buckingham, and Archbishop Bouchier, who is now a cardinal.

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glou.* Those uncles which you want were dangerous :  
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts ;  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends ! but they were none."

The queen, with her younger son the Duke of York, takes sanctuary in Westminster abbey.\* Buckingham enjoins Hastings to take York away from his mother, using force if necessary. When the cardinal objects, Buckingham argues that the prince has done nothing to require sanctuary, and cannot have the benefit of it, ending in the very words ascribed to him by More.†

" Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now."

Sir Thomas More gives a dialogue between the queen and the cardinal, very interesting, but too long to be inserted here. Finally, the boy is given up, upon the prelate's pledging himself for his safety. None of this is given in the play. On the other hand, there is a great deal of rather pert language from the young Duke of York, for which I find no warrant in the chronicle.

Gloucester‡ and Buckingham now avow their intention of placing the former upon the throne, and make a confidant of Catesby,§ whom they employ to sound Lord Hastings ; and they announce their intention to hold "divided councils;" the meaning of which is partly explained in another scene,|| in which Lord Stanley warns Hastings, by a messenger, that

———— " there are two councils held ;  
And that may be determin'd at the one,  
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other."

And that he had been warned of evil consequences, in a dream. Hastings laughs at the dreams ; and tells the messenger,

" Bid him not fear the separated councils.  
His honour and myself are at the one ;  
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

To fly the boar¶ before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us."

More says, that

"The protector and the duke, after they had sent the lord cardinal, the Archbishop of York, then lord chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation, in one place, as fast were they in another place contriving the contrary, and to make the protector king. To which council, albeit, there were admitted very few, and they were secret ; yet began there, here and thereabouts, some manner of muttering among the people, as though

\* Act ii., sc. 5, and Act iii., sc. 1.

† Hol., 373.

‡ Gloucester declared protector ; his appointment is said to have occurred in Council, 27th May, but it was apparently either made or confirmed by the peers. See Lingard, 241 ; Croyl. Cont., 566 ; Excerpt. Hist., 13.

§ I can find nothing of the family of Catesby.

|| Sc. 2.

¶ Gloucester, so called from his badge.

all should not long be well.... By little and little all folk withdrew from the tower, and drew unto Crosby's in Bishopsgate-street, where he protector kept his household. The protector had the resort, the king in manner desolate..... The Lord Stanley that was after Earl of Derby wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the Lord Hastings that he much disliked these two several councils. For while we (quoth he), talk of one matter in one place, little wot we whereof they talk in the tother place. My lord (quoth the Lord Hastings), on my life never doubt you ; for while one man is there which is never thence, never can there be any thing once moved that should sound amiss towards me, but it should be in my ears ere it were well out of their mouths. This meant he by Catesby, which was of his near secret council, and whom he very familiarly used, and in his most weighty matters put no man in so special trust ; reckoning himself to no man so lief, since he well wist there was no man so much to him beholden as was this Catesby, which was a man well learned in the laws of this land, and by the special favour of the lord chamberlain in good authority, and much rule bare in all the county of Leicester, where the lord chamberlain's power chiefly lay.\*"

The contemporary chronicle says, that the council was divided by the singular cunning of the protector : a part being to meet in the tower, and a part at Westminster. And this separation was, apparently, for the express purpose of facilitating the proceedings against Hastings.†

In the play, as in the chronicle, Catesby proposes the elevation of Richard ; congratulating Lord Hastings upon the destruction of Rivers and his other adversaries, at Pomfret. But Hastings refuses to take part against the young king.

A council is now held at the tower;‡ Gloucester enters, having heard of Hastings's refusal, and having communed with Buckingham, he addresses the counsellors,

"I pray you all tell me what they deserve,  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms."

Hastings answers, that they deserve death. Gloucester exhibits his arm, "wither'd up," and imputes it to the queen and Jane Shore, the well-known mistress of Edward, (a rather unlikely combination) :—

"*Hastings.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord—  
*Glou.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor,—  
Off with his head! Now by St. Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same."

And execution is now done, Hastings's head is produced on the stage, and afterwards a scrivener appears with the indictment against this unfortunate lord, which he has been ordered to draw in the utmost haste.

The whole of this, even to the smaller incidents, including Gloucester's sending to the garden of Ely palace for a dish of strawberries, is taken from Sir Thomas More. That slight incident confirms the proba-

\* Hol., 378.

† Croyl. Cont., 566 ; Lingard, 242. It must be observed that *three* places of meeting are mentioned, the tower, Westminster, and Crosby-square. I take the last to have been the scene of private consultations only, and that portions of the council met at the other two. See a contemporary letter on Hastings's death in Excerpt. Hist., p. 16.

‡ Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, and others.

bility, that More's history was derived from Bishop Morton, if not written (as Sir Henry Ellis conjectures) by that prelate himself.

Except that Sir Thomas More is fuller, and nothing is said in the *Continuation of Croyland*\* of the queen's reluctance† to part with her son Richard, that contemporary register agrees with More's narrative. No author, nor any record that is extant, gives reason to doubt of the summary nature of the process by which the execution of Hastings, and of the prisoners of Pomfret, was effected.

Hastings was not the only person whom Gloucester, or his friends attacked at this council in the tower. More says that

"Another let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears."

And we are told that the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely, were only saved from capital punishment out of respect to their order, and that they were sent as prisoners into Wales.‡

Walpole§ attempts a sort of justification of Richard; alleging not only, which is true, that the punishment of state offences was in those times conducted with little of judicial trial, but that the queen and her friends were the aggressors; having endeavoured to surround the young king with a large force, and also assembled armed men in the neighbourhood of the sanctuary in which Elizabeth had taken refuge;—all which hostile demonstrations were in order to maintain the custody of the king's person, and to exclude from all share in the government, during the minority, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, one of them the first prince of the blood, and the other nearly allied to the throne. Lingard quotes Richard's letter, commanding the men of the north

"to rise and come to London, under the Earl of Northumberland and the Lord Nevil, to assist in subduing, correcting, and punishing the queen, her blood, and other her adherents, who intended to murder and destroy the protector and his cousin, the Duke of Buckingham, and the old royal blood of the realm."||

But this only shows the pretext, not the fact.

A contest for power between the queen's relations and those of the late king was a matter of course. Whether the measures adopted or contemplated by the former so far exceeded the bounds of political contention as to justify the brothers and friends of Edward in treating them as traitors, is a question upon which no sufficient evidence exists.¶

Shakspeare's version, which refers the executions to the tyranny and ambition of Richard, has certainly a sufficient foundation for a dramatist; but it must not be received as authentic history.

It is upon the same authority of Sir Thomas More,\*\* that Gloucester and Buckingham, by way of making it appear that a sudden alarm obliged them to arm in great haste, are introduced "in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured."†† In this guise they send for the Lord Mayor of London, and easily satisfy him that Hastings had plotted against

\* P. 556.

† Hol., 374.

‡ Croyl. Cont., 566.

§ Works, ii. 128.

|| P. 244, from Drake's *Eboracum*, p. 115.

¶ Turner takes Richard's part; but it appears to me that his authorities do not always bear him out. See his chapters viii. and ix. of 3d Edit.

\*\* Hol., 382.

†† Act iii., ec. 5.

their lives, and that his sudden execution was an act of urgent necessity. What follows has more of poetical licence :

*Glou.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour?  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then again begin, and stop again  
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror ?

*Buck.* Tut ! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;  
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side ;  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks  
Are at my service like enforced smiles ;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems."

It is now agreed that Buckingham shall openly harangue the citizens in favour of Richard's claim to the crown, setting forth the illegitimacy of the two princes, by reason of their father's marriage with " Lady Lucy " previous to his union with Elizabeth Grey. And he was even instructed, at the expense of the honour of Gloucester's mother, the Duchess of York, to hint that Edward himself had been illegitimate;\* and this he was to enforce by the want of resemblance between the late king and Richard, Duke of York, while Gloucester himself was described as

" Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form, and nobleness of mind."

And Buckingham thus continues the report of his harangue, and its issue : he

" Laid open all your victories in Scotland ;  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility :  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.  
And, when my oratory grew to an end,  
I bade them that did love their country's good  
Cry, *God save Richard, England's royal king !*

*Glou.* And did they so ?

*Buck.* No ! So God help me : they spake not a word ;  
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,  
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale :  
Which, when I saw, I reprehended them ;  
And ask'd the mayor, What meant this wilful silence ?  
His answer was, The people were not used  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :  
*Thus saith the duke—thus hath the duke inferred ;*  
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At lower end of hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard !*  
And then I took the vantage of those few :  
*Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I ;*  
*This general applause and cheerful shout*

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\* Clarence had been accused, in the act of attainder, of making a similar insinuation. All the topics of Buckingham's harangue are said to have been set forth in a sermon at Paul's Cross, by Dr. Shaw (More in Hol., 386 ; Fabyan, 669). Shakspeare makes Richard send for him, but we hear no more.—See Lingard, 547.



*Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :  
And even here brake off, and came away."*

The mayor, however, had been gained, and was now expected, with a request that Richard would ascend the throne; and he, whose dramatic character is that of a consummate hypocrite, is to be found with a prayer-book in his hand, in serious discourse with two bishops.\* All this is enacted, and, with a great deal of assumed unwillingness, he finally accepts the crown.

The whole process is in Shakspeare's authority;† but the precontract, upon which it was attempted to set aside Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, was with Lady Eleanor *Butler* (not Lady Lucy, who, however, was also one of Edward's favourites);—this lady was daughter of the famous Earl of Shrewsbury, and widow of Lord Butler.‡

And the supplication to Richard, to take upon him the royal dignity, had a somewhat more valid pretence to constitutional authority, than would be inferred from either Shakspeare or More. It professed to be an election by "us, the three estates of the land;" though, when afterwards confirmed by act of parliament, it was said to have been delivered "by many and divers lords, spiritual and temporal, and other nobles, and noteth persons of the commons in great multitude;" but it is added, that "neither the said three estates, neither the said persons which in their name presented and delivered the said roll, were assembled in form of parliament."§ The act set forth the illegitimacy of the two princes.

We now come to the murder of the young princes :

*K. Rich.* Ah, Buckingham! now do I ply the touch,  
To try if thou be current gold indeed :—  
Young Edward lives ;—think now what I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha! Am I king? 'Tis so—but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live.—True, noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull :—

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now?—Speak suddenly,—be brief.

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;  
Say, have I thy consent, that they should die?

\* Malone observes that this piece of hypocrisy is not in More. Bosw., 142.

† Hol., 395.

‡ See Walpole, 133; Rolls, vi. 240;] Croyl. Cont., 567. This lady is not named by Collins, among the children of Lord Shrewsbury, but Lingard shows (p. 250) that she has a place in the Talbot pedigree. Nothing turns upon her birth or marriage. Comines, says (b. v., c. 18), that the Bishop of Bath (Stillington) told Richard, that he married Edward privately to a lady unnamed; but he says afterwards, if I understand him (b. vi., c. 9), that there was no marriage.

§ Rolls, vi. 240; the Croyl. Cont. has also the expression, *ex parte dominorum et communitatis regni*, and says nothing of Dr. Shaw. Fabyan (p. 669) mentions Suffolk and other nobles as present, but says nothing of estates. Suffolk was John de la Pole, son of Margaret's favourite, and married to Elizabeth, the sister of Richard III.

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,  
Before I positively speak in this:  
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

*Catesby.* The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
And unrespective boys ; none are for me,  
That look unto me with considerate eyes ;  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect."

Richard then *employs a page to find him a murderer*, and is informed of Tyrrel, to whom he gives the commission. Buckingham takes occasion to solicit the grants which Richard had promised him, but is treated scornfully, and announces his intention of retiring into Wales. In the next scene the murder is described, which had been accomplished, under Tyrrel's superintendence, by Dighton and Forrest.

Comparing, in this as in other cases, the narrative of Sir Thomas More with that of contemporary writers, I find that the continuation of Croyland, does not state that the princes were murdered, or that such was the general belief. But he says, that while the princes remained in the tower, the people of the southern and western parts of England began to murmur ; and there was a report that some of the late king's daughters had escaped from sanctuary to foreign parts, in order that, if any thing should happen (this is very expressive) to the sons, the crown might still be preserved to the true heirs. It was after the people of the southern counties began to stir, and Buckingham had become their captain, that it was reported that the two boys had died in the tower, by some sort of violent death.\*

The suspicions of Fabyan are expressed more plainly. He says, that

"The common fame went, that King Richard had within the tower, put unto secret death the sons of his brother, Edward IV.; for the which and other causes, hid within the breast of the Duke of Buckingham, the said duke, in secret manner, conspired against him."†

The records of parliament furnish nothing but the recital, in the act of attainder of Richard and his adherents, of

"the unnatural, mischievous and great perjuries, treasons, homicides, and murders *in shedding of infant's blood*, with many other wrongs, odious offences, and abominations against God and man, and especially against our said sovereign lord, committed and done by Richard, late Duke of Gloucester, calling and naming himself by usurpation, King Richard III."‡

I do not lay much stress upon the absence of more direct reference, in this record, to the murder of Edward V. and his brother. The treason charged upon Richard was made, by a most impudent assumption, to consist in levying war at Bosworth against Henry VII., and it did not suit the Lancastrian policy of that king to recognise the son of Edward IV. as the sovereign whose life could not be taken away without high treason.§

But I cannot agree with Hume, in giving faith to the narrative of Sir Thomas More, whether written by that eminent man, or by Archbishop Morton. The murderous order sent to Brackenbury from a distance, in the uncertainty whether he would obey it; the story of the page and

\* Croyl., 567, 568.

† P. 670.

‡ Rolls, vi. 276.

§ See Hallam's *Middle Ages*, iii. 297.

Tyrrel,\* the commission of the tower to that person for a single night, are circumstances highly improbable, with which, neither More nor Morton was in a situation to be acquainted, if they did actually occur. And Morton was very likely to invent or exaggerate facts unfavourable to Richard.

More's authority proves, only what Fabian's is enough to prove, that there was a rumour and suspicion of murder. Comines says, that Louis XI. (not in general very scrupulous) refused to answer Richard's notification of his accession, because he thought him wicked and cruel. But Louis's answer is extant, and though short, is passably courteous and friendly.† And certainly there is this difference between this crime and the others which are imputed to Richard. For *this*, a more natural motive may be assigned;‡ and while the disappearance of the two princes remains unaccounted for, the habits of the age, I fear, teach us to look upon their murder by their uncle, as not the least probable solution of the mystery.

I cannot go more deeply into the controversy; but I would recommend those who are disposed to rely upon Shakspeare, to read the "Historic Doubts," I do not profess to have myself resolved them in favour of Richard.§

In the midst of his murderous plans against his nephews, the accomplished villain of Shakspeare, instructs his agent, Catesby, to

"rumour it abroad,  
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick,"

and tells him to

"Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter.  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him;"

and adds,

"I must be married to my brother's daughter."

And in the next, he congratulates himself on the execution of all his plans, except the last. He has put young Clarence (Earl of Warwick) in prison, and has "meanly married" his sister:—his wife is dead, and so are the children of Edward.

"Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer."

It is true that he placed Warwick in confinement; and that Marga-

\* And Tyrrel was of a station much too high to be picked out by a page. His brothers and he were successively masters of the horse. † See Turner, 3d ed., 439.

‡ It is true, that Richard was already king, in fact, and that the death of his nephews did not make him king of right; the murder was not politic or necessary, but was not gratuitous.

§ Hume's note (M. vol. iii.), is by some persons deemed a masterly answer to Walpole. But he relies too much upon Sir Thomas More; and Walpole's criticisms (p. 195) upon the passage in which he lauds the magnanimity of that historian, are quite just and applicable. Some passages in the note are ridiculous; as where, the subject of question being *the murder of the two princes in the tower*, he says that it is plain that More had his information from *eye-witnesses*! His averment that "all the partisans of the house of York were assured of the murder," is unsupported. I own, however, that I deem the notion, that one prince escaped and the other was murdered, as little supported by probability as by evidence.

ret was married to Sir Richard Pole.\* It is clearly insinuated by our poet, that the death of Queen Anne was shortened by her husband's means, and this is the last of the imputed murders which I have to notice.

This charge rests on More alone; nor does he affirm the fact. Richard, he says, had spread a rumour of her death:—

“ Now when the queen heard tell that so horrible a rumour of her death was sprung amongst the commonalty, she sore suspected and judged the world to be almost an end with her. And in that sorrowful agony, she with lamentable countenance and sorrowful cheer, repaired to the presence of the king her husband, demanding of him what it should mean, that he had adjudged her worthy to die. The king answered her with fair words, and with smiling and flattering leasings comforted her, and bid her be of good cheer, for (to his knowledge) she should have no other cause. But howsoever that it fortunèd, that either by inward thought and pensiveness of heart, *or by infection of poison which is affirmed to be most likely*, within few days after, the queen departed out of this transitory life, and was with due solemnity buried in the church of St. Peter at Westminster.†

I find nothing in Fabyan, the Croyland Continuator says that Anne died of a languishing disorder;‡ I see no reason whatever for believing that she was murdered.

Richard's intention to marry his niece Elizabeth, is in More,§ who says that Elizabeth was gained over by promises of advantage to her family, as well as by Richard's “wily wit.” It is also mentioned in connexion with Queen Anne's death, by the Croyland Continuator.

He says that many things happened of bad example, which it is disagreeable to relate, but he cannot avoid mentioning. He then tells us that much scandal was excited among the people, as well as among the peers and prelates, by the appearance of Queen Anne, and the Princess Elizabeth at Richard's court in *dresses precisely similar*, whence it was inferred that either by a divorce, or by the death of the queen, Richard entertained the idea of marrying Elizabeth.|| But the marriage was so unpopular, that Richard was advised by his closest adherents to deny that he had projected it.

As in the case of his first wife, Richard's wooing is performed upon the stage; and he talks over Elizabeth, who begins by imputing to him a whole catalogue of crimes, into giving him her daughter, as he had talked over Anne into marrying him herself. It is not without reason that he calls her,

“ Relenting fool, and shallow, changing, woman.”

Sir Henry Ellis¶ has brought to light a circumstance not mentioned I believe, by any prior writer; namely, that the queen dowager after her marriage with Edward had been declared void, was invited to Richard's court where she was to receive a pecuniary allowance, and

\* Sir Richard Pole could not, I believe, be called *mean*, except in comparison with royalty. He was a K. G., but probably not until the time of Henry VII. † Hol., 430.

‡ “ Regina vehementissimè ægrotare cœpit, cujus languor ideo magis atque magis excrescisse censebatur, quod rex ipse thori sui consortium omnino aspernabatur. Itaque a medicis sibi consultum ut faceret, judicavit. Quid plura? Circa medium Martii sequentis, in die magno eclipsis solis quæ tunc temporis accidebat, obiit præfata Anna Regina.” Croyl. Cont., p. 572. § Hol., 529, 533; Croyl. Cont., 572.

|| Croyl., 568. Then follows the passage about the queen's sickness, already quoted. See Lingard, 262. ¶ Letters, 2d ser., i. 149.

her daughters to be married to *gentlemen*. And it appears from the story in the Croyland Continuator, that she accepted this invitation.

Lingard,\* as well as Walpole† gives credence to a story in Buck, from which it would appear, that not only the queen dowager consented to give her daughter to Richard, but that the young Elizabeth herself was ambitious of the proffered honour; that she wrote a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, “desiring him to be a mediator for her to the king, on the behalf of the marriage propounded between them,—who was her only joy and master in this world, and she was his in heart and thought, withal insinuating that the better part of February was past, and that she feared the queen (whose death in that month had been predicted by physicians) would never die.”‡

I own that I doubt the fact. If I could believe it, I should certainly be very slow indeed to think it possible that Richard murdered, or was at the time generally suspected of murdering, the two brothers. Yet, perhaps the acknowledged return of the degraded queen to Richard’s court might as fairly be deemed incompatible with that suspicion! The mystery is indeed beyond me!

Just before, and after, this scene of the courtship, intelligence is brought to Richard of various important events.

*Catesby*. Bad news, my lord, Morton is fled to Richmond;  
And Buckingham, back’d with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.§

*Ratcliff*. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm’d, and unresolv’d to beat them back.  
’Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral:  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

*Stanley*. Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich*. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!  
White-liver’d runagate, what doth he there?

*Stan*. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich*. Well, as you guess?

*Stan*. Stirr’d up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,  
He makes for England here, to claim the crown.”

The king distrusts Lord Stanley, and—

—— “But hear you, leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,  
Or else his head’s assurance is but frail.

*Stan*. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

*Messenger*. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtenay, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

\* P. 264.

† P. 151.

‡ See Kennet, i. 568. Buck says that this letter, in his time, was in the cabinet of Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surry.

§ Act iv., sc. 3.

*Second Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms,  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to their rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Third Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,  
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*Fourth Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel,\* and Lord Marquis Dorset,  
'Tis said, my lord, in Yorkshire are in arms ;  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,  
The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest.  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,  
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;  
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party ; he mistrusting them,  
Hoisted sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

*Catesby.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,  
That is the best news ; that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away, towards Salisbury."†

These events are not related exactly according to Sir Thomas More. When Buckingham, discontented with Richard, retired to Brecknock, he found Morton there, who had been committed to his custody, just after the protector, by way of a blind I suppose, had admired his strawberries. Morton had been a Lancastrian, though after the death of Henry VI. and his son, he had adhered to Edward IV., whose chaplain he became. He now took pains to entice Buckingham into a confidential conversation on the state of the monarchy,‡ and let it out pretty plainly that he was not well satisfied with King Richard. Just at this moment, in the midst of their conversation, which Morton probably himself repeated to Sir Thomas More, we lose the authority of that writer.§ The rest of the conversation is from Hall, and of course, quite fanciful. However, Shakspeare makes no use of it, though it might certainly have furnished a good scene. For the bishop having let out his grievances cautiously and by degrees, at last solicited the duke to take the crown himself, or if he was averse to that, then "to set up again the lineage of Lancaster, or advance the eldest daughter of King Edward to some high and puissant prince." Buckingham then

\* I do not know who this was. The Lovel who adhered to Richard, was Francis Viscount Lovel, of the house of Perceval. He left no issue, but the Earl of Egmont is his male heir, vii. 544.

† Act iv., sc. 4.

‡ Morton exhorts the duke to deliver the kingdom from its perils, *by the oath which he has taken as a Knight of the Garter*. Sir Harris Nicolas informs me that at this time no oath was taken, except for the observance of the statutes. In the time of Henry VIII. they were sworn to sustain the honour and dominions of the king—there is another inaccuracy, when Richard swears by his *George*, a badge not used in his time.

§ So it is stated in the margin of Hol., 405. Hall has the same notice (p. 379), prior to the commencement of the communication between Morton and Buckingham. At all events the important part of the conversation has not More's authority.



opened himself to Morton; telling him that Richard's first purpose was, that he should wear the crown till young Edward should complete his twenty-fourth year: when Buckingham hesitated at approving this, he began to question the legitimacy of the two princes. Buckingham acknowledged that it was by his means that Richard was made king, promising, however, that his nephews should live and be honourably maintained. The duke did not, according to this version, acknowledge that the murder of the boys had been proposed to him; but he left Richard, first, because the Hereford estate was denied to him,\* and secondly, because the princes had been put to death. Buckingham, then, according to his own account, thought of setting up his own claim to the crown; for, he said,

"I suddenly remembered, that the lord *Edmund* Duke of Somerset, my grandfather, was with King Henry VI., in the two and three degrees from John, Duke of Lancaster, lawfully begotten, so that I thought sure, my mother being eldest daughter to Duke Edmund, that I was next heir to King Henry VI., of the house of Lancaster."

But he adds,

"As I rode between Worcester and Bridgnorth, I encountered with the lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, now with unto the Lord Stanley, which is the very daughter and sole heir to *John*, Duke of Somerset, my grandfather's elder brother, *which was as clean out of my mind as though I had never seen her*; so that she and her son, the Earl of Richmond, be both bulament and portcullis between me and the gate, to enter into the majesty royal and getting of the crown."

The result was a suggestion, that Richmond should be set up as heir of Lancaster, marrying Elizabeth, as the heiress of York.

The bishop now escaped from custody, and got over to Flanders, as in the play. How soon after this, Buckingham raised his hardy Welshmen, I have not ascertained; but no long time elapsed before his army, owing to the overflow of the waters, was dispersed and scattered. The appearance of Richmond and his fleet off the coast of Dorsetshire, and his ultimate landing at Milford, are taken exactly from the chronicle.

The Courtenays† certainly rose in Devonshire; but I know not who are intended by the Guildfords of Kent.

But much time, and important events, occurred before Richmond landed. It is only necessary to mention the Queen Dowager's delivering her five daughters to King Richard, and inviting her son, Dorset, to quit the Earl of Richmond.

The distrust of Lord Stanley, the detention of his son as hostage, and his communication with Richmond, and ultimate description of Richard, are all historical facts. And Sir Christopher Urswick is an historical person; he was chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, and

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\* Turner (iii. 436) shows that the Hereford estates were granted to Buckingham. This fact brings into question not the credit, but the accuracy of information, of Sir Thomas More.

† But there is some confusion. Holinshed (p. 417) makes "Peter Courtenay Bishop of Exeter, and Sir Edmund Courtenay his brother, by King Henry VII. after created Earl of Devonshire." Now Peter was of a younger branch, and not brother of Edward, afterwarde created Earl of Devon; he had an elder brother *Edmund*; yet surely the powerful insurgent must have been the head of the family, to whom the earldom was restored by the new king. Probably, both Edward and Edmund took arms.

employed as a messenger between Richmond and his friends in England;\* whose friends he thus enumerates.

The enumeration of Richmond's companions, "Sir Walter Herbert,† a renowned soldier; Sir Gilbert Talbot,‡ Sir William Stanley,§ Oxford,|| redoubted Pembroke,¶ Sir James Blount,\*\* and Rife ap Thomas."

The fifth act opens with Buckingham, on his way to execution, at *Salisbury*. A note in Boswell, which I can confirm from local information states, that the execution really took place at *Shrewsbury*.

We have now Richard in the neighbourhood of Tamworth, to which place he had marched from Milford, and as we have presently both armies in Bosworth field; Richard is accompanied by Norfolk†† and Surry.

"*K. Rich.* Who has descried the number of the traitors?

*Norf.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost strength.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they of the adverse faction want."

Presently,

"*K. Rich.* Saddle White Surry for the field to-morrow.

Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earl of Surry, and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.††

*K. Rich.* So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine;  
I have not that alacrity of spirit

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have."

The private meeting between Richmond and Stanley is from the chronicle. It took place at the village of Aderston.§§

We have now the ghosts:

"The fame went, that Richard had the same night a dreadful and terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he did see divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision, not so suddenly struck his heart with a sudden fear, but it shifted his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart, being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come; not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle."|||

Although Richard's address to his companions in arms is suggested by Holinshed, where Richard publicly confessed that for obtaining the crown he committed "a wicked and detestable" act; of which, however, he has repented.

\* Bosw., 202.

† I cannot identify him.

‡ Son of the second Earl of Shrewsbury and ancestor of the present.

§ Brother of Lord Stanley.

|| John de Vere, 13th Earl, who appears in Henry VI.

¶ Jasper Tudor.

\*\* I cannot find this gentleman among the Blounts of Mapledurham; but see Malone's note in Bosw., 207.

†† John Howard, the first duke of that name. Surry was his son Thomas, so created; the victor of Flodden. Collins, i. 57.

‡‡ Malone says, that the epithet of melancholy, was given to Henry, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, because he was ill-affected to Richard, and stood aloof (Bosw. 213). This does not assort with the activity here ascribed to him.

§§ Hol., 439.

||| Hol., 438.

Shakspeare's Richard\* makes this confession to himself alone, and in addressing his army, says,

"Conscience is but a word that cowards use."

His depreciation of Richmond as a milk-sop, and of his Briton soldiers,

—————"whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,"

Shakspeare has his usual authority. But in Holinshed, the king appeals to the rectitude of his administration; whereas our poet studiously avoids allusion to any circumstance favourable to Richard.

In taking from Holinshed the oration of Richmond, the poet has not found it necessary to use his licence. The chronicler was the original poet. He supplied a plentiful imputation, not only of murder in acquiring the crown, but of oppression and tyranny in using its powers; for which latter there is no authority whatever.

The order of battle is from the chronicle, but the unhorsing of Richard is imaginary; it is allowed that he displayed much personal bravery, and, we are told, however, that in this instance the personal conflict between the two rivals, which almost always occurs on the stage, did actually take place. It is not stated that Richard fell by Henry's own hand.

It may be observed that Henry, referring in his final and triumphant address to the contest between York and Lancaster, says,

"O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together."

Elizabeth was the undoubted heiress of York, and certainly conveyed to the Tudors their best hereditary title. Henry was not the representative of Lancaster, in any sense in which that representation would have given him a title to the crown, either ancestral or parliamentary. Through his mother, he was the representative of the Beauforts, the illegitimate descendants of John of Gaunt. But the crown was never given by parliament to the heirs of John of Gaunt. The Lancastrian title began with Henry IV. Even, therefore, if the legitimation† of the Beauforts had not contained a bar to their claim to the royal succession, they would have had no claim while any descendants remained of the elder brother of John of Gaunt. Nevertheless, Henry VII. was fond of his Lancastrian title, and seldom, if ever, put forward the Yorkist right of his wife, or built, as in the play, upon the union of the two houses.

Of Richard III. Johnson says,

"This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some impossible."‡

Malone adds, that the play

"was patronized by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the scene."

And Steevens, concurring in the judgment of Johnson and Malone, says,

\* Act v., sc. 3.

† On which see *Excerpt. Hist.*, 152.

‡ *Bosw.*, 243.

"Perhaps they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps, beyond all others, variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repentant sinner, &c., are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author. Yet the favour with which this tragedy is now received, must also, in some measure, be attributed to Mr. Cibber's reformation of it, which, generally considered, is judicious."

I agree in the opinion that the popularity of this play is owing to the character of Richard, and the way in which it is sustained by the dramatist, and has been performed by the actor; not because the character is variegated, but because it is uniform—that of an hypocritical villain, pursuing by wicked means the one great object of ambition. The scenes which might be selected from the play as specimens of Shakspeare's power are not his best. They would be inferior in interest and excitement to the somewhat cognate scenes in the less valued play of King John, and would present few passages of splendid language. My friend Mr. Broderip has shown me a play,\* from which it appears that in the time of Charles II., a different and inferior play of Richard III. was acted in London.

Of secondary personages, Buckingham is the best; but there is not much in his character. Margaret sustains her part well, but that is entirely fanciful, and not to be admired.

The received history is pretty closely followed; but, when this play was written, the belief which it was the view of the Tudors to encourage had not been disturbed by the historic doubts of a later age. Want of space has obliged me to omit many obvious remarks and illustrations.

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## PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TRISTRAM DUMPS, ESQ.†

### CHAP. VII.

If there be one place more congenial with my feelings than another it is a churchyard. During my various peregrinations through the world in search of happiness, I have paid particular attention to this subject, and from my earliest youth thought my first publication, as an author, would have been "an essay upon places of interment"—but it is otherwise—so I suppose *sic fata volunt*. Amongst the many follies and perversities of the present age, indeed, is that of placing these interesting depositories as much in the background as possible;—nor this alone—but of endeavouring by every expedient to banish the thoughts of our last resting-places upon earth. The wisdom of our ancestors—no—I cannot exactly say that, although always sufficiently ready to praise those of the past in comparison with those of the present times—the wisdom of the ancients—the ancestors of another

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\* The English Princess, or the Death of Richard III., as it is now acted at His Highness the Duke of York's theatre, 1674.

† Continued from No. ccxvii., page 88.

nation of the world, looked upon the matter in a very different light. Instead of stowing the remains of their relatives and friends all into one small enclosure as if to make the smallest possible space of ground odious, they loved to scatter these points of interest as widely as they could round the walls of their cities; but particularly in the most public parts, and more especially by the side of the roads that approached the most frequented entrances. There beneath a little towering canopy of stone, often formed into a kind of alcove, few persons had not a respected grandmother or aunt or some other relative at every milestone; and well do I remember that when I visited the interesting remains of Pompeii, this was, of all the domestic arrangements of the ancients, that which pleased me most. I have before my eyes at this moment an alcove tomb by the road-side, from which a fine view of the bay of Naples was seen on one side, while on the other rose the towering volcano which had made the spot so interesting. What are the choicest scenes usually selected by us for pick-nicks, or other parties of pleasure compared with this? and had I been Sallust, whose house was near, what other point should I have chosen for my evening meditations?

In modern Rome of all the various objects which present themselves, so fraught with associations of recent or past interests, there is not one—no, neither of the republic nor of the empire—which to me has half the charm of the romantic English cemetery which lies round the pyramid of Caius Cestius. The mouldering walls of the city which defend it on one side—the pyramid itself—emblem, by its stability, almost of eternity, and pointing its slender apex to the skies—the rising knoll in the inner part from which so fine a view is seen of the ruined city, as well as of the neglected Tiber winding its lazy way through widely uninhabited spaces within the city walls—all these, with the usual gradations of English tombstones, from that of the noble to that of the humblest traveller, preserving even in death the little peculiarities of national custom—all these, I confess, have a charm for me, far beyond the most brilliant attractions of ball-room or rout.

In Germany I have had my pleasure too: the neat little hillock of earth planted with roses and violets, the cultivation of which seems to so the care of surviving friends—the plain head-piece at one end—the little cup of sacred water, and the hyssop attached to the stone, looking more like the tears of the bereaved than aught else, all this has also its charms. But amongst the various inventions of the present day, fraught with so many circumstances of folly, extravagance, or absurd innovation, it was in one of these cemeteries that I saw a device to speak of, which, in due terms, would exhaust the vocabulary of praise. As a regulation of the police requires the removal of the deceased from their homes very soon after death, an apprehension amongst the nervous (natural enough, it must be confessed) seems to prevail, not only of being buried alive, but of becoming subject to subterranean reanimation—of coming to life again in their coffins. For the relief of these uncomfortable fears, a considerable building is appropriated in some cemeteries to a series of little narrow chambers opening by a small window into a central room, in which the guardian or watchman sits. In each of these narrow cells there is room for one tressel upon which the body of the defunct is placed, and it is, more-

over, furnished with a mechanical contrivance, by which, when fastened to the fingers of each hand, the slightest motion of the corpse would touch a spring, discharging a long loud alarm chain from the top of the central room to the bottom. Few instances, it is said, but some have occurred, in which the watchful guardian has been rewarded for his vigilance by a resuscitation of one of his subjects. Scarcely does one know whether more to applaud the circumstances and utility of this complicated, expensive contrivance, or the fine opportunity afforded to the guardian of cultivating that part of his moral nature connected with such pensive benevolence. This avocation (most of us have our predilections and fancies), this avocation did, I confess, long haunt my imagination in pleasing recollection, and though, I believe, I am not of an envious disposition, I never perhaps, before, coveted so much the livelihood of another. Certain I am that if any thing should reduce the family of Dumps to a situation which would permit a member of it to undertake a menial office, I, Tristram, would present myself to the town council of the free city of Frankfort as a candidate for that office.

With these predilections the reader will not be surprised to find that I did not omit to visit in Paris the renowned cemetery of Père la Chaise. The features of that interesting spot are so well known, have been so fully described and appreciated by former travellers, that a repetition from me would be useless loss of time—nor would I have mentioned this little pilgrimage to a place of my affections, had it not been connected with a touching event, and with the fortunes of two young people already mentioned in this narrative.

The sun had begun to decline ere I left the streets of Paris, and though, full of my subject, I had kept steadily on my way, looking neither to the right hand, nor to the left, it was fast on the point of setting when I entered the solemn precincts. A still and awful calm prevailed, as the day in somewhat sombre garb took leave of earth. Each well-known tomb—for I have most of the European resting-places by heart—each tablet or recumbent flag that had so often afforded me subject of pleasing meditation again saluted my eye.

I had perambulated nearly the whole of the grounds without seeing a single animated human being, when just as I approached that little canopy of columns which overtop the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, I saw through them, at a short distance, the slender graceful form of a lovely girl, kneeling at an apparently recent grave. As such visits are frequent in Catholic countries, at certain seasons, and not seldom are mere perfunctory acts of duty or respect, I should not, perhaps, have observed the present object of my contemplation; had I not, in addition to her naturally interesting figure, recognised the indications of genuine devotion and grief—a complete abandonment of all gesture, a total forgetfulness of attitude and limb, had gently inclined her taper form towards the wooden cross which served as a temporary mark over the grave—against this her delicate arm supported her head. She appeared to be about eighteen, and a Guido there would have found a model for one of those fair angelic countenances into which he was wont to throw the lineaments of tender grief. I was in a position to remain unperceived, and was lingering upon such exquisite and interesting beauty, when an elderly female approached. In a gentle tone of re-



monstrance I heard her say, "Erminie"—I started at the name—"Erminie, let us be gone, the air is cold; thy grief, my dear child, will consume thee." She immediately rose from her knees, obedient to the summons, and as they crossed the cemetery I eagerly followed them with my eyes until they passed the gate, and a turn of the wall hid them from my sight.

As soon as they were gone I approached the grave where the fair girl had been kneeling; but all that I could discover was, that it was recent; which also accounted for there being, as yet, no inscription. The thought struck me that this, then, was, Erminie, who had been pouring forth her devotion over the new-made grave of some one dear to her—this was the fair creature for whom George Gilbert was pining—it was over their loves that so many embarrassments and afflictions appeared to have spread a dark and threatening cloud!

On returning to the hotel, and spending the whole evening alone, the scene I had witnessed haunted my imagination; and whatever might have been my previous curiosity to know something more of the circumstances existing between this young couple; the subject now became one of intense interest to me.

In the morning Frank Delaroue came to apologize for not being able to keep an appointment with me; and so deeply were my thoughts still engaged with the scene of the previous evening that I was upon the point of mentioning it to him—but a little thought reminded me that Down would be the proper person. There was also something about Frank this morning, which, as he came in, immediately struck me as unusual;—an air of reflection—almost of gravity;—the giddy laugh was gone—or if it rose, was checked midway by some obtrusive thought. He was going out of town, upon business, had been occupied with his guardian for the last few days.—Alas! alas! thought I, as he closed the door, thy turn of care must also come in this sad world. It had often struck me as a remarkable circumstance that I had never heard him mention a single relative. To a guardian who lived at Versailles he paid frequent visits, and I always observed upon these occasions a dash over the usual buoyancy of his young spirits.

On the afternoon of the same day, I paid a visit to Down in his aerial habitation, and proposed a walk, during which he related to me the following particulars—I shall present them to the reader as I arrange them afterwards in my recollection; for between Solomon's own peculiarities of delivery, and the agitation which the recital drew upon him, it was in far other form and order that I extracted the whole from him.

## CHAP. VIII.

THE mother of Erminie was only child of Sir William Seyborn of Freynham Hall, in Kent; her father son of General La Fleur, who took refuge in England at the time of the French emigration. They first saw each other at a county ball, and as Sir William had an implacable dislike to every thing French, the acquaintance was not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to have proceeded any further. Amelia Seyborn was at that time little more than sixteen, and her first appearance in the assembly-room of Canterbury is still remembered by many,

so lively was the impression made by her extraordinary beauty. Gay and volatile by nature, yet brought up, as she had been, with great strictness in her father's house—having scarcely ever seen any society of her own age except those of Sir William's taste and selection—the handsome figure and lively manners of young Henry La Fleur made a rapid conquest of her heart; and thus, notwithstanding, or perhaps I should say, strengthened by all the obstacles Sir William contrived to throw in the way, ripened into a runaway match. The old general was said to have lent an assisting hand to this termination; and well it was that the imprudent young couple had some friend, for the first act of Sir William, upon learning that the marriage had taken place, was to strike his daughter's name out of his will, denounce her as an alien from his house, and from that hour they never met again. From the period of their alliance, to the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, the young couple lived with the general in a small cottage in Wales; an only child, a boy, having been the fruit of their marriage. I have often heard the mother of Erminie laugh at the expedients to which they had recourse, at that happiest period of her life, in order to keep up a tolerable financial appearance amongst their neighbours—and the tears used to stand in her eyes as she related the never-failing cheerfulness and alacrity of the old general as he not only taught her various little ingenious pieces of work, but executed several himself for a toy-shop at Shrewsbury. "I think I see him now," she used to say, "in his jacket and cap on the little green before the cottage, humming an air from a vaudeville with all his implements about him."

When the royal party left Hartwell for the Tuileries in 1814, it was the signal for a break up also at the cottage in Wales. General La Fleur had long been attached to the service of the restored family, previous to the revolution; and had been constantly distinguished by their notice during the period of their exile. Henry La Fleur, indeed, was not unfrequently a guest at Hartwell or Holyrood, and the favour of the royal family, little available to their friends for any purpose of worldly advantage in general, had so far prevailed as to obtain from some official friend an appointment for his boy, then about fourteen, to India.

When the new household was formed at the Tuileries, General La Fleur was reinstated in the post he had formerly held, and up to the period of his death he continued in the full enjoyment of all his old associations—the restored gaiety, etiquette, and formality of the *ancien régime*. Henry received a commission in the guards. It was shortly subsequent to this epoch that Madame La Fleur, after so long an interval, gave birth to Erminie, and from that time to the "Revolution of three days" their life was one of affluence and court favour—Madame La Fleur herself, often an ornament of the saloons of the Tuileries, appeared to have reflected upon her daughter all the accomplishments and graces with which nature and education had so richly endowed her—but why need I describe the lovely Erminie whose outward form is but a faint indication of the charms with which her mind and disposition abound.

The only drawback, about this time, upon the happiness of Colonel and Madame La Fleur was to receive indifferent accounts of young Henry, their son, in India—a certain waywardness of disposition, and

eccentricity of conduct, without amounting to any thing decidedly reprehensible, had nevertheless impeded the usual progress of his fortune in the career to which he was appointed. Instead of attending to business of any description he had become the favourite—almost the adopted son—of an old and wealthy merchant, whose own eccentricities found amusement and relief in those of the youth; but, pampered by him in all the luxurious appurtenances of Indian life, Henry La Fleur became every day less fitted for useful or lucrative employment.

On the revolution which expelled the court of Charles the Tenth from France, Colonel and Madame La Fleur underwent a melancholy reverse of fortune. The strong sentiments of loyalty inherited by him from his father, and which had been so effectually kept alive by the gracious favour and bounty of the late reigning family, induced him to throw up his commission when the tricolour flag waved over the halls of the Tuileries. A very slender patrimony then became their only resource. Nevertheless, as long as two persons of their disposition, and who had been so well schooled in habits of self-restraint, were spared to each other, even the days of adversity were relieved of half their bitterness. They sometimes thought of returning to Wales, sometimes of retiring into one of the provinces of France; but, whilst they were thus debating their future plans of life, a decree for other destinies had gone forth; and a blow was in preparation for Madame La Fleur which nothing, but the same power that inflicted it, could enable her to support: Colonel La Fleur died after an illness of a few days, and the Cemetery of Père la Chaise became the resting-place of all his earthly vicissitudes. The situation of the widow and her daughter, was now truly distressing. In addition to poverty, they had to endure not only the total want of any male protector, but even that which might have been afforded by ordinary society—most of their acquaintances, but all the most intimate, having either emigrated or followed the fortunes of the exiled court. The Abbess of the English Convent and a few of the sisterhood with whom they were intimate—valuable as their acquaintance was, afforded them, by the necessary restriction of monastic life, but a limited intercourse; Madame La Fleur, on announcing to her son in India the death of his father, had at first entertained thoughts of inviting him home; but, independent of the little comfort she could expect from one of his reputed character, she wisely reflected that such a step might prejudice his chance of fortune, without being of any benefit to her own. A sense of proper pride, which had deterred Colonel La Fleur and herself from attempting to add to the burdens of the exiled family in the first instance, still sufficiently prevailed to withhold her from any application in that quarter now. Had the old General been alive, his appointment in the household might have diminished the reluctance, so far, perhaps, as to have led her to avail herself at least of the countenance and protection of the banished court—unpromising as its almost itinerant character then made it, and inconvenient as such changes would have been in the actual state of her means. Such, moreover, being the character of Madame La Fleur, that she felt her reluctance increase in proportion as her wants became more pressing; the result of all her own doubts, and of her consultations with Erminie, was a decision to remain in

Paris. She took a small lodging where she felt that she should, at least, enjoy the melancholy privilege of living unobserved.

It was in the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerre last Easter-day that George Gilbert, whom curiosity had attracted there, first saw Erminie; and if ever there was a case calculated to set at rest the long-disputed point of love at first sight, this, I believe, was one. As soon as the ceremonial and pageant of that festival was finished, and Madame La Fleur and her daughter had risen from the shrine before which they were kneeling, to depart, George not only followed them with his heart and eyes to the church door, but resolved to accompany them personally, though at a distance, to the place of their residence, wherever it might be. After having followed them along the Rue St. Honoré, and over the Place Vendôme, in crossing the Boulevard des Capuchins to the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, where they lived, an infuriated animal broke from a drove which was passing, and irritated by the noise and glitter of the holiday festivities, advanced near enough to the ladies to create so much alarm that it was some time before Madame La Fleur could proceed. This was an opportunity not to be lost, and George was quickly at their side. The cold and stately manners of the elder lady, under such circumstances, were rather damping to his newly-conceived ardour; but the voice of Erminie, which so completely corresponded with her appearance—her general manner—but, above all, an idea, which the young are ready to conceive, that he was not altogether unapproved of, had, long before they arrived at the door of their house, set all matters right; and it seemed from that moment to have been pretty well settled in George's mind that the acquaintance was by no means to end there.

The Marquise de Nohan, who had followed the court into Germany, happened about this time to pay a short visit to a friend in Paris, and the very day before George's meeting with the ladies, he had recognised in a carriage crossing the Place Vendôme, the rouged cheeks of the old dowager, who had often been an inmate of his father's house during the emigration, and to whom he had been introduced while yachting in the Isle of Wight, at the time of the Dauphiness's arrival there after the "Revolution of the three days." A warm invitation from the old lady to her young friend, was followed by a visit from him on the Monday, the day after the events which so deeply interested him; and while the old Marquise was in the full swing of ancient reminiscences connected with the days of her *first* exile, the door opened, and Erminie was not only announced, but appeared. Although there was nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of a young lady of Paris visiting an ancient Dame de la Cour, George confesses that if an angel had appeared, he could not have been either more surprised or transported; but the most moving part of the whole apparition seems to have been, when he perceived that his own appearance had excited much the same sensations in the breast of the young visitor. To a hesitating bow, and inquiry about the health of the lady, whom he had heard Erminie call *mamma*, her replies were such as to let him pretty quickly into the secret that the event, and all its accompaniments, which had so powerfully agitated the mother, had by no means left the daughter oblivious of any, its minutest particulars. As she rose to go away, and George accompanied her to the door, those, said he, must have been in similar

circumstances to understand what passed within his breast without speaking many words.

As soon as she was gone, the thread of the old lady's reminiscences, which she endeavoured again to take up, was frequently and most effectually cut short, while the tenour of the conversation underwent a remarkable change by the inquiries and curiosity of her auditor, who appeared in a moment to have acquired a renewal of all his powers of attention. "But, bless me!" he said, after having succinctly related Erminie's history, "you may judge for yourself, both of Madame La Fleur and of her daughter, who are to be here to-morrow evening."

It was thus that these two young people became acquainted, and during the short stay of the Marquise in Paris, enough had transpired to establish the assurance of each other's affection, and to ruin, I fear, the happiness of both for some time to come; for I see, at present, no hope of their union. The delicate state of Madame La Fleur's own health, independent of all the unfavourable circumstances which surrounded her in the present, and looked still darker in the future, would of itself have made her anxious to procure for Erminie a permanent protector; and few mothers could know George Gilbert without perceiving in him an eligible subject for such a charge. Far, then, from throwing any obstacles in the way of their meeting, she allowed all usual opportunities to be taken until, by degrees, George's visits became frequent, and he was received as the acknowledged suitor of Erminie—if such he could be called—when silently accepted with all the warmth of the ardent heart of a loving girl in her teens could lavish upon him.

A preliminary letter to George's father, previous to my final arrangements, immediately brought Sir George Gilbert post-haste to Paris; and he then not only without hesitation put his entire veto upon the match, but, in an interview with Madame La Fleur herself, stated in the most positive terms his intention of substituting his second son in George's place, if he should marry without consent. Madame La Fleur had too much pride, and unhappily too much experience of a parent's implacability upon that point, not at once to forbid the continuance of George's suit. The latter reflection, indeed, became now doubly bitter; since, if her own father had not withdrawn from her that independence to which she was entitled, she might have removed the obstacles to her daughter's happiness; for Sir George frankly confessed that her poverty was the only, but inseparable bar to the union. "I could explain to you," said Down, "the course of this obstinate resolve," which was connected with the recovery of some property, of which he considered himself to have been wrongfully deprived by a will—the necessary sum for the repurchase of which he was determined should be a condition of his son's marriage. This project has become such a morbid feature in Sir George's mind—has been so long incorporated with all his ideas and schemes, that I despair of any change in his resolution."

You may easily imagine the distress of the hitherto comparatively happy party, when Madame La Fleur was obliged to put an end to Sir George's visits; and the only meetings that ever took place (for in this Erminie did encroach upon strict filial obedience) was by the connivance and in the presence of the old and confidential female servant.

Things went on in this way until the time of Madame La Fleur's death—

"Death!" said I.

"Yes," he replied; "it is little more than a week since Madame La Fleur was buried."

My previous surmises were then just, and I held up my hand as a stop to Down's narration. The whole rushed upon my mind—the scene I had witnessed at Père la Chaise—the poor girl's forlorn situation—"I know the rest," said I: "Oh, what a world is this!" and, wishing him good evening, hurried home to the hotel.

*(To be continued.)*

## MAJOR GAHAGAN'S HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.\*

### CHAP. IV.

#### FAMINE IN THE GARRISON.

THUS my dangers for the night being overcome, I hastened with my precious box into my own apartment, which communicated with another, where I had left my prisoner, with a guard to report if he should recover, and to prevent his escape. My servant, Ghorumsaug, was one of the guard. I called him and the fellow came, looking very much confused and frightened, as it seemed, at my appearance.

"Why Ghorumsaug, said I, what makes thee look so pale, fellow? (He was as white as a sheet.) It is thy master, dost thou not remember him? The man had seen me dress myself in the Pitan's clothes, but was not present when I had blacked my face and beard in the manner I have described.

"O Bramah, Vishnoo, and Mahomet!" cried the faithful fellow, "and do I see my dear master disguised in this way? For heaven's sake let me rid you of this odious black paint, for what will the ladies say in the ball-room, if the beautiful Feringhee should appear amongst them with his roses turned into coal?"

I am still one of the finest men in Europe, and at the time of which I write, when only two-and-twenty, I confess I *was* a little vain of my personal appearance, and not very willing to appear before my dear Belinda disguised like a blackamoor. I allowed Ghorumsaug to divest me of the heathenish armour and habiliments which I wore; and having, with a world of scrubbing and trouble, divested my face and beard of their black tinge, I put on my own becoming uniform, and hastened to wait on the ladies—hastened I say—although delayed would have been the better word, for the operation of bleaching lasted at least two hours.

"How is the prisoner? Ghorumsaug," said I, before leaving my apartment.



"He has recovered from the blow which the Lion dealt him: two men and myself watch over him: and Macgillicuddy Sahib (the second in command), has just been the rounds, and has seen that all was secure."

I bade Ghorumsaug help me to put away my chest of treasure (my exultation in taking it was so great, that I could not help informing him of its contents); and this done I despatched him to his post near the prisoner, while I prepared to sally forth and pay my respects to the fair creatures under my protection. What good after all have I done? thought I to myself, "in this expedition which I had so rashly undertaken? I had seen the renowned Holkar, I had been in the heart of his camp; I knew the disposition of his troops; that there were eleven thousand of them, and that he only waited for his guns, to make a regular attack on the fort. I had seen Puttee Rooze; I had robbed her (I say *robbed* her, and I don't care what the reader, or any other man, may think of the act) of a deal box, containing jewels to the amount of three millions sterling, the property of herself and husband.

Three millions in money and jewels! And what the deuce were money and jewels to me or to my poor garrison? Could my adorable Miss Bulcher eat a fricassee of diamonds, or, Cleopatra-like, melt down pearls to her tea? Could I, careless as I am about food, with a stomach that would digest any thing—(once in Spain I ate the leg of a horse, during a famine, and was so eager to swallow this morsel that I bolted the shoe, as well as the hoof, and never felt the slightest inconvenience from either)—could I, I say, expect to live long and well upon a ragout of rupees, or a dish of stewed emeralds and rubies? With all the wealth of Croesus before me I felt melancholy; and would have paid cheerfully, its weight in carats, for a good honest round of boiled beef. Wealth, wealth, what art thou? What is gold?—Soft metal. What are diamonds?—Shining tinsel. The great wealth-winners, the only fame-achievers, the sole objects worthy of a soldier's consideration, are beefsteaks, gunpowder, and cold iron.

The two latter means of competency we possessed; I had in my own apartments a small store of gunpowder (keeping it under my own bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents); I had 12 pieces of artillery (4 long 48's and 4 carronades, 5 howitzers, and a long brass mortar, for grape, which I had taken myself at the battle of Assye), and muskets for ten times my force. My garrison, as I have told the reader in a previous number, consisted of 40 men, two chaplains and a surgeon: add to these my guests, 83 in number, of whom nine only were gentlemen (in tights, powder, pigtails, and silk stockings, who had come out merely for a dance, and found themselves in for a siege). Such were our numbers:

Troops and artillerymen	40
Ladies . . . . .	74
Other noncombatants .	11
MAJOR G. O'G. GAHAGAN	1000

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1125

I count myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated in the army: with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed as much as an ordinary mortal. We were then, as far as the victuals went, 126

months; as combatants we numbered 1040 gallant men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his 12,000. No such alarming odds, if—

*If!*—ay, there was the rub—if we had *shot*, as well as powder, for our guns; *if* we had not only *men* but *meat*. Of the former commodity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the latter, upon my sacred honour, to feed 126 souls, we had but

Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.

Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer.

Of soda-water, four do. do.

Two bottles fine Spanish olives.

Raspberry cream—the remainder of two dishes.

Seven macaroons lying in the puddle of a demolished trifle.

Half a drum of best Turkey figs.

Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Stilton; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.

Three ham-sandwiches, and a pot of currant jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison!—The men after supper had seized upon the relics of the repast, as they were carried off from the table; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return: taking good care to lock the door of the supper-room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon—now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. O my reader! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself:—eighty-three men and women in ball dresses: the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces; the latter with faded flowers, uncurled wigs, smudged rouge, blear eyes, draggling feathers, rumpled satins—each more desperately melancholy and hideous than the other—each except my beloved Belinda Bulcher: whose raven ringlets never having been in curl, could of course never go *out* of curl; whose cheek, pale as the lily, could, as it may naturally be supposed, grow no paler; whose neck and beauteous arms dazzling as alabaster, needed no pearl-powder, and therefore, as I need not state, did not suffer because the pearl-powder had come off. Joy (deft link-boy!) lit his lamps in each of her eyes as I entered. As if I had been her sun, her spring, lo! blushing roses mantled in her cheek! Seventy-three ladies as I entered, opened their fire upon me, and stunned me with cross-questions, regarding my adventures in the camp—*she*, as she saw me, gave a faint scream (the sweetest, sure, that ever gurgled through the throat of a woman!)—then started up—then made as if she would sit down—then moved backwards—then tottered forwards—then tumbled into my—Psha! why recall,—why attempt to describe that delicious—that passionate greeting of two young hearts? What was the surrounding crowd to us? What cared we for the sneers of the men, the titters of the jealous women, the shrill “upon my word” of the elder Miss Bulcher, and the loud expostulations of Belinda’s mamma?—the brave girl loved me, and wept in my arms: “Gollah! my Gollah!” said she, “my brave, my beautiful, *thou* art returned, and hope comes back with thee.—Oh, who can tell the anguish of my soul, during this dreadful, dreadful

night!"—Other similar ejaculations of love and joy she uttered; and if I *had* perilled life in her service, if I *did* believe that hope of escape there was none, so exquisite was the moment of our meeting, that I forgot all else in this overwhelming joy!

[The major's description of this meeting, which lasted at the very most not ten seconds, occupies thirteen pages of writing. We have been compelled to dock off twelve-and-a-half; for the whole passage, though highly creditable to his feelings, might possibly be tedious to the reader.]

As I said, the ladies and gentlemen were inclined to sneer, and were giggling audibly. I led the dear girl to a chair, and, scowling round with a tremendous fierceness, which those who know me know I can sometimes put on, I shouted out, "Heark ye! men and women—I am this lady's truest knight—her husband I hope one day to be. I am commander, too, in this fort—the enemy is without it; another word of mockery—another glance of scorn—and, by Heaven, I will hurl every man and woman from the battlements, a prey to the ruffianly Holkar!" This quieted them. I am a man of my word, and none of them stirred or looked disrespectfully from that moment.

It was now *my* turn to make *them* look foolish. Mrs. Vandegobble-schroy (whose unfailing appetite is pretty well known to every person who has been in India) cried, "Well, Captain Gahagan, your ball has been so pleasant, and the supper was despatched so long ago, that myself and the ladies would be very glad of a little breakfast." And Mrs. Van giggled as if she had made a very witty and reasonable speech. "Oh! breakfast, breakfast by all means," said the rest; "we really are dying for a warm cup of tea."

"Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?" says I.

"Nonsense, you silly man; any tea you like," said fat Mrs. Van.

"What do you say, then, to some prime GUNPOWDER?" Of course they said it was the very thing.

"And do you like hot rowls or cowl—muffins or crumpets—fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some elegant divvled-kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hundthred new-laid eggs for the ladies?"

"Pooh, pooh! be it as you will, my dear fellow," answered they all.

"But stop," says I. "O ladies, O ladies; O gentlemen, gentlemen, that you should ever have come to the quarters of Goliah Gahagan, and he been without—"

"What?" said they, in a breath.

"Alas! alas! I have not got a single stick of chocolate in the whole house."

"Well, well, we can do without it."

"Or a single pound of coffee."

"Never mind; let that pass too." (Mrs. Van and the rest were beginning to look alarmed.)

"And about the kidneys—now I remember, the black divvles outside the fort have seized upon all the sheep; and how are we to have kidneys without them?" (Here there was a slight o—o—o!)

"And, with regard to the milk and crame, it may be remarked that the cows are likewise in pawn, and not a single drop can be had for money or love: but we can beat up eggs, you know, in the tay, which will be just as good."

"Oh, just as good."

"Only the divvle's in the luck, there's not a fresh egg to be had—no, nor a fresh chicken," continued I, "nor a stale one either; nor a tayspoonful of souchong, nor a thimbleful of bohay; nor the laste taste in life of butter, salt or fresh; nor hot rowls or cowl'd!"

"In the name of Heaven!" said Mrs. Van, growing very pale, "what is there, then?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you what there is, now," shouted I. "There's

Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.

Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer," &c. &c. &c.

And I went through the whole list of eatables as before, ending with the ham-sandwiches and the pot of jelly.

"Law! Mr. Gahagan," said Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy, "give me the ham-sandwiches—I must manage to breakfast off them."

And you should have heard the pretty to-do there was at this modest proposition! Of course I did not accede to it—why should I? I was the commander of the fort, and intended to keep these three very sandwiches for the use of myself and my dear Belinda. "Ladies," said I, "there are in this fort one hundred and twenty-six souls, and this is all the food which is to last us during the siege. Meat there is none—of drink there is a tolerable quantity; and, at one o'clock punctually, a glass of wine and one olive shall be served out to each woman: the men will receive two glasses, and an olive and a fig—and this must be your food during the siege. Lord Lake cannot be absent more than three days; and, if he be, why still there is a chance—why do I say a chance?—a *certainty* of escaping from the hands of these ruffians."

"Oh, name it, name it, dear Captain Gahagan!" screeched the whole covey at a breath.

"It lies," answered I, "in the *powder magazine*. I will blow this fort, and all it contains, to atoms, ere it becomes the prey of Holkar."

The women, at this, raised a squeel that might have been heard in Holka's camp, and fainted in different directions; but my dear Belinda whispered in my ear, "Well done, thou noble knight! bravely said, my heart's Goliah!" I felt I was right: I could have blown her up twenty times for the luxury of that single moment! "And now, ladies," said I, "I must leave you. The two chaplains will remain with you to administer professional consolation—the other gentlemen will follow me up stairs to the ramparts, where I shall find plenty of work for them."

## CHAP. V.

### THE ESCAPE.

LETH as they were, these gentlemen had nothing for it but to obey, and they accordingly followed me to the ramparts where I proceeded to

review my men. The fort, in my absence, had been left in command of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy, a countryman of my own (with whom as may be seen in an early chapter of my memoirs, I had an affair of honour); and the prisoner Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I had only stunned, never wishing to kill him, had been left in charge of that officer. Three of the garrison (one of them a man of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, my own body-servant, Ghorumsaug above named) were appointed to watch the captive by turns, and never leave him out of their sight. The lieutenant was instructed to look to them and to their prisoner, and as Bobbachy was severely injured by the blow which I had given him, and was moreover bound hand and foot, and gagged smartly with cords, I considered myself sure of his person.

Macgillicuddy did not make his appearance when I reviewed my little force, and the three havildars were likewise absent—this did not surprise me, as I had told them not to leave their prisoner; but, desirous to speak with the lieutenant, I despatched a messenger to him, and ordered him to appear immediately.

The messenger came back—he was looking ghastly pale: he whispered some information into my ear, which instantly caused me to hasten to the apartments, where I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be confined.

The men had fled!—Bobbachy had fled; and in his place, fancy my astonishment when I found—with a rope, cutting his naturally wide mouth almost into his ears—with a dreadful sabre-cut across his forehead—with his legs tied over his head, and his arms tied between his legs—my unhappy, my attached friend—Mortimer Macgillicuddy!

He had been in this position for about three hours—it was the very position in which I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be placed—an attitude uncomfortable it is true, but one which renders escape impossible, unless treason aid the prisoner.

I restored the lieutenant to his natural erect position: I poured half-a-bottle of whiskey down the immensely enlarged orifice of his mouth, and when he had been released, he informed me of the circumstances that had taken place.

Fool that I was! Idiot!—upon my return to the fort, to have been anxious about my personal appearance, and to have spent a couple of hours, in removing the artificial blackening from my beard and complexion, instead of going to examine my prisoner: when his escape would have been prevented—O foppery, foppery!—it was that cursed love of personal appearance, which had led me to forget my duty to my general, my country, my monarch, and my own honour!

Thus it was that the escape took place. My own fellow of the Irregulars, whom I had summoned to dress me, performed the operation to my satisfaction, invested me with the elegant uniform of my corps, and removed the Pitan's disguise which I had taken from the back of the prostrate Bobbachy Bahawder. What did the rogue do next?—Why, he carried back the dress to the Bobbachy—he put it, once more, on its right owner, he and his infernal black companions (who had been so won over by the Bobbachy, with promises of enormous reward), gagged Macgillicuddy who was going the rounds, and then marched with the Indian coolly up to the outer gate, and gave the

word. The sentinel thinking it was myself, who had first come in, and was as likely to go out again (indeed, my rascally black valet said, that Gahagan Saib was about to go out with him and his two companions to reconnoitre)—opened the gates and off they went!

This accounted for the confusion of my valet when I entered!—and for the scoundrel's speech, that the lieutenant had *just been the rounds*;—he *had*, poor fellow, and had been seized and bound in this cruel way. The three men with their liberated prisoner, had just been on the point of escape, when my arrival disconcerted them: I had changed the guard at the gate (whom they had won over likewise); and yet, although they had overcome poor Mac, and although they were ready for the start, they had positively no means for effecting their escape, until I was ass enough to put means in their way. Fool! fool! thrice besotted fool that I was, to think of my own silly person when I should have been occupied solely with my public duty.

From Macgillicuddy's incoherent accounts, as he was gasping from the effects of the gag, and the whiskey he had taken to revive him, and from my own subsequent observations, I learned this sad story. A sudden and painful thought struck me—my precious box!—I rushed back, I found that box—I have it still—opening it, there where I had left ingots, sacks of bright tomauns, kopeks and rupees, strings of diamonds as big as duck's-eggs, rubies as red as the lips of my Belinda, countless strings of pearls, amethysts, emeralds, piles upon piles of bank notes—I found—a piece of paper! with a few lines in the Sanscrit language, which are thus, word for word, translated:

#### EPIGRAM

*(On disappointing a certain Major).*

The conquering lion return'd with his prey,  
And safe in his cavern he set it.  
The sly little fox stole the booty away;  
And, as he escaped, to the lion did say,  
“*Aha*, don't you wish you may get it?”

Confusion! Oh, how my blood boiled as I read these cutting lines. I stamped,—I swore,—I don't know to what insane lengths my rage might have carried me, had not at this moment a soldier rushed in, screaming “The enemy, the enemy!”

#### CHAP. VI.

##### THE CAPTIVE.

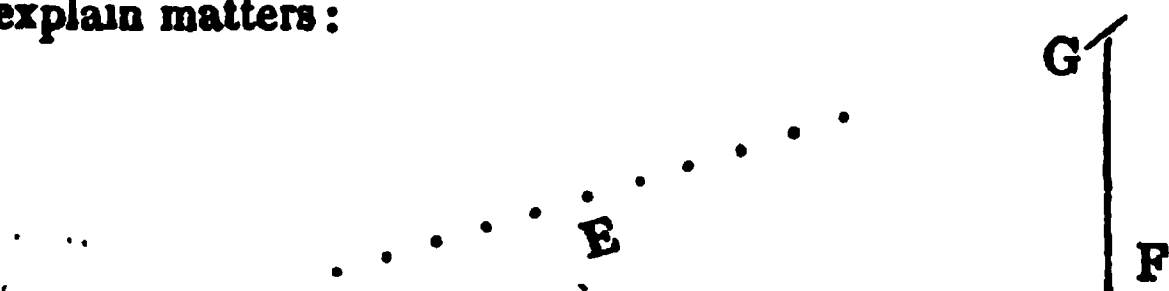
It was high time, indeed, that I should make my appearance. Waving my sword with one hand, and seizing my telescope with the other, I at once frightened and examined the enemy. Well they knew when they saw that flamingo-plume floating in the breeze—that awful figure standing in the breach—that waving war-sword sparkling in the sky—well, I say, they knew the name of the humble individual who owned the sword, the plume, and the figure. The infantry were mustered in front, the cavalry behind. The flags were flying, the drums,



gongs, tambarines, violoncellos, and other instruments of eastern music, raised in the air a strange barbaric melody; the officers (yatabals), mounted on white dromedaries, were seen galloping to and fro, carrying to the advancing hosts the orders of Holkar.

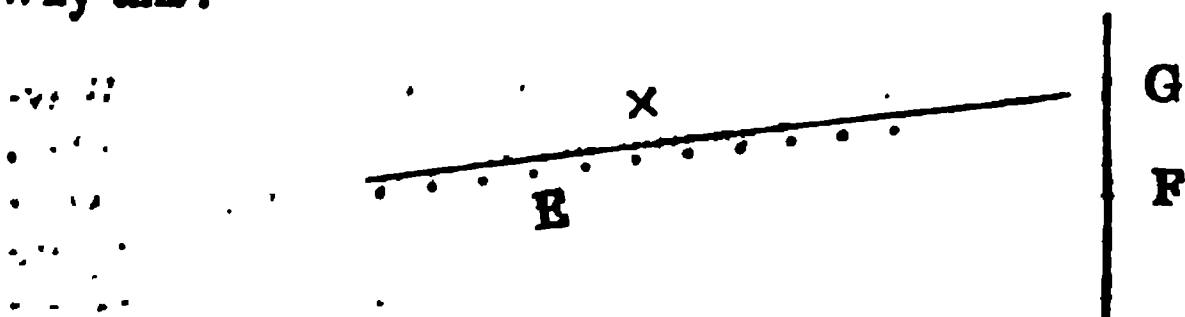
You see that two sides of the fort of Futtighur (rising as it does on a rock that is almost perpendicular), are defended by the Burrumpooter river, two hundred feet deep at this point, and a thousand yards wide, so that I had no fear about them attacking me in *that* quarter. My guns therefore (with their six and thirty miserable charges of shot), were dragged round to the point at which I conceived Holkar would be most likely to attack me. I was in a situation that I did not dare to fire, except at such times as I could kill a hundred men, by a single discharge of a cannon; so the attacking party marched and marched, very strongly, about a mile and a half off, the elephants marching without receiving the slightest damage from us, until they had come to within four hundred yards of our walls (the rogues knew all the secrets of our weakness, through the betrayal of the dastardly Ghorumsaug, or they never would have ventured so near). At that distance—it was about the spot where the Futtighur hill began gradually to rise—the invading force stopped; the elephants drew up in a line, at right angles with our wall (the fools! they thought they should expose themselves too much by taking a position parallel to it!), the cavalry halted too, and—after the deuce's own flourish of trumpets, and banging of gongs to be sure—somebody, in a flame-coloured satin dress, with an immense jewel blazing in his pugree (that looked through my telescope like a small but very bright planet), got up from the back of one of the very biggest elephants, and began a speech.

The elephants were, as I said, in a line formed with admirable precision, about three hundred of them. The following little diagram will explain matters:



E is the line of elephants. F is the wall of the fort. G, a gun in the fort. Now the reader will see what I did.

The elephants were standing, their trunks wagging to and fro gracefully before them; and I, with superhuman skill and activity, brought the gun G (a devilish long brass gun) to bear upon them. I pointed it myself; bang it went, and what was the consequence? Why this:—



F is the fort as before. G is the gun as before. E the elephants as we have previously seen them. What then is X? X is the line taken by the ball fired from G, which took off one hundred and thirty-four ele-

*phants'* trunks, and only spent itself in the tusk of a very old animal, that stood the hundred and thirty-fifth !

I say, that such a shot was never fired before or since—that a gun was never pointed in such a way. Suppose I had been a common man, and contented myself with firing bang at the head of the first animal? An ass would have done it, and prided himself had he hit his mark—and what would have been the consequence? Why, that the ball might have killed two elephants, and wounded a third; but here, probably, it would have stopped, and done no further mischief. The *trunk* was the place at which to aim; there are no bones there; and away, consequently, went the bullet, shearing, as I have said, through one hundred and thirty-five probosces. Heavens! what a howl there was, when the shot took effect! What a sudden stoppage of Holkar's speech! What a hideous snorting of elephants! What a rush backwards was made by the whole army, as if some demon was pursuing them!

Away they went. No sooner did I see them in full retreat, than, rushing forward myself, I shouted to my men, "My friends, yonder lies your dinner!" We flung open the gates—we tore down to the spot where the elephants had fallen; seven of them were killed; and of those that escaped to die of their hideous wounds elsewhere, most had left their tusks behind them. A great quantity of them we seized; and I myself, cutting up with my cimeter a couple of the fallen animals, as a butcher would a calf, motioned to the man to take the pieces back to the fort, where barbacued elephant was served round for dinner, instead of the miserable allowance of an olive and a glass of wine, which I had promised to my female friends, in my speech to them. The animal reserved for the ladies was a young white one—the fattest and tenderest I ever ate in my life: they are very fair eating, but the flesh has an India-rubber flavour, which, until one is accustomed to it, is unpalatable.

It was well that I had obtained this supply, for, during my absence on the works, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy and one or two others, had forced their way into the supper-room, and devoured every morsel of the garrison-larder, with the exception of the cheeses, the olives, and the wine, which was locked up in my own apartment, before which stood a sentinel. Disgusting Mrs. Van! when I heard of her gluttony, I had almost a mind to eat *her*. However, we made a very comfortable dinner off the barbacued steaks, and when every body had done, had the comfort of knowing that there was enough for one meal more.

The next day, as I expected, the enemy attacked us in great force, attempting to escalate the fort; but by the help of my guns, and my good sword, by the distinguished bravery of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy and the rest of the garrison, we beat this attack off completely, the enemy sustaining a loss of seven hundred men. We were victorious; but when another attack was made, what were we to do? We had still a little powder left, but had fired off all the shot, stones, iron bars, &c. in the garrison! On this day, too, we devoured the last morsel of our food. I shall never forget Mrs. Macgillicuddy's despairing look, as I saw her sitting alone, attempting to make some impression on the little white elephant's roasted tail.

The third day the attack was repeated. The resources of genius are

never at an end—yesterday, I had no ammunition; to-day I had discovered charges sufficient for two guns, and two swivels which were much longer, but had bores of about blunderbuss size.

This time, my friend Loll Mahommed, who had received, as the reader may remember, such a bastinadoing for my sake, headed the attack. The poor wretch could not walk, but he was carried in an open palanquin, and came on waving his sword and cursing horribly in his Hindoostan jargon. Behind him came troops of matchlock men, who picked off every one of our men who showed their noses above the ramparts, and a great host of blackamoors with scaling ladders, bundles to fill the ditch, fascines, gabions, culverins, demilunes, counterscarps, and all the other appurtenances of offensive war.

On they came—my guns and men were ready for them. You will ask how my pieces were loaded? I answer, that though my garrisons were without food, I knew my duty as an officer, and *had put the two Dutch cheeses into the two guns, and had crammed the contents of a bottle of olives into each swivel.*

They advanced—whish! went one of the Dutch chesses—bang! went the other.—Alas! they did little execution. In their first contact with an opposing body, they certainly floored it; but they became at once like so much Welsh-rabbit, and did no execution beyond the man whom they struck down.

“Hogree, pogree, wongree-fum!” (praise to Allah, and the forty-nine imaums!) shouted out the ferocious Loll Mahommed, when he saw the failure of my shot. “Onward, sons of the Prophet! the infidel has no more ammunition—a hundred thousand lakhs of rupees to the man who brings me Gahagan’s head!”

His men set up a shout, and rushed forward—he, to do him justice, was at the very head, urging on his own palanquin-bearers, and poking them with the tip of his cimeter. They came panting up the hill: I was black with rage, but it was the cold concentrated rage of despair. “Macgillicuddy,” said I, calling that faithful officer, “you know where the barrels of powder are?”—He did. “You know the use to make of them?”—He did. He grasped my hand. “Goliah,” said he, “farewell! I swear that the fort shall be in atoms, as soon as yonder unbelievers have carried it.—Oh, my poor mother!” added the gallant youth, as sighing, yet fearless, he retired to his post.

I gave one thought to my blessed, my beautiful Belinda, and then stepping into the front, took down one of the swivels;—a shower of matchlock-balls came whizzing round my head. I did not heed them.

I took the swivel, and aimed coolly. Loll Mahommed, his palanquin, and his men, were now not above two hundred yards from the fort. Loll was straight before me, gesticulating and shouting to his men. I fired—bang!!!

I aimed so true, that *one hundred and seventeen best Spanish olives were lodged in a lump in the face of the unhappy Loll Mahommed.* The wretch, uttering a yell the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard, fell back dead—the frightened bearers flung down the palanquin and ran—the whole host ran as one man—their screams might be heard for leagues, “Tomasha, tomasha,” they cried, “it is enchantment!” Away they fled, and the victory a third time was ours. Soon as the fight

was done, I flew back to my Belinda — we had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, but I forgot hunger in the thought of once more beholding *her*!

The sweet soul turned towards me with a sickly smile as I entered, and almost fainted in my arms; but, alas! it was not love which caused in her bosom an emotion so strong—it was hunger! “Oh! my Goliath,” whispered she, “for three days I have not tasted food—I could not eat that horrid elephant yesterday; but now—oh! heaven!” She could say no more, but sunk almost lifeless on my shoulder. I administered to her a trifling dram of rum, which revived her for a moment, and then rushed down stairs, determined that if it were a piece of my own leg, she should still have something to satisfy her hunger. Luckily, I remembered that three or four elephants were still lying in the field, having been killed by us in the first action, two days before. Necessity, thought I, has no law; my adorable girl must eat elephant, until she can get something better.

I rushed into the court where the men were, for the most part, assembled. “Men,” said I, “our larder is empty; we must fill it as we did the day before yesterday; who will follow Gahagan on a foraging party?” I expected that, as on former occasion, every man would offer to accompany me.

To my astonishment, not a soul moved—a murmur arose among the troops; and at last, one of the oldest and bravest came forward.

“Captain,” he said, “it is of no use; we cannot feed upon elephants for ever; we have not a grain of powder left, and must give up the fort when the attack is made to-morrow. We may as well be prisoners now as then, and we won’t go elephant-hunting any more.”

“Ruffian!” I said, “he who first talks of surrender, dies! and I cut him down. Is there any one else who wishes to speak?”

No one stirred.

“Cowards! miserable cowards!” shouted I; “what, you dare not move for fear of death, at the hands of those wretches who even now fled before your arms—what, do I say *your* arms?—before *mine*!—alone I did it; and as alone I routed the foe, alone I will victual the fortress! Ho! open the gate!”

I rushed out, not a single man would follow. The bodies of the elephants that we had killed still lay on the ground, where they had fallen about four hundred yards from the fort. I descended calmly the hill, a very steep one, and coming to the spot, took my pick of the animals, choosing a tolerably small and plump one, of about thirteen feet high, which the vultures had respected. I threw this animal over my shoulders, and made for the fort.

As I marched up the acclivity, whizz—piff—whirr!! came the balls over my head; and pitter-patter, pitter-patter! they fell on the body of the elephant like drops of rain. The enemy were behind me; I knew it, and quickened my pace. I heard the gallop of their horse; they came nearer, nearer; I was within a hundred yards of the fort—seventy—fifty! I strained every nerve; I panted with the superhuman exertion—I ran—could a man run very fast with such a tremendous weight on his shoulders?

Up came the enemy; fifty horsemen were shouting and screaming at my tail. Oh, heaven! five yards more—one moment—and I am

saved!—It is done—I strain the last strain—I make the last step—I fling forward my precious burden into the gate opened wide to receive me and it, and—I fall! The gate thunders to, and I am left *on the outside*! Fifty knives are gleaming before my bloodshot eyes—fifty black hands are at my throat, when a voice exclaims, “Stop!—kill him not, it is Gujputi!” A film came over my eyes—exhausted nature would bear no more.

## CHAP. VII.

### SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR.

WHEN I awoke from the trance into which I had fallen, I found myself in a bath, surrounded by innumerable black faces; and a Hindoo pothukoor (whence our word apothecary), feeling my pulse, and looking at me with an air of sagacity.

“Where am I?” I exclaimed, looking round and examining the strange faces, and the strange apartment which met my view. “Bek-husm!” said the apothecary. “Silence!” Gagahan Saib is in the hands of those who know his valour, and will save his life.”

“Know my valour, slave? Of course you do,” said I; “but the fort—the garrison—the elephant—Belinda, my love—my darling—Macgillicuddy—the scoundrelly mutineers—the deal bo—” \* \* \*

I could say no more: the painful recollections pressed so heavily upon my poor shattered mind and frame, that both failed once more. I fainted again, and I know not how long I lay insensible.

Again, however, I came to my senses; the pothukoor applied restoratives, and after a slumber of some hours, I woke much refreshed. I had no wound; my repeated swoons had been brought on (as indeed well they might) by my gigantic efforts in carrying the elephant up a steep hill a quarter of a mile in length. Walking, the task is bad enough, but running, it is the deuce; and I would recommend any of my readers who may be disposed to try and carry a dead elephant, never, on any account, to go a pace of more than five miles an hour.

Scarcely was I awake, when I heard the clash of arms at my door (plainly indicating that sentinels were posted there), and a single old gentleman, richly habited, entered the room. Did my eyes deceive me? I had surely seen him before. No—yes—no—yes—it *was* he—the snowy white beard, the mild eyes, the nose flattened to a jelly, and level with the rest of the venerable face, proclaimed him at once to be—Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee, Holkar's prime vizier, whose nose, as the reader may recollect, his highness had flattened with his kaleawn, during my interview with him in the Pitan's disguise.—I now knew my fate but too well—I was in the hands of Holkar.

Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee slowly advanced towards me, and with a mild air of benevolence, which distinguished that excellent man (he was torn to pieces by wild horses the year after, on account of a difference with Holkar), he came to my bedside, and taking gently my hand, said, “Life and death, my son, are not ours. Strength is deceitful, valour is unavailing, fame is only wind—the nightingale sings of the rose all night—where is the rose in the morning? Booch, booch! it is withered by a

frost. The rose makes remarks regarding the nightingale, and where is that delightful song-bird? Pena-bekhoda, he is netted, plucked, spitted, and roasted! Who knows how misfortune comes? It has come to Gahagan Gujputi!"

"It is well," said I, stoutly, and in the Malay language. "Gahagan Gujputi will bear it like a man."

"No doubt—like a wise man and a brave one; but there is no lane so long to which there is not a turning, no night so black to which there comes not a morning. Icy winter is followed by merry spring time—grief is often succeeded by joy."

"Interpret, oh riddler!" said I; "Gahagan Khan is no reader of puzzles—no prating Mollah. Gujputi loves not words, but swords."

"Listen then, oh, Gujputi: you are in Holkar's power."

"I know it."

"You will die by the most horrible tortures to-morrow morning?"

"I dare say."

"They will tear your teeth from your jaws, your nails from your fingers, and your eyes from your head."

"Very possibly."

"They will flay you alive, and then burn you."

"Well; they can't do any more."

"They will seize upon every man and woman in yonder fort"—it was not then taken!—"and repeat upon them the same tortures."

"Ha! Belinda! Speak—how can all this be avoided?"

"Listen. Gahagan loves the moon-face, called Belinda."

"He does, Vizier, to distraction."

"Of what rank is he in the Koompani's army?"

"A captain."

"A miserable captain—oh, shame! Of what creed is he?"

"I am an Irishman, and a Catholic."

"But he has not been very particular about his religious duties?"

"Alas, no."

"He has not been to his mosque for these twelve years?"

"'Tis too true."

"Hearken now, Gahagan Khan. His Highness Prince Holkar has sent me to thee. You shall have the moon-face for your wife—your second wife, that is;—the first shall be the incomparable Puttee Rooge, who loves you to madness;—with Puttee Rooge, who is the wife, you shall have the wealth and rank, of Bobbacy Bahawder, of whom his highness intends to get rid. You shall be second in command of his highness's forces. Look, here is his commission signed with the celestial seal, and attested by the sacred names of the forty-nine Imaums. You have but to renounce your religion, and your service, and all these rewards are yours."

He produced a parchment, signed as he said, and gave it to me (it was beautifully written in Indian ink—I had it for fourteen years, but a rascally valet, seeing it very dirty, *washed* it forsooth, and washed off every bit of the writing)—I took it calmly, and said, "This is a tempting offer; oh, Vizier, how long wilt thou give me to consider of it?"

After a long parley he allowed me six hours, when I promised to give



him an answer. My mind, however, was made up—as soon as he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and fell asleep.

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At the end of the six hours the Vizier came back: two people were with him; one, by his martial appearance I knew to be Holkar, the other I did not recognise. It was about midnight.

“Have you considered?” said the Vizier, as he came to my couch. “I have,” said I, sitting up,—I could not stand, for my legs were tied, and my arms fixed in a neat pair of steel handcuffs. “I have,” said I, “unbelieving dogs! I have. Do you think to pervert a christian gentleman from his faith and honour? Ruffian blackamoors! do your worst: heap tortures on this body, they cannot last long—tear me to pieces—after you have torn me into a certain number of pieces, I shall not feel it—and if I did, if each torture could last a life—if each limb were to feel the agonies of a whole body, what then? I would bear all—all—all—all—ALL!”—My breast heaved—my form dilated—my eye flashed as I spoke these words. “Tyrants!” said I, “*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*” Having thus clinched the argument, I was silent.

The venerable grand Vizier turned away, I saw a tear trickling down his cheeks.

“What a constancy,” said he; “oh, that such beauty and such bravery should be doomed so soon to quit the earth!”

His tall companion only sneered and said, “*and Belinda—*”

“Ha!” said I; “ruffian, be still!—Heaven will protect her spotless innocence. Holkar, I know thee, and thou knowest me, too! Who with his single sword destroyed thy armies?—Who, with his pistol, cleft in twain thy nose-ring? Who slew thy generals? Who slew thy elephants? Three hundred mighty beasts went forth to battle: of these, I slew one hundred thirty-five!—Dog, coward, ruffian, tyrant, unbeliever! Gahagan hates thee, spurns thee, spits on thee!”

Holkar, as I made these uncomplimentary remarks, gave a scream of rage, and, drawing his cimeter, rushed on to despatch me at once (it was the very thing I wished for), when the third person sprang forward, and seizing his arm, cried—

“Papa! oh, save him!” It was Puttee Rooge! “Remember,” continued she, “his misfortunes—remember, oh, remember my—love!”—and here she blushed, and putting one finger into her mouth and hanging down her head, looked the very picture of modest affection.

Holkar sulkily sheathed his cimeter, and muttered, “’Tis better as it is; had I killed him now, I had spared him the torture. None of this shameless fooling, Puttee Rooge,” continued the tyrant, dragging her away. “Captain Gahagan dies three hours from hence”—Puttee Rooge gave one scream and fainted—her father and the Vizier carried her off between them; nor was I loath to part with her, for, with all her love, she was as ugly as the deuce.

They were gone—my fate was decided. I had but three hours more of life: so I flung myself again on the sofa, and fell profoundly asleep. As it may happen to any of my readers to be in the same situation, and to be hanged themselves, let me earnestly entreat them to adopt this plan of going to sleep, which I for my part have repeatedly found to

be successful.—It saves unnecessary annoyance, it passes away a great deal of unpleasant time, and it prepares one to meet like a man the coming catastrophe. \* \* \*

Three o'clock came; the sun was at this time making his appearance in the heavens, and with it came the guards, who were appointed to conduct me to the torture. I woke, rose, was carried out, and was set on the very white donkey on which Loll Mahommed was conducted through the camp, after he was bastinadoed. Bobbachy Bahawder rode behind me, restored to his rank and state; troops of cavalry hemmed us in on all sides; my ass was conducted by the common executioner: a crier went forward, shouting out, "Make way for the destroyer of the faithful—he goes to bear the punishment of his crimes." We came to the fatal plain: it was the very spot whence I had borne away the elephant, and in full sight of the fort. I looked towards it. Thank Heaven! King George's banner waved on it still—a crowd were gathered on the walls—the men, the dastards who had deserted me—and women, too. Among the latter I thought I distinguished *one* who—Oh, gods! the thought turned me sick—I trembled and looked pale for the first time.

"He trembles! he turns pale," shouted out Bobbachy Bahawder, ferociously exulting over his conquered enemy.

"Dog!" shouted I—(I was sitting with my head to the donkey's tail, and so looked the Bobbachy full in the face)—"not so pale as you looked, when I felled you with this arm—not so pale as your women looked, when I entered your harem!" Completely chop-fallen, the Indian ruffian was silent: at any rate, I had done for *him*.

We arrived at the place of execution—a stake, a couple of feet thick and eight high, was driven in the grass; round the stake, about seven feet from the ground, was an iron ring, to which were attached two fetters; in these my wrists were placed—two or three executioners stood near with strange-looking instruments: others were blowing at a fire, over which was a caldron, and in the embers were stuck other prongs and instruments of iron.

The crier came forward and read my sentence. It was the same in effect as that which had been hinted to me the day previous by the Grand Vizier. I confess I was too agitated exactly to catch every word that was spoken.

Holkar himself, on a tall dromedary, was at a little distance. The grand Vizier came up to me—it was his duty to stand by, and see the punishment performed. "It is yet time," said he.

I nodded my head, but did not answer.

The Vizier cast up to heaven a look of inexpressible anguish, and with a voice choking with emotion, said, "*Executioner—do—your—duty!*"

The horrid man advanced—he whispered sulkily in the ears of the Grand Vizier, "*Guggly ka ghee, hum khedgerie*," said he, "*the oil does not boil yet—wait one minute.*" The assistants blew, the fire blazed, the oil was heated. The Vizier drew a few feet aside, taking a large ladle full of the boiling liquid, he advanced, and—

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Whish! bang, bang! pop! the executioner was dead at my feet, shot through the head; the ladle of scalding oil had been dashed in the face of the unhappy Grand Vizier, who lay on the plain howling. "Whish! bang! pop! Hurrah!—charge!—forwards!—cut them down!—no quarter!"

I saw—yes, no, yes, no, yes!—I saw regiment upon regiment of galloping British horsemen, riding over the ranks of the flying natives! First of the host, I recognised, oh, Heaven! my AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS! On came the gallant line of black steeds and horsemen; swift, swift before them rode my officers in yellow—Glogget, Pappendick, and Stuffle; their sabres gleamed in the sun, their voices rung in the air. "D— them!" they cried, "give it them, boys!" A strength supernatural thrilled through my veins at that delicious music; by one tremendous effort, I wrenched the post from its foundation, five feet in the ground. I could not release my hands from the fetters, it is true; but, grasping the beam tightly, I sprang forward—with one blow, I levelled the five executioners in the midst of the fire, their fall upsetting the scalding oil-can; with the next, I swept the bearers of Bobbacy's palanquin off their legs; with the third, I caught that chief himself in the small of the back, and sent him flying into the sabres of my advancing soldiers!

The next minute, Glogget and Stuffle were in my arms, Pappendick leading on the Irregulars. Friend and foe in that wild chase, had swept far away. We were alone, I was freed from my immense bar; and ten minutes afterwards, when Lord Lake trotted up with his staff, he found me sitting on it.

"Look at Gahagan," said his lordship. "Gentlemen, did I not tell you we should be sure to find him *at his post*?"

The gallant old nobleman rode on: and this was the famous BATTLE OF FURRUCKABAO, OR SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR fought on the 17th of November, 1804.

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About a month afterwards, the following announcement appeared in *Boggleywollah Hurkaru*, and other Indian papers: "Married, on the 25th of December, at Futtighur, by the Rev. Dr. Snorter, Captain Golia O'Grady Gahagan, Commanding Irregular Horse Ahmednuggar to Belinda, second daughter of Major-general Bulcher, C. B. His Excellency, the Commander-in-chief, gave away the bride; and after a splendid *déjeûné*, the happy pair set off to pass the Mango season at Hurrygurrybaug. Venus must recollect, however, that Mars must not *always* be at her side. The Irregulars are nothing without their leader."

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G.O'G.M.H.E.I.C.S.C.I.H.A.

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## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

## STATISTICS OF THE COLONIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.\*

WE have seldom met with a work of greater research or greater utility—we may say importance—than this.

Mr. Montgomery Martin has been for many years a distinguished writer upon colonial statistics, and has devoted, as he says himself, at least a third of his life to the subject so vitally connected with our national prosperity, and several extremely able and interesting works bear testimony to his activity and perseverance; but the present book blends all the fruits of his personal knowledge and actual experience, with a mass of official information that no person, be his talent, zeal, or industry what they may, could have brought before the public, without the sanction and co-operation of the government itself.

Of the course and progress of his vast undertaking Mr. Martin gives the following detail :

“The Colonial Office in Downing-street has received annually, for a series of years, a Blue Book in manuscript, from each Colony, containing a variety of commercial, financial, ecclesiastical, and general information, for the use of government. The Blue Books were commenced about the year 1828. Three blank books, with ruled columns and printed headings, are sent to each Colony every year; the blank columns are filled in by returns from the different departments, under the authority of the Colonial Secretary in each settlement. These returns are then sent in duplicate to Downing-street, and one of the three copies is retained in the Colony, for the use of the governor. In 1836-7 a committee of the House of Commons, then sitting to inquire into the financial condition of the Colonies, examined witnesses with reference to the feasibility and expense of reducing these Blue Books into a form adapted for publication. In consequence, perhaps, of the time and expenditure which the arrangement and publication of a vast mass of documents would occasion (about 10,000*l.*), nothing was done by government; and in pursuance of an object which has occupied a third of my life, at home and abroad (namely, to make the condition of the Colonies of the empire fully known to, and their importance appreciated by, the British public), I solicited permission from the Secretary of State to prepare, with my own assistants, and at my own expense such a work as the committee of the House of Commons was desirous of possessing. His lordship's reply to my application was as follows :

“ ‘ From Sir George Grey, M.P., under Secretary of State for the Colonies.

“ ‘ *Colonial Office, Downing-street, 7th February, 1838.*

“ ‘ Sir,—I am directed by Lord Glenelg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2d instant, and to acquaint you in reply, that his lordship has much pleasure in complying with your request, for access to the information in this office comprised in the Blue Books, annually transmitted from the respective Colonies. Mr. Meyer, the librarian, received his lordship's directions to submit them to your inspection on your application to him for that purpose. Lord Glenelg will also be happy to afford you access to any other statistical information in this office, respecting the Colonies.

“ ‘ I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“ ‘ GEORGE GREY.’

“ ‘ *To Robert Montgomery Martin, Esq., &c. &c.*

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\* *Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire.* By Robert Montgomery Martin, Esq.

"An office was assigned for my use in Downing-street, and by the courtesy of Mr. Meyer, I was supplied with upwards of 250 volumes of Blue Books, and with various documents of a public nature. The materials which these books contained were carefully examined, and the facts which I deemed it useful to publish, were collated and arranged in a tabular form, together with an immense mass of facts collected from every public department, and from every authentic quarter, so as to present consecutive views of the progress or decline of each colony in population, education, religion, crime, commerce, shipping, staple products, finances, and in every thing which can portray the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of so large a part of the British empire.

"At the East India House also an apartment was assigned me, and the commercial returns of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, for 40 years, were, by the urbanity of Mr. Peacock, placed before me. Mr. Melville, Secretary for the East India Company; Mr. Triving, Inspector-general at the Custom-house; Mr. Woodhouse, of the Plantation Office; Mr. Covey, Registrar-general of Shipping; Mr. Brown, Registrar-general of Merchant Seamen; Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade; and the Courts of Directors and Secretaries of the different public companies connected with our transmarine possessions, all granted me their invaluable aid. The Colonies are arranged geographically, and divided into books."

We have carefully examined the result of these labours, and although, in a compendium of such magnitude, it is next to impossible that there should be no inaccuracies, all that we have been able to detect consist of rarely occurring verbal or rather literary errors, in some of the proper names introduced. A small fault to find in a volume containing nearly a thousand pages.

It is a book which no library ought to be without.

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#### THE ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.\*

"THE Romance of the Harem," set forth and illustrated by a young, fair, and gifted Englishwoman, peculiarly fitted for the office, by "personal observation made on the spot," as our professional tourists have it! Surely, if there is faith to be put in a title, we might venture to praise *this* book, even without reading it. Having read it, however, the task is changed into a claim of grateful duty: for seldom have we been more entirely pleased and amused by any book of its class, and certainly by not one of our own day. The reader will gain a very adequate notion of the peculiar nature of Miss Pardoe's book, and certainly not an exaggerated one as regards its merits and its powers of entertainment, when we state that it is a sort of New Arabian Nights—with all the oriental tone and imagery of those fascinating fictions—all their rich and wild spirit of romance—all their ingenuity, and fertility of invention and incident;—but (with one exception) wanting that supernatural machinery which we are by no means sure, is not the defect rather than the merit of those still charming tales. Certain we are, that when an equally exciting and attractive result can be obtained *without* such machinery, and by circumstances "probable to thinking," and arrangements compatible with belief and

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\* The Romance of the Harem. By Miss Pardoe.

common sense, the ultimate effect must be stronger, and the merit of the writer of a rarer, at least, if not a higher grade. And such, we venture to say, is the case in Miss Pardoe's "Romance of the Harem." There is, for instance, nothing in the Arabian Nights, with their Genii and Perii, and all their other i's (in number Argus-like) to boot, that is more strange, stirring, and wonder-moving, than the story of "The Diamond Merchant," in these volumes—nothing (till the mystery is explained) more unaccountable by any but supernatural agency, than "The Seven Doors." And so of other of the stories. It is true, Miss Pardoe assures us that these exceedingly clever, lively, and amusing fictions "are genuine tales, related by the professional *Massaldjhes*, or story-tellers of the East, in the harems of the wealthy Turks, during seasons of festivity." But we must beg leave to doubt the validity of this modest avowal, except in so far as relates to the *groundwork* of the several stories: the superstructure—including the sentiment, imagery, and passion, and frequently the poetical spirit which pervades the tale—and, above all, the artist-like putting together of the parts, and dovetailing them into one fair and consistent whole,—the merit of all these, we are confident, belong to the fair and gifted lady who has now presented us with the stories in an English attire,—English, yet most appropriately ornamented and enriched with the jewels, the flowers, and the perfumes of the East.

Nothing can be more pretty and piquant than the slight but shining web of fiction by which these brilliant fireflies of Miss Pardoe's fancy are kept together. The young, beautiful, and capricious wife of a *not* young, and therefore (for the time being) doting Pasha of a distant province of Turkey, is "sick even unto death,—evidently of nothing more dangerous, however, than blue-devils,—when a slave-merchant arrives in the vicinity, with a Greek girl of wondrous beauty, and endowed with every appropriate slave-accomplishment under (and above) the sun: she plays on the zebec, sings her native songs like a bulbul, speaks Turkish like a daughter of Paradise, and (best of all, under the existing exigency) tells stories like a *Massaldjhe*. She is, of course, purchased for the idolized wife of the Pasha at double the market price (not without an eye to the idolizing husband in case of accidents), is straightway carried home to the palace; and (still for fear of accidents—for your capricious beauties are not famous for encouraging their like, especially if they come recommended by their husband's favour) the lovely Greek is bidden to make her way to the Hanoum Effendi's good graces by her captivating voice, before she ventures to appear in a more questionable shape. She accordingly chants a pretty native melody—the excited curiosity of the wilful beauty bids her withdraw the veil that conceals the form of the singer—and lo! in the pampered Circassian, and the poor Greek slave, behold the long-lost and beloved friend each of the other! The dying one of course gets well immediately—the captive is made free—the long-severed companions of a happy childhood soon get tired of talking over their reminiscences of joys that are never to return—and the witty and accomplished Greek, to while away the returning sadness of her friend (not to mention the claims to that effect arising out of the Pasha's sixty thousand piastres, paid down *argent comptant*, as the price of her perfections), puts on her professional garb of the *Massaldjhe*, and tells stories as nobody else *could* tell them—



but Miss Pardoe. There is also a pretty little mysterious story linked with the fate—past and future—of the two lovely friends, which we shall leave the reader to unravel. Suffice it, that the result is one of the most clever, spirited, and entertaining productions of its kind, that we have read for many a day, and one that fully realizes the high expectations which “*The City of the Sultan*” was calculated to excite. We must not neglect to mention that, interspersed through these volumes, are many really exquisite lyrical effusions, superior (and it is no mean praise) to any that we have yet seen from the pen of this lady, and so full at once of passion and poetical feeling, as to give promise that the “aching void” recently made in our poetical literature by a late melancholy event, may at no distant day be filled at least, though it cannot be forgotten. At all events, we will venture to assert that there is no other female writer so capable and worthy of occupying it as the gifted lady to whom we are indebted for “*The City of the Sultan*,” and “*The Romance of the Harem*.”

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#### EXCURSIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA.\*

There is nothing like timing a book well ; and none was ever better timed than these entertaining and instructive volumes on Russia. They contain a vast deal of information, that is peculiarly desirable and important for us to obtain at the present period ; and, fortunately, the author happens to be in a condition and temper to tell it all with perfect impartiality and good faith. The books on Russia that we have had during the last few years, have put in very fair claims to range under the attractive general title of “works of fiction ;” and they have accordingly amused us exceedingly, and left us with considerably less, real and available knowledge of the power, prospects, and designs of Russia, and of the extraordinary man who rules over her destinies, than if they had never been written. It is clear that the Emperor Nicholas has improved on the non-intercourse system of his great rival of the Celestial Empire, and freely admits foreigners into every part of his dominions, for the express and laudable purpose of mystifying and misleading them. And he has especially pointed this ingenious system at English travellers, who not only journey, for the most part, with a note-book in their hand, but take care to apprise the world of this fact beforehand, as if for the purpose of guarding against all chance of getting any truth to put into it. The cunning and clear-sighted Muscovite is fully aware of this double propensity of our countrymen ; and he avails himself of it so successfully, that all *direct* deception on his part is rendered superfluous : for nobody is so well deceived as those who deceive themselves. It did not need the distinct testimony of the shrewd and observant author of the present work to satisfy us, that the Emperor Nicholas makes a regular *set* at every traveller above a certain station who enters his dominions ; and having first, either by his quick-witted agents, or by his own still more shrewd and practised glance, gathered his cue as to the objects, opinions, and personal character of the individual to be

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\* *Excursions in the Interior of Russia, &c.* By Robert Bremner, Esq.

acted upon, takes his measures accordingly; and either by a degree of personal distinction and flattery, amounting almost to cajolery (as in the recent case of a noble marquis), or by an apparent frankness, cordiality, and even affectionate kindness of personal manner, the fascination of which, in a great sovereign, it is not in human nature to resist (as in the case of the French journalist, Monsieur M—W—, cited by Mr. Bremner), changes a predisposition towards admiration, into a perfect mania of mingled wonder and delight, or transforms a resolution rigidly to examine, and strictly to report the truth, into a sort of mystified desire and determination to see nothing in Russia that is not *couleur de rose*, and speak nothing but what might be repeated in the audience-chamber of the Imperial Palace. In fact, the emperor has taken a lesson from—or, it may be, given one to—those ingenious dandy writers among our Parisian neighbours (we need not come nearer home), who make a point of feasting every conceivable editor of the capital, the week before their new work makes its appearance; and thus contriving, by the scientific alchemy of their *chef de cuisine*, to condense the naturally rude breath of criticism, into an insipid *vol-au-vent* of “three-piled hyberbole,” set in *puff* paste.

Luckily, or it may be wisely, the writer of the volumes before us has wholly escaped this blinding influence—how, or under what circumstances, it is unnecessary for us to inquire; the result being, the very best work on Russia, as regards the particular points on which it treats, and the extent to which it treats them, that has appeared for many years, in this or any other country. With that good sense which is the characteristic feature of Mr. Bremner's book, he makes but little mention of those hacknied topics on which ordinary travellers chiefly expatiate—such as the sights and “lions” of the two capitals. These he leaves to be treated by and for those observers, who seek for nothing more “instructive,” and will tolerate nothing less “amusing.” Moral and political truths, as amplified and set forth by the institutions, the manners, and the condition of society which engender them, are what he justly deems of vital importance to the English people at the present time: and *these* are what he seeks and sets forth, to the exclusion of all “baser matter,” and regardless of all consequences, but those to which such a system of obtaining and developing knowledge must and ought to lead. When, indeed, he tells us (in his preface), that “he is persuaded that the enlightened sovereign, who now sways the destinies of that mighty empire (Russia), would rather hear the strictures of an impartial censor, than the praises of an uncompromising eulogist,” we must beg leave to attribute the sentiment to that personal politeness which can do no harm—in a preface. But when he adds, that “the commendations here bestowed on some of his (the emperor's) measures, will be less liable to suspicion, when they come from one who has felt himself constrained to speak in very different terms of other parts of his policy,”—he has explained the real merit and value of his work, as regards the nation to whom he has so opportunely addressed it. His statements and strictures are equally just, and therefore equally worthy of public attention, whether he is setting forth the vast powers of Russia, and the boundless designs to which she is applying them, or is pointing out those peculiar and inherent weaknesses which render her success in those designs as improbable as it would be into-

lerable and unjustifiable. In a word, Mr. Bremner speaks and treats of Russia, of the Russians, and of the presiding genius (for he is no less) who rules and sways them, as an honest, an honourable, and an enlightened man ought to speak and treat of whatever comes under his notice: he extenuates nothing, he exaggerates nothing, he belies nothing, he misrepresents nothing, either for good or for evil, that the scope and nature of his design requires him to take in hand; and the result, we must repeat, is an excellent work, and as entertaining as it is excellent.

Our author sailed from Stockholm for Cronstadt, in the summer of 1836, and his first encounter with Russian matters and manners was one not a little calculated to create inordinate impressions upon the imagination of an Englishman, as to the power and political position of the nation he was about to visit. He literally awakes one fine morning, and finds himself in the midst of the so much vaunted Baltic fleet, careering along in all its unrivalled glory—unrivalled at least as regards “complement extern,” and with the emperor’s flag flying on board. The author is evidently “taken by surprise,” and he fairly describes the sight as one of unexampled grandeur and beauty. But this *imposing* spectacle is not such to our traveller, in any other sense of the phrase than that which it ought to bear in every impartial judgment; and in a subsequent chapter he gives a fair and common-sense estimate of the *real* power (and its attendant and concomitant weakness) of the now far-famed Russian navy. In this part of his narrative, as elsewhere, he enlivens his book by personal anecdotes. One that he introduces here is capital in its way, and the more piquant that it probably was occurring at the very moment when the author was gazing, in mingled wonder and admiration, on the scene we have just referred to. It was an unusually rough morning, and the more in favour with the emperor on that account. But, alas! not so with his attendant courtiers and cabinet ministers—one of whom was so desperately sea-sick, that he literally lost his senses, and in his unhappy delirium, he for once unconsciously told the truth to his imperial master: in fact, he abused him “up hill and down dale,” as the phrase is; and this, when the whole imperial party were confined together within the tell-tale walls of a steamer’s cabin! Conceive, ye courtiers, (for nobody else can) the consternation which must have ensued! But the emperor was evidently the wisest man of the party, and the unlucky delinquent, when “he came to himself,” was only kept from executing condign punishment on the criminal with his own hands, by the considerate kindness of the forgiving potentate. After a rapid glance at the fortifications and commerce of Cronstadt, and the voyage thence to the capital, we find our author at St. Petersburg, and the remaining half of the first volume is devoted to a summary view of that noble city, and its chief points of interest, as regards the foreign observer. The concluding half of the first volume is wholly devoted to the emperor himself, his power, projects, personal character, &c.; and it is long since we have read a more valuable and interesting, and at the present time a more important, exposition. As matter of mere information, a considerable quantity of this dissertation is new; the whole of it is well arranged and put together; and the general result on the reader’s feelings and opinions is such, we verily believe, as

the truth and justice of the case demands. Our inference from it, and from what we have previously been made acquainted with on the same subject is, that the Emperor Nicholas is a man of very superior mind and attainments—of vast personal ambition, which he mistakes for a patriotic love of his country—with boundless views as to his ultimate means of gratifying that ambition, and a sort of half-wilful blindness to the obstacles, natural as well as accidental, which must stand for ever in the way of his greatest projects—a noble defiance of difficulties and dangers when not to be avoided, and a wise escape from them when that may be—a profound judgment in that great feature of despotic rule, the instruments to be employed in it—a princely taste and temper, both in their good and their ill qualities—an excellent natural disposition—and, finally, a frame and constitution to carry all these out to their practical ends that can be compared to “itself alone,”—for nothing else was ever seen like it. In short, he has more of the elements of a truly great king than perhaps any other sovereign of modern times.

Mr. Bremner's second volume, if not so full, various, and entertaining as the first, is more novel, and, perhaps, more instructive; and the nature of its information is certainly more important, though not obviously so. It relates exclusively to the *interior* of Russia, and chiefly to that portion of the interior which has been little visited by foreigners, and is very imperfectly known even to a large majority of native Russians. We allude to the portion of the empire known as Eastern Russia, including the district watered by the majestic Volga, together with Nishnei, and its celebrated fair—the old country of the Tartars—the corn-growing districts of Central Russia—the rich and fertile Ukraine—the dreary Steppes—and, finally, the borders of the Black Sea, including Odessa, one of the most important and interesting cities of the empire. Such are a few points of the course taken by the author in his second volume; from no one of which, or of the numerous others included in his “Excursions,” does he fail to draw valuable and interesting information and remark, most of which is new, and all of which (or we have much mistaken our man, and his mental habits) is either strictly true, or pointing at the truth.

It is evident, from all we have now said, that Mr. Bremner's book is not one which will reward its writer with a diamond ring and an autographical autograph,—unless, indeed—which is by no means impossible—it should chance to come across the emperor in one of his Baltic fits of frank magnanimity. In any case, it is the duty of the craft which we unworthily exercise, to guard against accidents, by awarding him beforehand his due meed of praise and estimation, as echoes and representatives of that public voice and feeling of which he deserves so well. His work cannot be too extensively read at this period; not with a view to counteract those insane or silly fears, as to the overwhelming power of Russia, which may safely be left to cure (or kill) themselves; but to the wise and salutary end that we may entertain a just and accurate estimate of the danger (if any) to be apprehended from her real power and her vast projects, as weighed and compared with each other, and may be prepared accordingly.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## CIVIL WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

On the 16th of April, nearly ninety-three years since, the sun shone brightly on the bristling bayonets of the soldiers, and the drums and fifes sounded merrily, as the British troops marched from Nairn towards Culloden, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland; the effect of whose appearance at the head of an army, not previously victorious, seems to have been, if not marvellous, equal at least to many of the best miracles recorded by those, against whom, and whose cause, he was in arms.

Most curious evidence to the sudden and extraordinary change which took place, not only in the temper and spirit of the King's army, immediately after the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland, the undaunted and unconquered son of our Protestant King, and to the corresponding dread and panic of the rebels, is afforded in two letters, of which, although historical records are perhaps imperfectly remembered in days when greater deeds and more astounding victories have almost obliterated the recollection of Blenheim, Malplaquet, and Oudenard, seem to justify their insertion here. One of these letters is addressed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle, dated from Falkirk; the other to the same nobleman, by the Lord Justice Clerk from Edinburgh.

The Duke's letter runs thus :

*" Falkirk, Feb. 1, 1745-6.*

*" My Lord Duke of Newcastle,*

*" In my last, of the 3d of last month, I informed you of our intention to march to the relief of Stirling Castle. When I wrote that, I hoped that the rebels, flushed with their late success, would have given us an opportunity of finishing this affair at once, which I am morally sure would have been in our favour; as the troops in general showed all the spirit I could wish, and would have recovered whatever slips are past. But, to my great astonishment, the rebels have blown up their powder magazines, and have returned over the Forth at Frew, leaving their cannon behind them, and a number of their sick and wounded, besides twenty of our wounded prisoners, taken at the late affair, which I have found here. I hope to be at Stirling to-morrow, from whence I shall be better able to inform you of this strange flight.*

*March.*—VOL. LV. NO. CCXIX.

“Brigadier Mordaunt, with the two regiments of dragoons, and Lieutenant-colonel Campbell with the Highlanders, are in pursuit of them.

“I am, your affectionate friend,  
 “WILLIAM.”

“P.S.—This moment comes in from Stirling a man, who says Blakeney had put troops in the town, and that all the rebels had crossed the Forth. I enclose the best account for the present I could draw up.”

The Lord Chief Justice Clerk writes to the Duke of Newcastle.

“*Edinburgh, Feb. 1, 1745-6.*

“My Lord Duke,

“The arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke has done the business—animated our army, and struck the rebels with terror and confusion. He lost no time to improve these advantages; marched the whole army to Linlithgow and the adjacent places, and continued his march this morning, to Falkirk, the rebels always flying before him. This morning the rebels renewed their firing against Stirling Castle; but General Blakeney continuing to make a good defence, they raised the siege, and have blown up their magazine of powder, and, as believed, have spiked their cannon, and the whole army of the rebels have fled with precipitation, and crossed the Forth at the ford of Frew; and his Royal Highness has sent on the dragoons and the Argyleshire men to take possession of Stirling, and remains with the foot this night at Falkirk. Wishing your grace joy of this great and good news,

“I remain, my Lord Duke, &c.,  
 “ANDREW FLETCHER.”

Here we have the authorised details of the sudden change in the aspect of affairs, immediately resulting, as we have before said, from the assumption of the command of the king's troops by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Nor was the brightness of the prospect illusory; for his royal highness's career of success was uninterrupted, until the battle of Culloden, on the 19th of April, 1746, terminated the hopes of his illustrious father's rebellious subjects, and scattered over the face of the continent, the fugitives who escaped the penalty of the axe or gibbet.

It must seem unnecessary to give any detailed account of that great fight; but as much of the following narrative depends upon its incidents and consequences, we may perhaps be excused for quoting a brief description of the engagement, and of the order of battle.

The king's troops began their march at five, in the bright spring morning of the 16th of April, from Nairn, formed into five lines of three battalions each; the left commanded by Major-general Hust, the right by Lord Sempil. In the centre was Brigadier Mordaunt, and on the flanks were the cavalry under Generals Bland and Hawley, who also covered the artillery on the right and left.

The advanced detachment of Kingston's horse, having discovered the van of the rebels moving towards them, the Duke of Cumberland immedi-



ately formed his troops in order of battle, in which the army remained for some time ; but as the rebels advanced no further, the troops fell again into marching order, and proceeded until within less than a mile of the front of the enemy.

The troops were then again formed : the three battalions of the second line defiled to the left of the respective battalions of the van—Barrett's to the left of Monro's—the Scotch fusiliers to the left of Price's, and Cholmondeley's to the left of the royals. These marching up, formed the front line of six battalions, with two pieces of cannon between each.

In the centre, at the head of the line, the Earl of Albemarle commanded ; three squadrons of cavalry on the right were commanded by Major-general Bland, and three squadrons on the left by Lord Ancram.

In the second line were five battalions posted so as to cover the openings in the front line, with three pieces of artillery between the first and second battalions on the right and left of the same line, to support both lines ; and as a reserve, four battalions were placed in a third line, flanked on the right and left by Kingston's horse.

Opposed to them, and opposed for the last time, were the devoted adherents to the cause of James and Popery. Into thirteen divisions, each a separate clan, was the rebel army formed ; twelve pieces of artillery were advanced, four in front of the centre, and four on either flank. In command of the centre was Lord John Drummond, of the right wing, Lord George Murray, and the left by the *soi-disant* Duke of Perth.

To support this line, covered by some stone walls on the right, were stationed four companies of French auxiliaries and Fitz-James's horse ; on the left, the Perthshire squadron, some huzzars, and the young Pretender's guards, together with four companies of Lord John Drummond's foot.

Open to the centre of the front was placed the young Pretender himself with his body guards, and three columns of 800 men each in his rear ; Lord Kilmarnock commanding the right column, the right under Roy Stuart, and the centre headed by Lord Lewis Gordon and Glenbucket, and in the rear of them, as the first reserve, were stationed the regiments of Ogilvie and Perth.

In this state of affairs, the rebels, about two o'clock, opened a fire upon the king's troops with the artillery ; but they did little or no execution, and only served to provoke a retaliation from the royal cannon, which threw them into great disorder ; and growing impatient under a galling fire, which they did not relish half so well as the hand-to-hand conflict in which they hoped to triumph, they made a sudden rush on the right of the king's troops ; and this it is thought they did to induce their enemies to push forward upon them : they were, however, deceived. The Duke of Cumberland was on the spot to receive them, and they found the reception they met with, from the steadiness and firmness of the line, not much more agreeable than the long shots of the artillery ; and thus baffled, they turned their whole force upon the left ; their fury chiefly manifesting itself in their attack upon Monro's and Barrett's regiments, which they attempted to out-flank ; when Wolfe's regiment rapidly coming up, frustrated their

design, whilst the artillery were firing upon them with incessant activity.

A gallant dash made by General Hawley brought up a body of Highlanders, who soon knocked down some stone walls, in order to let in the cavalry, which instantly advanced on that side, while the troops on the right of the king's forces wheeled off upon the left, and having charged the rebels, and met the centre of their front line in the rear, and being repulsed on the front, they fell into terrible confusion. The cavalry behind then made a dreadful carnage; the infantry only moving off in anything like order, met at this moment Kingston's cavalry coming up at a rapid pace, which, falling in with the fugitives, almost annihilated all the rest of them.

The young Pretender could no longer withstand the shock of this repulse; and although he had evinced enough of personal courage, and had had one horse shot under him, seeing from the fate of the day his own, he hastily quitted the field, and slept that night at Inverness.

The miseries and difficulties which subsequently accumulated upon him, after his final escape to France, are too well known to need a single observation here.

On the day of this eventful battle, and in the thickest of the fight, fell Donald M'Cleod, a man of substance and property; and, although perhaps not the head of his clan, a man looked up to and respected, and who on this occasion took into the field a sturdy band of dependants, who played their part gallantly, till they could no longer withstand the force of English bayonets, weapons, with which they were unaccustomed to contend, and which made wonderful havoc when opposed by only the broadsword and targe. At their head M'Cleod exerted himself nobly; but at length they gave way, and, in a hand-and-hand conflict with an English officer, he received his death-wound.

From that day, from that hour, may be dated the downfall and dispersion of his once happy family. His hospitable house at Malldaloch was ravaged by the soldiery on the night succeeding the battle; its furniture was destroyed, fire was set to its roof, and a thousand excesses were committed by the king's troops, who, raised to a pitch of enthusiasm by the triumphant victories of the Protestant Duke of Cumberland, were led into violences which, in these days of order and discipline, would never have occurred.

From this scene of death and desolation, all that survived of M'Cleod's family, consisting of his heartbroken widow and their only daughter, Alice, contrived to escape, aided in their proceedings by the watchful guidance and prudential advice of Ronald M'Clean, the devoted lover of the beautiful girl. That his affections had never been returned by her, rendered his zeal and energy upon this occasion the more meritorious; for he loved her, and lived in hope upon what a romantic lover might almost call the sunshine of her frowns.

And what a "fitting" it was, when the newly-widowed mistress of Malldaloch, with her darling child, crept stealthily away from her once happy home, following the example and, in fact, the fortunes of not only the young Pretender (then called the young Italian), but of all those who valued their lives, which were forfeited to the law by an adherence to the legitimate descendants of the house of Stuart, to whose cause they had been, however unfortunately, we ought to hope, conscientiously devoted.

The escape of the fugitives, however, was rendered more difficult from the fact, that in the warmth of their affection, all the dependants of the family, who had escaped from the fight, would insist upon guarding and escorting the widow of their master and her lovely daughter on their way to the frail bark, in which it was decided they should take their departure from the land of their fathers. This show of regard and respect, however, caused the interruption which M'Clean had endeavoured to guard against, when he confided them to the care of the family priest, with instructions where to find the vessel which was waiting for them, fearing himself to accompany them, and seeking safety in flight, northwards.

The mourning party, in their progress, attracted the notice of a party of the king's troops, under the command of a young officer;—the M'Cleods would have shown fight against them, but the defeat of the previous day had broken down their spirit. The soldiers rode in amongst them, and one more daring than the rest, having seized the harmless Alice M'Cleod round the waist, was forcing her violently and coarsely on to his horse, when a blow from the sword of his officer laid him sprawling in the dust. The incident was momentary, but it failed not to make a deep impression on Alice, who found herself rescued from the monster's barbarity by a champion so young and so handsome, on whose arm she leant for support, while shuddering at the thoughts of the outrage she had just escaped.

"We war not with ladies," said the officer; "rely on my protection. I know no reason why you should be detained or stopped in your going, be it whither it may."

By this time the mother of Alice had recovered sufficient self-possession to tell their deliverer that she was on her way to embark for France, that Scotland was no longer a place for her to reside in, that she had lost her husband and her property, and all that she implored was, permission to proceed on her way.

By this time, most of the attendants and tenants, who had clustered round her, had fled from the "butchers," as they called their conquerors, and nobody remained near her save Alice and the priest, to whom the young officer, whose admiration of Alice increased every moment, paid no particular attention, pretty well guessing the character he filled, and the profession to which he belonged, but anxious to avoid any thing and every thing that could retard the departure of the mother and daughter. Having given orders to his men to return to their quarters, where he would shortly join them, he sent back his horse, and offering his arm to the mother, consigned the grateful Alice to the care of her spiritual adviser, and followed but by one gray-headed old man, who, as soon as the red-coats were seen moving along the road, in an opposite direction, made his reappearance, carrying some few articles of luggage.

Those who are sceptics as to love at first sight, will do well in this case to get rid of their doubts. If the beauty and grace of Alice M'Cleod had made a deep impression on the heart of Lieutenant Granville, his ardent defence of her from violence had not less affected her. Her affections were disengaged—her mind, softened and subdued by grief and sorrow, was more than ever eagerly alive to the appeals of kindness and the display of interest, which Granville took no great pains

to conceal. In fact, whether the generous young man went quite the length of neglecting or violating his duty, or not; there can be no question that from the day of their first rencounter, till the evening, when the wind coming fair, Alice and her mother took their departure, Granville passed the greatest part of his time on board the little vessel in which they were embarked, and from which they did not land after they once left their native shore.

In that short period Granville had so far interested the lovely girl in his fate and feelings, that she did not hesitate to admit the preference he had excited. Nor did her mother refuse her sanction to a conditional pledge, that if they ever should return to Scotland, and the attachment which Granville professed, should continue, their acquaintance should be renewed, with a view to the fulfilment of their present engagement. This engagement was, in the mind of Alice, binding and irrevocable, and so she resolved to maintain it, even if she never should behold her gallant deliverer again: the bond was sealed with a kiss of love—and so they parted.

Five years passed away, and they met not; but fancy, at the expiration of that period, Alice, the fair and faithful Alice, devoted heart and soul to the land of her fathers, domesticated in a small cottage close on the confines of her early home, breathing in all the purity of innocence and virtue, the air of her native country; in which, although the flame of civil war was extinct, and tranquillity restored, the dilapidated remains of the house of Malldaloch remained, a heart-rending monument of the evils which had befallen her.

Fancy the sensations which filled the heart of Ronald M'Clean, the lover of her youth, when he heard of her return—to whom, in the common course of events, she might, in all probability, have been at this very time united. Fancy what he hoped when he heard of the death of her mother, and the almost romantic return of herself to Scotland, accompanied by the venerable priest, who had followed the fortunes of her family, and attended by her faithful maid, Peggie M'Cleod, who, humble as was her station, proudly claimed to be of kin and kine to her excellent young mistress.

No sooner did the news of what may be almost called this holy pilgrimage of Alice to her home reach him, than the flame which had so long lain smouldering in his bosom brightened at the sound, although, as the reader has been told, it never had been encouragingly breathed upon by the gentle Alice herself, who, nevertheless, esteemed him as a friend, and regarded him almost as a brother, and who—such is the force of habit and family connexion, juxta-position, convenience of circumstances, and proximity of property—would, as has just been observed, in all probability have become her husband, had matters remained tranquil, or the success of the struggle been the other way.

His visits, however, were discouraged by Alice, and all her anxiety was to prevent a declaration on his part, which would decidedly separate them. She never permitted herself to be alone with him; and having confided her secret to her confessor, the worthy old Padre conscientiously continued to render himself particularly odious to M'Clean, by never absenting himself during the stay at the cottage of the ill-fated young man.

It was true, most true, that the father of Alice had died in M'Cleod's

arms at Culloden—that he rushed to his rescue—too late, it is also true—but that he greatly distinguished himself upon the occasion, and that his care and assiduity in making arrangements for their flight, demanded Alice's utmost gratitude. This she admitted, and this she felt—but love she could not; her heart was now not her own to give.

It was scarcely possible that an event which had occurred in the presence of M'Cleod's tenants and clansmen, as the summary punishment of the trooper by Granville, could have escaped notice and remark. M'Clean had heard the history, and although he had just reason to be satisfied with Alice's conduct towards him before her departure, he could not help connecting in his shrewd and active mind the existence of some powerful attachment to the Red-coat, with the marked coldness and studied reserve of the object of his affections since her return.

"I know," said he, one evening at parting, "I know it all; I have a rival—a Southron—a Red-coat of the Georgies—and if I have—"

Alice endeavoured in vain to appease him.

"Alice," said he, "swear—swear to me that it is not so."

Alice could not obey his demand, and he left her in anger—she had never seen him so moved before.

It was on the evening after this separation that an English traveller, without either guide or companion, was wending his way over the rocky ground through intricate passes, with which, notwithstanding his being apparently a stranger, he seemed to be tolerably well acquainted. His object appeared to "make," as the sailors say, some indicated familiar spot, whence he might more favourably, "take a fresh departure," in order to attain the object of his journey.

Certain it is, that he followed a path which led to some ruins, in front of which he stopped, as if expecting some further enlightenment as to the course of his further progress; resolved if nothing occurred to assist him in his explorations, to endeavour to find shelter for the night, when the sound of a female voice, breathing forth sacred music, struck upon his ear. He advanced a few steps in the direction towards the place whence this harmony seemed to proceed, and beheld a light burning in a cottage-window at no great distance from him, except that it was in the depth of the valley, overhung by the rocky pathway on which he stood.

A thousand feelings agitated him; perhaps it was in *that* direction he had been taught to look for what he so ardently sought. The music continued—the traveller, following the narrow track cut in the face of the hill, reached a wooden bridge, boldly thrown over the bed of the mountain torrent; this he crossed—the light still burning before him, like a propitious star guiding him to happiness.

He approached the cottage—the window was open; concealed by a wall he could command the interior of the room, whence he beheld a young female, kneeling before an image of the Virgin; the sacred song was over, but she was praying fervently and in silence; at her side hung a rosary, to which was attached a cross,

"Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore."

As her face was turned towards the sacred image, the traveller could



see only her profile: was more necessary to convince him, even if his heart had not already proclaimed it, that it was Alice M'Clod? He remained motionless, lest he should interrupt her orisons. She rose from her devotions—he ventured to attract her attention by calling on her name;—she started with surprise, and uttered a sudden cry; but it was characterized by neither fear nor displeasure; on the contrary, after recovering herself from her astonishment, she held out her hands towards him, and bade him come in.

And what a meeting it was! what thousands of questions and answers did these two devoted beings ask and give! He repeated all the events of his life, which had occurred since they parted, to which she listened with the deepest interest; nor did the announcement of the fact, that the moment he could obtain leave of absence from his regiment, which had been moved from Scotland after the suppression of the rebellion to a foreign station, he had proceeded to France, hurried to the convent where she had been residing, and there hearing of her mother's death, and her return to Scotland, had followed and found her, at all weaken the feeling he had already excited.

These interesting dialogues between the gallant Granville and his beloved, was interrupted by the appearance of Peggie, who, looking at the Captain—as he now was—and bearing in mind the eventful day which won his lady's heart, suggested that a good supper was essential to his wellbeing, a *dictum* with which, lover as he was, the gallant officer did not appear at all inclined to disagree; and accordingly Alice, whose thoughts were certainly not resting on such mere worldly matters, expressed her cordial approbation of her handmaiden's providence.

"You will find here," said Alice to Granville, returning after having given some orders, "a hearty, honest welcome; humble as to fare, such as we real mountaineers are used to. You will, when weary of our talk, be conducted by honest Peggie's little nephew to a clean and comfortable lodging in her brother's cottage, which I have desired them to prepare for you. You may wonder to see with what cheerfulness I bear my change of circumstances; but I place my trust in Heaven, and am happier here than I could be any where else in the world."

Honest Peggie bustled about and soon displayed a repast, possessing the first of all attractions—cleanliness. And Alice and Granville defied the world and all its ills in their quiet retreat.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when an old Highlander, whom Granville had engaged to bring his portmanteau across the hills from the nearest point, at which road-travelling became impracticable, made his appearance with his burden, and knocked at the door of the cottage to ask for a wee bit of something to eat; little imagining that the Southron who had told him to come to him at Malldaloch, where he understood Alice was residing, was already installed and at rest. From this portmanteau, Granville produced the prayer-book which had belonged to her beloved father, and which she had forgotten in the hurry of quitting the convent, and had left behind her. The sight of it filled her eyes with tears: not only was it associated with ten thousand



recollections of her beloved parent, but its restitution to her by Granville fully established the truth of his journey in pursuit of her, and his solicitude on her account, by bringing her back this valuable relic.

"Henry," said Alice, "the sight of this book brings all the events of my life to my mind—the kindness and affection of my poor father—the devotion of my beloved mother—in the silence of the convent to which we retired, and which you have visited, my thoughts were constantly fixed on you—the day of the dreadful battle was always before me—and in the hour of prayer did my thoughts revert to my preservation from violence, perhaps from death, by you; and even while my eyes were fixed upon this holy book, and in the quietude of our chapel, when the shades of evening fell over us, your figure seemed to flit before me in the light of the tapers on the altar.

"My mother died—she rests, as you know, in the cemetery of the convent. I wept over her, and vainly called on her beloved name—she was lost to me for ever, upon earth. I grew sick of the desolate state in which I was left, and the love of home—my dear, ill-fated home was in my heart. I sat through the long evenings of winter, scarcely lifting my head from my hands, my eyes full of tears, for dear Malldaloch, with its calm lake and its moonlit rushes murmuring in the breeze, were before me—the longing for home was irresistible: my excellent, good priest, to whose care and affection I owe so much, expressed his readiness to be my protector and guide to my native mountains, hoping, moreover, now that public affairs are more tranquil, to exert himself again successfully in forwarding the interests of our holy religion.

"Never shall I forget my sensations when I first again beheld Malldaloch—or rather its ruins—what a thousand recollections flashed on my mind!—the places which we have inhabited in our youth, in our happiest hours, may crumble and fall, but they speak volumes. 'Yes,' cried I, 'there is Malldaloch, ruined, deserted—but still it is Malldaloch.'

"As we approached it," continued Alice, "we found the beautiful gardens all run wild and in disorder; long grass was growing in the courtyard, and the setting sun gleamed through the broken windows on the pavement of the once festive hall; but it shone, too, on the arms of M'Cleod, which still were in their place of honour; no one had dared to tear *them* down, and I seated myself beneath them in the oaken chair of my father, in which he has sat a thousand times while fondling me on his knee. You will ask me," said Alice, "why, with these feelings, I did not as I proposed to do when I left the convent, make Malldaloch my residence: my fortune would not permit it, and therefore is it, that I have chosen this little cottage, whence I can see it, even if I am hindered from making my daily visit to it, by the badness of the weather."

Poor Alice paused, while yet Granville sat gazing on her with rapture. She had hitherto spoken of nothing calculated to disturb the prospect of their happiness, for the death of Granville's father had put him in possession of a handsome fortune, of which he had the uncontrolled command; but something remained to be told—in fact, unless

his anger had not subsided, she expected Ronald M'Clean to pay one of his fruitless and irksome visits; and although she felt it wholly impossible to have any concealment from Granville, and although she was most anxious that Ronald should *not* make his appearance, she still, on the other hand, hoped that he might, as convincing her that his wrath was appeased, and that he had forgiven her refusal to comply with his request of the preceding evening, to swear eternal fidelity to him.

"There is," said Alice, in a faltering voice, "but one thing which weighs upon my mind: it has been my misfortune, involuntarily on *my* part, to gain the affections of one who has been my companion from my earliest youth—the favourite of my father, to whom he was devotedly attached. Last night he pressed his suit with more than usual earnestness, and, although my best of friends, my priest was by, charged me with loving another, and that other a Southron. The thought enraged him almost to madness, and he left me burning with rage."

The expression of Granville's fine countenance convinced Alice that she was touching upon points likely to excite in his breast, feelings of national prejudice and animosity, which however subdued, or even entirely overcome by the superior influence of love for such a being as herself, still rankled in the hearts of those, whose loyalty and fidelity to the house of Hanover led them to regard with scorn and hatred the survivors of the faction, whose rebellious attempts upon the crown they had successfully defeated. The idea that this pretender to the hand of Alice should speak slightingly of a Southron—and *that* Southron himself, awakened a feeling of pride and resentment, which pretty plainly exhibited itself in Granville's altered manner.

"But," said Alice, "all this will pass away—Ronald is generous, ties brave—and now that *you* are here, all my cares and all my difficulties cease."

"Yes," exclaimed Granville, softened by the sweetness of her manner, "you are mine—mine for ever! This happy moment repays me for all the anxieties of a protracted separation; never—never more do we part on earth!"

At this moment, footsteps were heard approaching; the happy lovers turned their eyes to the door of the cottage, and beheld, already on its threshold, three men. The first was young, his countenance marked and stern—his figure manly and graceful—his air dignified and resolute. By the colour of his tartan, as well as by his gallant bearing, it was not difficult to recognise in him the rejected Ronald M'Clean. His hand was on the pistol which he carried in his belt, and he appeared only to be restrained from using it, by the efforts of one of his companions, much older than himself. Granville fixed his eyes upon the young Highlander, and Alice seemed rivetted to the spot by his sudden appearance under such extraordinary circumstances.

Granville's arrival had been noticed by one of Ronald's men, who had followed him to the cottage: coupled with the scene of the previous evening, this circumstance dispelled all doubt in Ronald's mind of the truth of his suspicions, and when he entered the room, he felt satisfied that he stood face to face with his hated rival. The first glance which he cast upon Granville was that of scorn and contempt; but in an in-

stant, as if animated by other and still stronger feelings, a look of horror glanced from his eyes, and an exclamation of disgust burst from his lips ; he stepped forward, and again gazed upon the English Red-coat.

“ ’Tis he !” said Ronald, “ I never could mistake him.”

He walked across the room to Alice, and with a calmness and gravity totally at variance with the passions which a moment before had seemed to agitate him, took her hand in his.

“ Daughter of M’Cleod,” said he, “ do you know this man ?”

Alice would have answered the question with a scorn, which must have made M’Clean feel how well she knew him, and how much she loved him ; but there was something so awful in the tone of his voice, and something so solemn in his manner, that her tongue refused its office, and from her trembling lips fell only some faint and unintelligible words.

“ Daughter of M’Cleod,” said Ronald, “ in the battle of Culloden I SAW THAT MAN KILL YOUR FATHER !”

The hand of Alice turned icy cold in that of M’Clean ; she uttered no cry—she wept not—but fixing her eyes upon *his*, seemed to search to his very heart for the truth of what he had said. M’Clean relaxed not.

“ Granville,” said she, in a faltering voice, “ is this true ?”

“ True !” exclaimed Granville, starting from his seat impetuously, “ the wretch who has fabricated that falsehood——”

But, alas ! the almost supernatural calm, the imperturbable tranquillity of Ronald, were but too certain evidences that what he had said was right. A faint smile of gratified vengeance trembled on his lip—his hand touched not his dagger, although the hatred of his rival was deep in his heart—he felt that he had already triumphed over him. The manly beauty of his features, now agitated by no passion, and the inanimate steadiness of his figure, afforded a striking contrast to the excitement of Alice and Granville ; the one of whom was praying to Heaven with tearful eyes, and the other threatening Ronald with looks of defiance.

Alice, unhappy Alice, *was* convinced ; she knew that the honour of M’Clean was unimpeached and unimpeachable—she knew that it was in a personal encounter with an English officer, her father, separated from his men, had fallen ;—she dare not doubt—she dare not hope. Pressing her forehead with both her hands, she turned, first to Granville, and then to his accuser, and uttering one piercing shriek, fell senseless at their feet.

They raised her gently, and her faithful servants carried her to her chamber, leaving Granville and M’Clean alone together. In Granville’s state of mind, with all his national prejudices, and all his tenderest feelings boiling in his bosom, it may easily be conceived that such a circumstance was most perilous and fearful. Harsh words were exchanged between them—the searching questions of Granville, the short but decided answers of Roland, produced a war of words, in which, however, the truth of Ronald’s statement was perfectly established. He recalled to Granville’s recollection every minute circumstance which led to the momentary separation of M’Cleod from his followers, and convinced even his unwilling hearer, that it was by the hand of the lover of the daughter that the father fell.

"I was there," exclaimed Ronald; "I saw the blow struck—I saw my honoured, my beloved friend fall. If I had not been whirled away by a sudden charge of your bayonets, you should not have lived to triumph in the glories of that detestable victory. Five minutes after, I gained the spot, and M'Cleod died in my arms. The form and features of his antagonist were stamped upon my memory—my friend's death was not then atoned for—the day *may* come—Patience!"

"This is a dream," said Granville, "a horrible dream! No," exclaimed he, striking his breast in an agony of passion, "I have done no wrong—there is no crime in battle—the soldier fighting his country's battles is no assassin. He knows not who falls by his hand—he ought never to know it. Alice will not break her oath for *this*—no, M'Clean! she is affianced to me, and she shall be my wife."

In an instant the whole expression of M'Clean's countenance was altered, and rage, uncontrollable rage, agitated all his features.

"The blood of her father is on your head," said Ronald. "The curse of the daughter will follow you!"

"The curse," exclaimed Granville, "will be on *him* who has raked this frightful story from the grave, where it would, as it ought, to have slumbered, had not Alice's devoted love for me, driven you to the base and horrid expedient of reviving it. Alice loves me, and I repeat it, to your dismay."

Ronald, writhing under this last denunciation, started from his seat and left the cottage. Granville perfectly well understood the sign he made on quitting the door, and followed him out. The two companions of M'Cleod, knowing too surely what was about to happen, were going from his back, and armed himself with his short spear, declaring with an almost youthful energy, that as the Southron had hired him, he was bound to protect him, and see fair play between him and his enemy.

A few minutes only had elapsed, when on the bank of the torrent which dashed from the height of the mountains, a sudden glare of light appeared, illuminating the glen; it arose from the flames of burning branches of the resinous pine, which the retainers of their chief had cut from the trees and fired—the torches thus promptly supplied, cast around a funereal gloom—its object was undoubted—the clashing of swords echoed among the rocks—the sound recalled the distracted Alice to life and consciousness—in vain she tried to raise herself from her bed. She called to her faithful Peggie to open the window, and endeavour to discover what it meant.

"Tell me—tell me," said Alice, "what do you see?"—Her answer was, that there were two men fighting—that they had closed upon each other, and that one struggled violently in the conflict, but that his antagonist seemed to be the victor, but that it was impossible to distinguish who were the combatants at the distance.

Presently the clash of weapons ceased, and a low murmuring noise was followed by the slow and heavy tramp of feet. Alice again raised herself and listened, but all was still save the falling torrent.

"Surely, surely," said the wretched girl, "death has been there!" The helpless weakness of the poor sufferer—left too for the first time for weeks and months by her pious confessor—rendered her incapable of

action, and so exhausted did she become, that sometime after midnight she fell into a fitful slumber, whence, however, she started at the earliest after their chief; but the old man, who had brought Granville's portmantau across the hills, detained them until he had loosened his shield dawn of day.

And, oh! what a lovely morning it was. The sun rose brightly and clearly, and the glittering clouds added their purple tints to his golden rays; never did Nature and all her attributes look more beautiful—one heart alone remained insensible to her delightful influence.

Poor Alice, "rallying all her energies," resolved to leave the cottage, and seek the place of combat. She fulfilled her intentions, leaning on the arm of her faithful woman. And those who had seen the fair and beautiful creature of the previous night, her heart full of joy and affection, would not have recognised her, in the worn broken-down creature who, with her eyes fixed on Heaven, dragged her faint and wearied limbs to the spot which she desired to visit.

"Here, madam," said Peggie, when they had reached it, "here is the ground on which they fought—the grass is still wet."

"With blood," muttered Alice, shuddering.

"I know," continued the woman, "that one was wounded, for I saw the other, when they parted, after their struggle, rush upon him and cut him down—that I dared not tell you last night."

"It was the shortest of the two that fell," said Peggie; "I could not, of course, see their faces, but I am certain it was Ronald M'Clean—it was all confused to my sight—but the memory of it will never fade."

The joy of hearing that her beloved Granville had escaped, did not hinder Alice from feeling sore and deep regret for the fate of M'Clean. He had been, as we knew, the constant companion of her youth—they had together explored the wildest mountain paths, together plucked the fragrant heather or culled the wildest fruits; and the thought that he should have fallen while he was in fact her guest, and almost before her door, only because he had dared to love her—struck deep into her generous heart. If strange events had not occurred—if fate had otherwise decided between James and George, she would, in all human probability, have been his wife. She had always esteemed him, admired the nobleness of his character, respected his principles and his virtues, and, if she had not loved, she at least preferred him to all others, until the fortune of war and a totally unforeseen event had brought her so strangely acquainted with Granville, and created a feeling of gratitude and devotion in her heart, which naturally, in such a heart, grew into an ardent love for her deliverer.

Alice left the blood-stained spot; she gazed around her in every direction in hopes to see her beloved; the eagle soared from its eyrie, beating the clear air with its wings; the patient fisherman pursued his daily toil in silence on the lake—but no Granville came. At one point of her path the roof of Malldaloch, caught her sight; a thousand thoughts flashed into her mind—a thousand associations connected with the days of childhood—a thousand regrets for the fate of M'Clean.

"No," said she, "it is not so; M'Clean is wrong—my father did not fall by Granville's hand—he is free from that stain. But even if he did, it was in battle. Could I not forgive him? It was his duty; but

to marry him—to feel my hand grasped by that which killed my parent—misery, misery!”

Exhausted and broken-hearted, Alice retraced her steps to the cottage; her anxiety for news of Granville, “with all his sins upon his head,” amounting to something like frenzy, when at the door she found the old Highlander, whose generous feeling towards the Southron has already been noticed.

“Lady of Malldaloch,” said the old man, “he is dying in your house—in the house of the M’Cleods. To die so young is hard—and for a woman’s love too—had it been in the good old cause—”

“Holy Virgin!” said Alice, “support me at this moment! Do you mean to say that he wished to be taken to Malldaloch?”

“Yes,” said the old man; “he said it would be a blessing to him to die under the roof of your fathers, and entreated us to carry him to what was your room in other days.”

“Oh! Ronald, Ronald!” sobbed Alice, “I have wronged you—I have ruined you, and all because you loved me!” and she hurried away to the old house.

The old Highlander did not at all understand or enter into Alice’s feelings, nor did he exactly comprehend the meaning of the quarrel. He satisfied himself with thinking it exceedingly ridiculous for men to fight about “ladie love,” and appeared almost angry with the Lady of Malldaloch for being at all affected by the circumstance.

Alice, weak as she was, hastened on her way, anxious to pour such balm as she could, into the wounds of her devoted Ronald, and almost dissatisfied that Granville had not had the manliness to return to her, to tell her what had occurred. She reached the gate—with almost supernatural strength, she ran up the staircase which led to her once familiar room, and throwing open the door beheld stretched upon an old wretched bedstead, which had escaped the ravages of time and rebellion, pale as death and deeply wounded on the chest—her adored Granville himself.

Her eyes were rivetted on the horrid sight; she panted for breath—all she could mutter was, “And M’Clean has done this?”

The agitation of Granville at the sight of his beloved Alice, forced the blood to flow afresh from the wound, which had been left since the preceding night without surgical aid. He could not speak to her, but the expression of his ghastly countenance seemed to say, “Do not hate me, Alice!—do not abandon me!”

Alice fancied she saw her father’s noble figure flit by her, and heard his voice sounding in her ears; the pulsation of her heart was audible—such was the silence of the apartment.

“If I forsake you,” said Alice, “may Heaven forsake me!” and taking his hand into hers, which trembled like a leaf, she kissed his cold lips, and the knot which confined her hair breaking, her long fair tresses fell over the neck of her wounded lover. But Alice rallied from her momentary tenderness—action was necessary to save her beloved: she instantly despatched the old Highlander to the village for assistance; and in a very short time the surgeon arrived. After having examined the wound or wounds of Granville, he told the Lady of Malldaloch that the danger was imminent.



"Let what may happen," said Alice, in a whisper, "I will not leave him."

Granville's eye remained fixed on hers; he made great efforts to speak, but in vain; he saw a change as wonderful in *her* countenance since they parted the night before, as *she* saw in *his*; but although he believed that death had laid his iron hand upon her, he still saw in her eyes all the energy, all the feeling, all the devotion, of a woman full of love and courage.

The surgeon quitted them for a short time;—when he returned, his silence and the expression of his countenance, conveyed to the wretched Alice the dreadful intelligence, that all hope was gone. Not five minutes after this heart-rending announcement, footsteps were heard on the staircase—the door was thrown open, and at the foot of the bed stood Ronald M'Clean.

Upon seeing Alice, he started back; she hid her face in her hands the moment after her eye had glanced upon his figure. M'Clean gazed on the woeful scene before him with unfeigned regret. Alice, recovering herself from her first surprise at the sight of him, looked at him firmly and steadily, and said—

"Are you come to see him die?—Were you not sure you had killed your victim?"

"No, Alice," said M'Clean, "a very different feeling has brought me hither; and although the sight of you *here* may have rekindled my hatred, I pitied him and lamented his fate. I wounded him,—that is true, but honourably—in single combat, where we were hand to hand, and foot to foot; our swords were crossed before witnesses. I wounded him, I say, but the fate might have been mine, for the Southron is brave and dexterous. All I ask for myself is an appeal to *him*—let *him* speak, and hear what he relates of our fight."

The surgeon, who had just laid his hand upon Granville's heart, said, in a low whisper,

"Sir—he will never speak more."

M'Clean instantly stepped forward to save Alice, who seemed falling on the bed, but a loud and horrid laugh was the only reply to his advance, which she repulsed with horror.

"My love, my life!" screamed she to the mangled corpse, "rise, rise!—give me your hand—the altar is ready—the priest is here—I am your betrothed, your beloved!—I am happy, happy!—See, see, how well I look in my wedding clothes!"

And she sank on the dead man's bloody breast.

At this sad sight, tears trickled down Ronald's cheeks, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed:

"Oh, holy Virgin, have pity on her!"

THE TRAGEDY WAS ENDED.



L I N E S

ON THE CHRISTENING OF MY BROTHER'S INFANT SON,

*February 21, 1839.*

By THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

There is a sound of laughter, light and gay'

And hurried welcomes, as of joyful greeting,

The stir and murmur of a holiday,

The grouping of glad friends each other meeting :

And in the midst art THOU—thou tiny flower,

Whose coming hath so cheer'd this wintry hour !

Helpless thou liest, young blossom of our love !

The sunshine of fond smiles around thee beaming,

Blessings call'd down on thee from Heaven above,

And every heart about *thy future* dreaming :—

Meek peace and utter innocence are now

The sole expression of thy baby brow.

Helpless thou liest, thy little waxen face

Eagerly scann'd by our inquiring glances,

Hoping some lovely likeness there to trace,

Which fancy finds, and so thy worth enhances

Clothing with thought mature, and power of mind,

Those infant features, yet so faintly lined

And still thy youthful mother bendeth down

Her large, soft, loving eyes, brimful of gladness,

Her cheek almost as waxen as thine own,

Her heart as innocently free from sadness :

And still a brighter smile her red lip wears

As each her young son's loveliness declares.

And sometimes as we gaze a sigh is heard,

(Though from the happy group all grief seem<sup>d</sup> banish'd),

As thou recallest, little nestling bird,

Some long familiar face whose light hath vanish'd

Some name, which yet hath power our hearts to thrill,

Some smile, whose buried beauty haunts us still!

Ah ! most to Her, the early widowed, come .

Thoughts of the blossoms that from earth have perish'd ;

Lost to her lone and solitary home,

Though in her brooding memory fondly cherish'd :—

Her little grandson's baby-smiles recall  
Not *one* regretted hope of youth, but *all* !

Her Son's son lies upon her cradling knee,  
And bids her heart return, with mournful dreaming,  
To her own first-born's helpless infancy,  
When hope—youth's guiding star, was brightly beaming ;  
And He, who died too soon, stood by and smiled,  
And bless'd alike the mother and her child.

Since then, how many a year hath fled past !  
What unforeseen events, what joys, what sorrows,  
With sunshine or with clouds have overcast  
The long succession of her lonely morrows ;  
E'er musing o'er this fair and new-born face,  
A fresh link carried on her husband's Race !

Fair child, that race is not by man's award  
Ennobled,—but by God ; no titles sounded  
By herald's trump, or smooth and flattering bard,  
Proclaim within what lines *thy* rank is bounded :—  
*Thy* power hereditary, none confine,  
The gift of Genius, boy, by right is thine !

Be humble, for it is an envied thing,  
And men whose creeping hearts have long submitted  
Around the column'd height to clasp and cling  
Of Titled Pride—by man to man transmitted—  
Will grudge the power they have less cause to dread,  
Oppose thee living, and malign when dead.

One of thy lineage served his country well  
(Though with her need, her gratitude departed) ;  
What in her memory now is left to dwell ?  
The *faults* of him who died half broken-hearted :—  
And those whose envious hands ne'er stretch'd to save,  
Pluck down the laurels springing from his grave.

Yet, hush ! it is a solemn hour ; and far  
Be human bitterness and vain upbraiding ;  
With hope, we watch thy rising, thou young star,  
Hope not *all* earthly, or it were too fading ;  
For we are met to usher in thy life,  
With prayer, which lifteth hearts, and quelleth strife.

Hush'd is the busy group, and still as death ;  
 In robes of white, around, all meekly kneeling ;  
 For *thy* sake, who so lately drew thy breath,  
 All unto Heaven, with earnest heart appealing :—  
 A solemn voice addresses the Most High,  
 And with a murmuring echo we reply.

All holy be the hour! and, oh ! may Heaven  
 Look down and bless the anxious mother's part,  
 As meekly she confides the treasure given  
 So lately to her young and hoping heart ;  
 And pleads that God's great love may be his stay,  
 And guide her little Wanderer on his way.

So let it be! and when the noble head  
 Of thy true-hearted father,—babe beloved,—  
 Now glossy dark, is silver-gray instead,  
 And thy young birthday far away removed ;  
 Still mayst thou be a comfort and a joy,  
 Still welcome as this day, unconscious boy!

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## PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TRISTRAM DUMPS, 'ESQ.\*

### CHAP. IX.

ON going to bed, it was in vain that I attempted to compose myself to sleep. The melancholy tale I had heard dwelt upon my mind, and it was aggravated by all those irritating accessories which belong to such cases, where the evils are neither positive nor final, and the catastrophe yet in suspension. Where the darkness of inextricable perplexities, or of positive despair spread their sable curtain over the distresses of others, our sympathy may be deep, but it is calm—when all is finished the mind finds a sort of repose, even in woe ; but where the combination of events is yet uncompleted—where happier contingencies are within the range of possibility—where, in short, any thing *may be done*—our feelings for others are of a more agitating character. Yet what could I do, or what, in fact, had I to do with this distressing case? Nevertheless I could not dismiss it from my mind. Why did I ever leave home, I bitterly reflected, thus to bring myself, at every step, within the infection of other people's misfortunes? Then I tossed and worked myself into a fever of irritation against the father—old Gilbert—if he was old ;

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\* Continued from No. cccviii., page 266.

or at least, Gilbert the elder, whom I mentally loaded with every epithet in the vocabulary of vituperation. And that fool Solomon, said I; what—if he had not been the ass he is—what need have prevented him presenting his nephew with all that was necessary to set matters right?

While I thus lay tormenting myself about things, which I certainly had very little prospect of mending, my attention was every now and then arrested by the ringing of a bell in the room immediately above; at least, I concluded it was there, because I always heard, as I imagined, the answer of an opened door. I had moreover for the last few days perceived, by frequent symptoms overhead, that, with my usual luck, I had got some very irritable and restless neighbour—a stamping of feet—a shrill querulous talking, and not unfrequently, as I thought, certain missiles projected from one end of the room to the other. This pertinacious ringing at last became so irritating, and had assumed so regular a character that, between anger and curiosity, I began to time the recurrence by my watch. I found that it was repeated exactly every half-hour—so regularly, that the person who rang must almost have had the bell-rope in one hand and a timepiece in the other.

When at breakfast the next morning I asked my flippant attendant, the waiter, for an explanation of so unusual and unwarrantable a disturbance.

“C’est un Monsieur qui vient d’arriver des Indes,” said he, stretching hastily over the table with a plate of rolls, and then tripped out of the room before I could get further information. “Oh, ho! said I to myself, liver and domination, slaves and Cayenne.”

When the waiter returned, I found that I was right; for he informed me that my neighbour above had adopted these means of punishing a black servant, for not having properly answered the bell during the day, and rang him up every half-hour throughout the whole night.

“Il a peu de santé,” added the diplomatic and oily-tongued waiter.

“So I should suppose—almost hope,” said I.

“Mais c’est un *grand* Monsieur,” added he, laying such a stress upon the word, and making it so intensely nasal, as to indicate that species of greatness which is most communicable with wealth.

An Italian waiter would have tossed up his arm, and said at once without reserve, “È SPENDIBILE per milioni!”

“His name?” I inquired.

“Monsieur Henri.”

I soon felt an unaccountable desire to know something more of Monsieur Henri, or even to get a sight of him, and spent a considerable part of the morning, springing from the sofa to the door every time I heard any one coming down stairs; but, in all the peeps I took, nothing that could at all be construed into Monsieur Henri made its appearance. In the earlier part of the morning, ladies’ maids tripped past with their fresh faces and bright ribbons from the breakfast-table below, towards the bedrooms of their mistresses—with now and then one who had a cup of tea in her hand. The next epoch was distinguished by the stately descent of the ladies themselves, followed by the creaking boots and purple faces of their larger, if not better, halves. The third period was that of the housemaid’s scuttling past with all sorts of mysterious

things—but nothing in the least like Monsieur Henri, qui vient d'arriver des Indes, avec peu de santé.

At last I heard a faint cough, and a step so gentle and light, that it had already passed my door before the sound reached my ear. I sprang up with more alacrity than usual, tripped over the footstool, and only recovered myself just in time to see the back of a thin man, in a light brown coat, enter a door at the other end of the gallery.

I would have watched him out as diligently as a cat would a mouse, but at that moment Frank Delaroue came, according to a previous appointment, by which we were to go to see the humours of a fair, outside of the Barrière de l'Etoile—and as I felt my curiosity to be somewhat ridiculous, I did not say a word about the figure which had so recently, and in a manner so tantalizing, vanished from my sight. As we went along, however, I could not resist telling him of the affair of the bell, at which he laughed heartily.

"What a curious old fellow he must be!" said he.

"As to his age," I replied, "I do not know what to say to that—for by a peep I obtained of his person, I should not think that he is beyond the middle age of life—but India—"

"Ah!" said Frank, cheerfully, "it is a sad place; but I am afraid I shall have to go there after all—I see nothing else for it."

I made no reply. I felt something so unpleasant to be connected with this remark—such a repugnance to this view of his future prospects as both surprised and perplexed me. Dumps, said I to myself, internally, what hast thou to do with the lad? After a little pause I renewed the subject of the splenetic Indian. "I have some curiosity to know more about such an original," I said, "but have not, at present, any means of introducing myself with propriety."

"As for that," said Frank, "I think he has already introduced himself to you without leave, or at least given you sufficient opportunity for opening negotiations of some sort or other, if it be only to keep the peace."

We now approached the scene of our festivities,—the murmur of voices, the thrumming of various fiddles, mandolins, hurdygurdies, &c. were heard near at hand. The motley throng exceeded in forms and colours an English mob, as much as a bed of Anemones outshines its neighbouring parterres. The dresses particularly tickled Frank's fancy—the wardrobe of every century and every style seemed to have been ransacked to supply the deficiencies of those who adorn themselves only on festivals. Here were toothless old women—*French* old women—laughing, singing, and dancing in modern caps, and their grandmother's farthingales—half-strangled looking veterans in stiff-glazed cravats, powdered pigtails, and loose hose—national guards in yellow topped boots and large globular spectacles—there were quack doctors in their gaily bedizened carts or carriages, proclaiming their nostrums by voice or flag—mountebanks singing—wild beasts growling—every thing that the chaos of social life could present.

"That is not George, surely?" said Frank, pointing to a young man. "Oh, no, poor fellow. I have neither seen nor heard any thing of him for some days."

The mere mention of his name brought back in its full weight the dismal history I had heard from Down, with all its cruel perplexi-



ties, and the melancholy situation of the lovely Erminie—the more I thought of her, the more distressing her position appeared to be. A load seemed to fall upon my heart at every new combination of her misfortunes, as they successively presented themselves to my imagination. Even the hilarity of the scene before me, seemed to give intensity to my inward reflections, so that in a very little time, notwithstanding the good-natured cheerful companion by my side, I was as much out of humour with all the world as ever. Not wishing, however, to throw a damp on Frank's enjoyment of the scene, I kept my cogitations to myself; but I could see, by the inquiring looks he every now and then cast upon me, that my countenance betrayed my chagrin. He attributed it, no doubt, to some serious reflections upon the scene before us—what a straight-laced old fellow, thought I, the lad must think me!

As we were passing a booth in which a party were dancing, we heard a female voice singing some idle ribaldry like the following:

“ Le présent fait mon bien  
L'avenir pour moi n'est rien.  
Ce jour des jours  
Le meilleur est.  
Arrête toujours  
L'heure qui est près.  
Encore un mot  
Du présent plus d'une sorte  
On trouve que ça importe?  
Il passe si tôt.  
Aux chagrins un souris,  
Aux malheurs point de cri,  
Ton bateau laisse courir  
Sur la fleuve de la vie.  
Ton bateau laisse courir  
Sur la fleuve de la vie.”

The voice I thought, was familiar to me, but I would willingly have dispensed with ascertaining the fact, had not the fair vocalist on the instant made her appearance at the tent-door, and immediately screamed at the top of her highest note.

“ Ah! vous voila!”

“ Wretched woman!” said I, for it was Felicie.

“ Allons, Dumps—vive la bagatelle, a quoi bon s'attrister?”

“ Le présent fait mon bien,” &c.

A glance at Frank's face, on hearing this recognition of my new acquaintance, made the blood rush through every vessel in my head.

“ Mr. Frank,” said I, “ this requires explanation,” and truly I thought that he looked as if it did. Not, however, wishing to prolong the interview, I waved my hand to the wretched female in token of dismissal, and was about to depart—but she was not so to be dismissed—and making a pounce at me with the alacrity of a tigress, she seized me by the arm, and after a little struggling on my part succeeded in pulling me into the tent. There, in the midst of all sorts of ladies, of most questionable character, and the easiest possible virtue, dancing with all his might in the centre of the booth, I beheld—oh, horror! Jeremiah Figgs.”

I scarcely remember how I got out; but when I did, the first impulse was to leave the scene of such revelry, and hurry back towards the crowded streets, which then appeared to afford comparative seclusion. On the way I related to Frank the manner in which I had become known to the abandoned woman, the recital of which necessarily included the history of my connexion with Figgs. Although, as I plainly perceived, he could not at first help laughing at my unhappy acquaintance in the booth, I was glad to see his face gradually assume as much seriousness, as was natural to it; and a few brief unaffected expressions, showed me his right feeling upon the subject.

"All this, my dear boy," I was going to say, but corrected myself. "All this, Mr. Frank, proceeds from a neglected education in serious things during early youth, and the fanatical trash which is disseminated amongst the lower classes of the people, whose imaginations and feelings upon such subjects, are much more easily excited than ours. When once we step beyond the sober promises and warnings of the sacred writings, and adopt some vision which the folly or craft of men have ingrafted upon them, the mind loses its central poise. How many persons have I known, like this unhappy man, who, being disappointed of some vision of their own, which had formed an essential part of their religious views, have made shipwreck of their faith!—but let us hope that he may yet be recalled."

On returning to the hotel, I sat down to that most indigestible of all things, a solitary dinner. The hurry of spirits into which I had been thrown, and a consequent accelerated action in the process of mastication, did not promise to make the meal more wholesome. There are times too, well known to nervous and bilious people, when one dislikes more than at others, to be fixed in any position subject to the eye of one who has little else to do than to look on; and as I sat at my little table, in no wise inclined to talk, but directly opposite to the buffet, at which stood the waiter, not only close, but face to face, I felt peculiarly uncomfortable under this observation. Sometimes I thought he was stifling a laugh at the contortion of features, which is a necessary consequence of eating soup—and the noise—the regular recurrence of the *su! su!* as it entered my mouth, which has often made me nervous in *c ncert*, that is, in a silent party of three or four, sounded more than usually ludicrous that day. I also awakened, as it were, all on a sudden, to as lively a consciousness of my wig, as if it had been the first day that I had put it on, and imagined that the eyes of my attendant were ranging over its whole surface; at other times, I imagined that he was making French observations upon my English appetite. I felt as if I looked heated and voracious; and the idea of this, made me hotter. This is what the Italians call *mangiare con soggezione*, to eat under feelings of restraint, which they consider to be peculiarly unwholesome. The result of the whole was, that I certainly did gobble down the greater part of a pigeon-pie, crust and all, with much more precipitation than is consistent with the rules of hygeists—roughly breaking the arched superficies of paste, and landing variously-sized limbs of young or old birds out of their subterraneous lake of gravy, into the *terra firma* of my plate. Many were the endeavours that I made to set my attendant at liberty, alleging the great quantity of company that there must be in the house; but the intensely-bowed "Oh! Monsieur!" showed me

both by tone and gesture, that he considered his remaining, to be a point of personal civility and etiquette. I despaired, therefore, of my emancipation, especially as having broached the affair at that point. I could not open it at another, and fairly say, that I would rather be without him; so nothing was left for me but to despatch my dinner as quickly as I could; which, after a few more extractions of legs, wings, breasts, backs, necks, and heads, I finally completed.

As soon as I was left alone, the general melancholy tenour of my thoughts, darkened by the events of that morning—I mean the horror I felt about poor Figgs, begun to return with greater force than ever. I sat pondering over the fire some time, in that half-torpid, half-feverish state to which one is subject after a hasty and somewhat full meal, preceded by bodily fatigue or agitation of mind. Sometimes I descried strange forms in the glowing embers; at others, things seemed to fade or swim before my eyes; sometimes I started feverishly from a coming slumber; at others, I slightly shivered; then my back began to ache, until feeling myself uncomfortable and weary, I took the traveller's privilege of going to bed without consulting my watch about the hour.

But I did not much improve my condition by so doing. The melancholy proceeding from my own personal condition, or that which my solicitude for others had inspired—the difficulties and intricacies—both the distressing and the shocking things which had lately occupied my thoughts, soon assumed, under the influence of dyspeptic dozes, the most various and capricious forms. At first, I dreamt that I was a pigeon, grown to the unnatural and inconvenient size of a turkey, which unfitted me for all my former habits of life as a pigeon; and I spent, what appeared to me, an age, in tediously trying, one by one, the many hundred holes of a dove-cot, without being able to enter further than the neck. I awoke, and found my head twisted under my arm, between the bolster and the mattress. I then fell asleep again, and immediately thought that a large Dutch burgomaster, of Rotterdam, whose portrait I had seen in the Louvre, came and sat down upon my chest, which roused me with a loud pectoral ejaculation, like that of a London pavier. I then began to perspire, and fell into a delicious calm slumber. I imagined that I was lying upon the ground, in a flowery fragrant meadow, encircled by woods, whose varied foliage afforded resort for gaudy flocks of birds in every hue of tropical plumage. The golden clouds were chasing each other, impelled by a gentle zephyr, through the brilliant air, while music of the most harmonious kind began to sound. Presently I beheld Erminie on a glittering chariot in the air, beautiful as an angel, and smiling in all the radiant joy of unalloyed happiness. She was beckoning to me with her slender hand—the music was becoming more intensely enchanting, and I began to feel myself ascending upon my flowery bed, when, all on a sudden, the sky began to cloud in, the wind sighed mournfully through the trees, the air became darker and darker, the earth began to shake, and Jeremiah Figgs with Felicie, stood before me, while a loud crash made me almost jump head foremost out of bed. When I awoke more completely, I found that the noise continued, accompanied by a trampling overhead, and a considerable bustle upon the stairs. On looking at my watch, I found it was not yet eleven o'clock, so hastily putting on my dressing-

gown, I took my station at the door, until a passing waiter informed me that my irritable neighbour above stairs, was the cause of all this commotion. To divert the *ennui* of the evening, he had called for his weekly bill, and having worked himself into a passion in consequence of thinking it too high, had, with the inconsistency of blind anger, seized one of his longest bamboos, and smashed to atoms a ponderous chandelier, worth upwards of twenty pounds.

## CHAP. X.

AMONGST the objects of interest which do not, perhaps, usually fall under the observation of single men in Paris, is the convent of English nuns, *Les Dames Anglaises*, as they are called by the French; and amongst the fair votaries of this voluntary seclusion, have been names which fully justify their aristocratical designation. In times, which are now happily passing away the bitterness of what was called "religious" zeal, surviving the spirit, if not the letter of the penal act, rendered an establishment of this sort in England, however unobtrusive or retiring, an object of solicitude, if not of apprehension to its inmates. The abuses which were found to exist at the dissolution of the monasteries, (and alas for humanity! what establishment can stand ten centuries without them?) having been not only severely registered for private purposes, but greatly exaggerated by the spirit of the times, continued long to be handed down from one generation to another, perhaps without consideration—certainly without correction. The name of a monk, therefore, or of a nun, became not only a by-word amongst the lower classes of the people, but as the circumstances and machinery of the monastic system, formed ready and striking materials for romance writers in the days of the horrible, when people were not content with their reading, unless their nerves were so wound up, that the clang of the dinner-bell made them jump off their seats in a transport of alarm.

The great source of abuses in the monastic system (as it must ever be in all engagements of a votive and subsequently binding character), was the introduction of motives and interests distinct from the object of the institution itself. The mind, even of the most conscientious, so easily slides from pure to mixed motives, where important advantages are concerned, that in the palmy days of those almost palatial retreats, it can scarcely be matter of surprise, that the young themselves, or those who felt uneasy under the care and cost of their future career in life, should be dazzled by the aspect, without considering too deeply the real character and obligations of the monastic asylum; but the unprincipled themselves, or the unfeeling amongst those who had the care of youth, saw in these establishments a ready provision for any one who could conform, at least in appearance, to the outward rules of the society; and if force was never employed, the not less effectual means of stratagem or educational influence, was made to overlay for a while the innate repugnance, or conflicting qualities which were wholly alien from the monastic life. The character of the times, indeed, might appear, in some measure, to justify either such self-deceit or unworthy designs. In the turbulent and licentious days, between

the foundation of monachism in the sixth, to its suppression in the sixteenth century, the lives of females, as well as of the timid and peaceable of the other sex, were agitated by the apprehensions, or shocked by the disorders which the society of the world presented to their view. The sudden and fitful events too—the strange and striking vicissitudes, even of ordinary life, not seldom gave an impulse to the mind, which, as the fervour of youth worked off, left the inmates of an obligatory seclusion, a prey, under a galling chain, either to morose and sullen despair, or the wretched solaces of clandestine crime. The system, in short, although in theory voluntary, drew within its meshes, by the aid of adventitious allurements or of force, many a votary, qualified neither by mind nor disposition, for so peculiar a vocation.

These reflections were engaging my thoughts as I walked towards the English convent, where a nun was that day to take the veil; and I had obtained, with other strangers, a permission to witness the ceremony. Ah! thought I, who knows that we have done well in abolishing altogether these pious and peaceful retreats, not only for the female orphan, the unprotected, the fallen, the bereaved, but for those whom peculiarity of temperament, without diverging into more dangerous obliquities, render unfit for the general society or business of the world, whose sensitive nature is exposed at every turn to the chilling or irritating blasts of an uncongenial atmosphere; and whose habitual state thus becomes equally distressing to themselves, and disturbing to those, who, with every kind disposition towards them, have neither the worldly means, nor the moral power to remedy their condition. How many a weary spirit would gladly hide itself in peace and love among congenial souls, devoted to a routine of employments in the service of charity, and those devotional exercises towards Heaven, which give such rest to the heart!

Notwithstanding all these grave cogitations, however, I had enough of the old leaven within me to commence a counter-fermentation, when I thought of the ceremony I was about to witness, when the Nun of this morning, the actual coming to the point, presented itself to my imagination.

While in the midst of such conflicting sentiments, I met Frank Delaroue.

“I am going,” said I, “to see a nun profess.”

“How horrid!” he replied, with the snap of a pistol, but true to nature. After a little pause, he added, “I think I should like to see it too.”

“And she is moreover an English girl,” said I.

“No!” he replied in a deep tone, his face reddening and becoming more and more serious with an expression of incredulous gravity. “I did not know that there were such things.”

“Things?” said I, “as what?”

“As English nuns.”

On assuring him that there were such female varieties of the *gens haine*, I perceived his curiosity increase in exact proportion with the intensity of his deprecation, and hastily giving me his arm, instead of taking mine, he set off at such a pace, pushing aside the young, and with such difficulty restrainning his impatience behind stiff old men and women at the

narrow crossings, that I was obliged to pull him up by the assurance that we had ample time to proceed with more leisure.

On arriving at the convent, we were admitted into the chapel, which was handsomely decorated for the day, with all those silken draperies and additional lights which give so festive an air to places of worship upon such occasions. A deep stillness prevailed among the assembled guests who were chiefly ladies—and here and there—especially near the rails of the altar, one or two were seen upon their knees, in that voluntary, silent prayer so striking to the protestant in Roman catholic places of devotion. Above was a trellised gallery, or corridor of the convent, opening into the chapel, through the lattices of which were dimly seen the pale and slender forms of the nuns as they passed and repassed in preparation for the business of the morning. The solemnity of the place, and the ceremony for which we were assembled—the deep interest of the occasion and the sanctity of circumstance which seem to pervade even the air of such retreats, made them appear scarcely of earth; and the fall of a book, or any other sound of common life heard above, seemed almost a startling intrusion amongst those aerial maids. As such scenes were very familiar to me, my attention was chiefly engaged in watching the expression of Frank's face, the gravity and perplexity of which between his natural respect for all surrounding objects of the sacred place, and his disapproval of its most important object, made it difficult for me, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, to suppress a smile. First he looked with reverence at the beaming altar, and all its sacred symbols—then at the unfeigned air of deep devotion discernible in those who knelt before it—next his eye wandered up to the imprisoned fair above, and then fell down, like a lump of lead upon me. His whole exterior seemed to partake of his perplexity, and instead of his own free and natural air, he sat stiffly on his seat—his legs and arms scarcely appearing to belong to him—and in all the restraint of the schoolboy nearest to the awful desk.

At length a side door opened within the rails of the altar, and two little boys in white frilled amices, each with a large wax-light in his hand, came forth and took, in silence, a position at either side of the entrance. In a few minutes a Bishop in full costume appeared, followed by an officiating priest and other attendants with more lights, censers, and all the accompaniments of the Roman ritual. As soon as he had taken his seat upon the throne, a line of females issued from another door of the convent, and approached the altar.

“By Heavens!” said Frank,| “there is Erminie La Fleur!”

The deep and awful tone in which he whispered this, communicated its sensations quickly to me, and I was at first inclined to surrender myself to the same idea: but a more attentive observation, and a little reflection, soon dissipated the illusion. Although a few years in advance of Erminie the resemblance was most startling, and, as the ceremony proceeded, lent considerable additional interest to the whole. She was arrayed, as is customary, on this last day of her connexion with the world, in all the ornaments usual to her age and sex, but with more than accustomed embellishment and care. Upon her countenance beamed a calm but cheerful expression, in almost playful allusion to the typical character of those decorations, of which she was soon to



take leave for ever. There was no excitement—no artificial fervour in her eye—nor any thing in her gestures or deportment which would argue other than a quiet but firm conviction with respect to the career she had chosen. On being conducted within the pale of the altar, she was presented to the Bishop; who, after the customary demands and exhortations, gave directions for the ceremony to proceed. Those of the sisterhood who accompanied her, then began to take from her person the ornamental part of her dress—and the habit of a nun, which was displayed upon the altar, the plain woollen robe and scapulary, were each presented to her, with an appropriate form of words, and then put on. A long and beautiful head of hair—woman's greatest ornament and pride—was then unloosed—and here for the last time she looked so like Erminie, that I heard an expression of surprise whispered by Frank. It was then, and not till then, that we thought we might be mistaken—but it was then we thought that we perceived an involuntary upward motion of the hands, as the auburn treasure fell from the scissors into the sister's arms, who placed it upon the altar, as the typical offering of her who thus renounced the vanities of the world. The close cap which immediately took the place of nature's covering, without robbing the face of its real beauty, at once arrayed it in charms of another kind. We beheld, as it were, beam into life from the hand of Carlo Dolce, in his happiest hour of art, the lineaments of one of those rich devotional, but by no means passionless heads, which adorn the shrine of many an Italian Madonna. *Her* eye alone appeared to be without a tear in the whole assembly of females, many of whom were strongly agitated, and I heard my young friend, who had retreated a few steps, most vigorously and manfully making use of his pocket-handkerchief, for its usual and legitimate purpose. But when, towards the conclusion, the fair votary knelt down upon the steps of the altar, and they extended the veil over her, in the form of a pall (emblem of her sepulture from the world), and after having concealed her a moment from our sight, pronounced the words indicative of her rise to a new life, "*Surge quæ dormis, et dabitur tibi lumen, &c.,*" I heard a convulsive sob behind me—a slight rush as of a hastily retreating foot—and on looking round, Mr. Frank was gone. As I walked home alone, I perceived that the scene had made a deeper impression upon me than on any similar occasion. The image of Erminie haunted me—my dream of the night before (and who has not felt such an influence hang about him for a whole day?)—the aerial vision in which my morbid fancy had placed her, harmonized with the sacred character of the ceremony, in which her represented form had borne the principal part. I thought that I already beheld with prophetic eye her future destiny—I remembered that Down had mentioned her intimacy with the sisterhood of the English convent—I thought of all the trying circumstances in which she was placed—and my heart ached more than ever, both for her and for George Gilbert.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE MANAGER'S PIG.

"Some people are not to be persuaded to taste of any creatures they have daily seen and been acquainted with whilst they were alive. \* \* \* In this behaviour, methinks there appears something like a consciousness of guilt; it looks as if they endeavoured to save themselves from the imputation of a crime (which they know sticks somewhere) by removing the cause of it as far as they can from themselves."—MANDEVILLE.

ARISTIDES TINFOIL, it is our fixed belief, was intended by nature either for lawn sleeves or ermined robes: he was, we doubt it not, sent into this world an embryo bishop, or a lord-chief-justice *in posse*. Such, we are convinced, was the benignant purpose of nature; but the cruel despotism of worldly circumstance relentlessly crossed the fair design; and Tinfoil, with a heart of honey and a head of iron, was only a player—or, we should rather say, a master among players. Tinfoil might have preached charity-sermons till tears should have overflowed the pews; no matter, he acted the benevolent old man to the sobs and spasms of a crowded audience: he might, with singular efficacy, have passed sentence of death on coiners and sheep-stealers; circumstance, however, confined his mild reproofs to scene-shifters, bill-stickers, Cupids at one shilling per night, and white muslin Graces.

"Where is Mr. Moriturus?" asked Tinfoil, chagrined at the untoward absence of his retainer. "Where is he?"

"Ill, sir," was the melancholy answer: "very ill."

"Ill!" exclaimed Tinfoil, in a tone of anger, quickly subsiding into mild remonstrance; "Ill!—why—why doesn't the good man *die at once*?"

A pretty budding girl had, unhappily, listened to the silvery tongue of a rival manager. "Take her from the villain!" exclaimed Tinfoil, to the sorrowing parent; "bring her here, and then—then I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Dear, kind Mr. Tinfoil, what will you do?"

"I'll bring her out, sir—bring her out in—" and here the manager named a play in which the horrors of seduction are painted in bold colours for the indignant virtuous; "I'll bring her out in that, sir; and, more than that, sir, as a particular favour to you, and sympathizing as I must with the affliction you suffer, I—I myself will play the injured father, sir."

These, however, are but faint lines in the strongly-marked character of Tinfoil, and merely showing them to awaken the attention of the reader to what we consider a most triumphant piece of casuistry on the part of our hero—to an incident which admits of so many hundred worldly illustrations—we shall proceed to the pig. The subject, we own, may appear unpromising from its extreme homeliness; yet, as the precious bezoar is sought for in deer and goats, so may a pearl of price be found even in a pig.

It is our fervent wish to be most exact in every point of this little history; yet cannot we remember the exact year in which Tinfoil, revolving in his managerial mind the very many experiments made under his government, on the curiosity and sensibilities of the public, in a golden moment determined upon the introduction of a pig, in a

drama to be expressly written for the animal's capacities. In the slang of the craft, the pig was to be measured for his part.

We cannot take it upon ourselves to avow, that an accident of late occurrence to a brother actor, did not, at least remotely, influence the choice of Tinfoil. The mishap was this. A few miles from London—for the sake of unborn generations we conceal the name of the town—the dullard denizens had manifested an extraordinary apathy to the delights of the drama. In the despairing words of one of the sufferers, “nothing could move ’em.” However, another of more sanguine temperament, resolved to make a last bold effort on their stubborn souls, and to such high end, set a pig at them. Mingling the blandishments of the lottery with the witcheries of the drama, he caused it to be printed in boldest type to the townspeople of —, that a shower of little bits of paper would take place between the play and farce, and amidst this shower, a prize would descend, conveying to the lucky possessor the entire property of a real China-bred porker! Inconceivable as to us it is, the scheme failed—the pig remained livestock upon the hands of the projector, who, the next morning, walked to town; and, recounting his adverse fortune to the calculating Tinfoil, supplicated any employment.

“And you still possess the pig? Humph!” mused Tinfoil; “perhaps, we may come to some arrangement.”

In few words, the applicant was admitted among Tinfoil's troop; the pig, at a nominal price, passing into the hands of the manager.

The pig was no sooner a member of the company, than the household author was summoned by Tinfoil, who, introducing the man of letters to the porker, shortly intimated that “he must write a part for him.”

“For a pig, sir!” exclaimed the author.

“Measure him,” said Tinfoil, not condescending to notice the astonishment of the dramatist.

“But, my dear, sir, it is impossible that—”

“Sir! impossible is a word which I cannot allow in my establishment. By this time, sir, you ought to know that my will, sir, is sufficient for all things, sir,—that, in a word, sir, there is a great deal of Napoleon about me, sir.”

We must admit that the dramatist ought not to have forgotten this last interesting circumstance, Mr. Tinfoil himself very frequently recurring to it. Indeed, it was only an hour before, that he had censured the charwoman for having squandered a whole sack of sawdust on the hall, when half a sack was the proper quantity. “He, Mr. Tinfoil, had said half a sack; and the woman knew, or ought to know, there was a good deal of Napoleon about him!” To return to the pig.

“Measure him, sir,” cried Mr. Tinfoil, the deepening tones growling through his teeth, and his finger pointing still more emphatically downwards to the pig.

“Why,” observed the author, “if it could be measured, perhaps—”

“If it could! Sir,” and Mr. Tinfoil, when at all excited, trolled the monosyllable with peculiar energy—“Sir,” I wouldn't give a straw for a dramatist who couldn't measure the cholera-morbus.”

“Much may be done for an actor by measuring,” remarked the dramatist, gradually falling into the opinion of his employer.

"Every thing, sir! Good God! what might I not have been, had I condescended to be measured! Human nature, sir,—the divine and glorious characteristic of our common being, sir,—that is the thing, sir,—by heavens! sir, when I think of that great creature, Shakspeare, sir, and think that he never measured actors—no, sir—"

"No, sir," acquiesced the dramatist.

"Notwithstanding, sir, we live in other times, sir, and you must write a part for the pig, sir."

"Very well, sir; if he must be measured, sir, he must," said the author.

"It's a melancholy thing to be obliged to succumb to the folly of the day," remarked Mr. Tinfoil; "and yet, sir, I could name certain people, sir, who, by heavens! sir, would not have a part to their backs, sir, if they had not been measured for it, sir. Let me see: it is now three o'clock—well, some time to-night, you'll let me have the piece for the pig, sir."

Now, whether the writer addressed was by his "so potent art" enabled to measure a pig—to write a perfect swinish drama in a few hours—or whether, knowing the Buonapartean self-will of the manager, the dramatist thought it wise to make no remonstrance, we cannot truly discover: certain it is, with no objection made, he took his leave.

"An extraordinary young man, sir—I have brought him out, sir—a wonderful young man, sir," observed Mr. Tinfoil to a friend and neighbour, a dealer in marine-stores. "Only wants working, sir—requires nothing but being kept at it, sir."

"Well, it must be a puzzling trade," remarked the dealer in miscellaneous articles.

"Puzzling, sir! By heavens! sir, my heart bleeds for men of letters, sir—they are great creatures, sir—wonderful natures, sir—we cannot think too highly of them, sir—cannot sufficiently reward them, sir! Now, sir, it is perfectly unknown my liberality towards that young man! But then, sir—it is my delight, sir, when I find real genius, sir—when I meet with a man of original mind, sir—by heavens! sir," again cried Mr. Tinfoil, resorting to the exclamation as an outlet for his overcharged feelings.

The pig was duly measured—the piece prepared—and, having been produced at an enormous expense, was sealed with the unqualified approbation of a discerning public.

The pig-drama had been represented about twenty nights, when the author of the piece in friendly converse with his patron manager, remarked "that the porker had been a most profitable venture."

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Tinfoil, "tolerably well; but the fact is, I am obliged to bolster him. He has had the advantage of three new afterpieces, and therefore can't complain that he has been let down. Still, the pig has done very well, and perhaps may run a fortnight more." Saying this, Tinfoil quaffed from a brimming glass of his chosen fluid.

"At all events," remarked the author, "the pig possesses an advantage, not to be found in any other of your actors."

"And what, sir," asked Mr. Tinfoil, "what may that be?"

"Why, after the pig has done his work, and the piece is put by, you may eat the pig."

The manager started from the inhuman man of letters with a look

of mingled horror, disgust, and pity. When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he asked with evident loathing, "What did you say, sir?"

"I said," replied the insensible author, "that when the pig had played out his part, you might eat him."

Mr. Tinfoil, gently stirring his brandy-and-water, fixed an eye, like that of death-darting cockatrice upon the author, and after swallowing the liquor, and thereby somewhat regaining his self-possession, he addressed the thoughtless man of letters in words and tones that, as he since declared, can never cease to vibrate in his memory.

"Sir!" thus spoke Mr. Tinfoil. "I regret—much regret, sir, that any thing in my conduct could have induced you, sir, to think so uncharitably of my disposition, sir."

"I assure you, sir—"

"Hear me out, sir. What, sir! think me capable of feeding upon an animal that I have played with—a creature, whose sagacity has almost made it my humble friend—a pig that has eaten from my hand—that knows my voice—that I—I eat that pig—good heavens, sir!"

"I'm sure I didn't mean—"

"No, sir," cried Tinfoil, "not were I starving, sir—not were I famishing, sir, could I be brought to taste that pig."

Much more did Mr. Tinfoil deliver declaratory of his horror, at the bare idea of setting his teeth in the flesh of his quadruped actor; and the rebuked man of letters quitted the manager with an exalted notion of his sensibility.

The pig-drama continued to be played to the increasing satisfaction of the public; the audience, however, only being admitted to view the professional abilities of the animal, his suppers—from some extraordinary omission of Tinfoil—not being eaten before the curtain. Great, however, as was the success of the pig: at about the fortieth night, his prosperity began to wane,—he was withdrawn and passed into oblivion.

A few weeks had elapsed, and the author was summoned to the dwelling of his manager, to write a play for a stud of horses. Tinfoil was at dinner; whereto he courteously invited his household scribe.

"You oughtn't to refuse," said one of the diners; "for this" and the speaker pointed to some pickled pork in the dish—"This is an old friend of yours."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the dramatist, looking reproachfully at Tinfoil. "Why, not the pig?"

Tinfoil somewhat abashed, coughed and nodded.

"Why, you said that nothing on earth would tempt you to eat that pig."

"No more it could, sir," cried the assured manager. "No, sir,—no more it could,—*unless salted!*"

Of how many applications is this casuistry of the manager susceptible!

"When, sir," cries the pensioned patriot, "I swore that no power in the universal world could make me accept a favour at the hand of such men,—I meant—"

"*Unless salted!*"

How often is it with men's principles, as with the manager's pig; things inviolable, immutable—*unless salted!*

## BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MISS PARDOE.

BEAUTY went out one summer day,  
 To rove in Pleasure's bower ;  
 And much she sported in her way  
 With every opening flower.  
 At length she reach'd a myrtle shade,  
 And through the branches peeping,  
 She saw, among the blossoms laid,  
 Time, most profoundly sleeping.

His head was pillowed on his wings,  
 For he had furl'd his pinions  
 To linger with the lovely things  
 In Pleasure's bright dominions ;  
 His scythe and glass aside were cast,—  
 " How softly he reposes !"   
 Cried Beauty, as she idly past,  
 And cover'd him with roses.

Time woke :—" Away !" he kindly said ;  
 " Go, trifle with the Graces ;  
 You know that I was never made  
 To toy with pretty faces.—  
 'Tis pleasant in so sweet a clime  
 To rest awhile from duty ;  
 I'll sleep a little more," said Time :  
 " No, do wake up !" said Beauty.

He rose ; but he was grim and old ;  
 She felt her roses wither,  
 His scythe upon her heart was cold,  
 His hour-glass made her shiver ;  
 Her young cheeks shrank, her hair turn'd gray,  
 Of grace he had bereft her ;  
 And when he saw her droop away,  
 He spread his wings, and left her.

And thus I point my simple rhyme,—  
 It is the Minstrel's duty ;—  
 Beauty should never sport with Time,  
 Time always withers Beauty !



## THE PHANTOM SHIP.\*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

## CHAP. XXII.

THE Utrecht sailed from Gambroon, touched at Ceylon, and proceeded on her voyage in the eastern seas. Schrifster still remained on board, but since his last conversation with Amine he had kept aloof and appeared to avoid both her and Philip; still there was not, as before, any attempt to make the ship's company disaffected, nor did he indulge in his taunts and sneers. The communication he had made to Amine had also its effect upon her and Philip—they were more pensive and thoughtful—each attempted to conceal their gloom from the other; and when they embraced, it was with the mournful feeling that perhaps it was an indulgence they would soon be deprived of—at the same time, each steeled their heart to endurance and prepared to meet the worst. Krantz wondered at the change, but naturally could not account for it. The Utrecht was not far from the Andaman Isles, when Krantz, who had watched the barometer, came in early one morning and called Philip.

"We have every prospect of a typhoon, sir," said Krantz; "the glass and the weather are both threatening."

"Then we must make all snug—send down topgallant yards and small sails directly. We will strike topgallant masts—I will be out in a minute."

Philip hastened on deck—the sea was smooth, but already the moaning of the wind gave notice of the approaching storm. The vacuum in the air was about to be filled up, and the convulsion would be terrible—a white haze gathered fast, thicker and thicker;—the men were turned up, every thing of weight sent below, and the guns secured. Now came a blast of wind which careened the ship, passed over, and in a minute she righted as before—then another and another, fiercer and fiercer still—the sea although smooth, at last appeared white as a sheet with foam, as the typhoon swept along in its impetuous career—it burst upon the vessel, which bowed down to it to her gunnel and there remained—in a quarter of an hour it had passed over, and the vessel was relieved, but the sea had risen, and the gale was strong. In another hour the blast again came, more wild, more furious than the first—the waves were dashed into their faces, torrents of rain descended, the ship was on her beam ends, and there remained till it had passed away, to sweep destruction far beyond them—leaving behind a tumultuous angry sea.

"It is nearly over I believe, sir," said Krantz. "It is clearing up a little to windward."

"We have had the worst of it, I believe," said Philip.

"No! there is worse to come," said a low voice near to Philip—it was Schrifster who spoke.

"A vessel to windward scudding before it," cried Krantz.

Philip looked to windward, and in the spot where it was most clear, he saw a vessel under topsails and foresail, standing right down. "She is a large vessel, bring me my glass." The telescope was brought from the cabin, but before Philip could use it, a haze had again gathered up to windward and the vessel was not to be seen.

"Thick again," observed Philip, as he shut in his telescope; "we must look out for that vessel that she does not run too close to us."

"She has seen us, no doubt, sir," said Krantz.

After a few minutes the typhoon again raged, and all was of a murky gloom. It seemed as if some heavy fog had been hurled along by the furious wind—nothing was to be distinguished except the white foam of the sea, and that not the distance of half a cable's length, when it was lost in one dark gray mist. The storm-staysail yielded to the force of the wind, rent into strips, and flogged and cracked even louder than the gale. The furious blast again blew over, and the mist cleared up a little.

"Ship on the weather beam," cried one of the men, "close aboard of us."

Krantz and Philip sprung upon the gunwale, and beheld the large ship bearing right down upon them not three cables' length distant.

"Helm up! she does not see us and she will be aboard of us!" cried Philip. "Helm up, I say, hard up, quick!"

The helm was put up; as the men, perceiving their imminent danger, climbed upon the guns to look if the vessel altered her course; but no—down she came, and the head-sails of the Utrecht having been carried away—to their horror they perceived that she would not answer her helm and pay off as they required.

"Ship, ahoy!" roared Philip through his trumpet—but the gale drove the sound back.

"Ship, ahoy!" cried Krantz on the gunwale, waving his hat. It was useless—down she came, with the waters foaming under her bows, and was now within pistol-shot of the Utrecht.

"Ship, ahoy!" roared all the sailors, with a shout that must have been heard—it was not—down came the vessel upon them, and now her cutwater was within ten yards of the Utrecht. The men of the Utrecht who expected that their vessel would be severed in half by the concussion climbed upon the weather gunwale, all ready to catch at the ropes of the other vessel and climb on board of her. Amine who had been surprised at the noise on deck, had come out and had taken Philip by the arm.

"Trust me—to the shock—" said Philip. He said no more—the cutwater of the stranger touched their sides—one general cry was raised by the sailors of the Utrecht, they sprung to catch at the rigging of the bowsprit which was now pointed between their masts—they caught at nothing—nothing—there was no shock—no concussion of the two vessels—the stranger appeared to cleave through them—her hull passed along in silence—no cracking of timbers—no falling of masts—the foreyard passed through their mainsail, yet the canvass was unrent—the whole vessel appeared to cut through the Utrecht, yet left no trace or injury—not fast, but slowly, as if she were really sawing through with the heaving and tossing of the sea and her sharp prow. The stranger's forechains had passed their gunwale

before Philip could recover himself. "Amine," said he, "the Phantom Ship!—my father!"

The seamen of the Utrecht, more astounded by the unusual result than by their former danger, threw themselves down upon deck—some hastened below, others prayed, others were dumb with astonishment and fear. Amine appeared more calm than any, not excepting Philip—she surveyed the vessel as it slowly forced its way through—she beheld the seamen on board of her coolly leaning over her gunnel, as if watching the destruction they had occasioned—she looked for Vanderdecken himself, and on the poop of the vessel with his trumpet under his arm, she beheld the image of Philip himself—the same hardy, strong build—the same features, about the same age apparently—there could be no doubt it was the *doomed* Vanderdecken.

"See Philip," said she, "see your father!"

"Even so—merciful Heaven! It is—it is—" and Philip overpowered by his feelings sunk upon deck.

The vessel had now passed over—the form of the elder Vanderdecken was seen to walk aft and look over the taffrail—Amine perceived it to start and turn away suddenly—she looked down and perceived Schrifter shaking his fist in defiance at the supernatural being—again the Phantom Ship flew to leeward before the gale, and was soon lost in the mist; but before that, Amine had turned and perceived the situation of Philip. No one but herself and Schrifter appeared able to act or move. She caught the pilot's eye—beckoned to him, and with his assistance Philip was led into the cabin.

## CHAP. XXIII.

"I HAVE then seen him," said Philip, after he had laid down on the sofa in the cabin for some minutes to recover himself, while Amine bent over him. "I have at last seen him, Amine, can you doubt now?"

"No, Philip, I have now no doubt," replied Amine, mournfully; "but take courage, Philip."

"For myself, I want not courage—but for you, Amine—you know that his appearance portends the mischief that will surely come."

"Let it come," replied Amine, calmly; "I have been long prepared, and so have you."

"Yes, for myself; but not for you."

"You have been wrecked often, and have been saved—then why should not I?"

"But the sufferings!"

"Those suffer least who have most courage to bear up against them. I am but a woman, weak and frail in body, but I trust I have that within me which will not make you feel ashamed of Amine. No, Philip, you will have no wailing—no despair from Amine's lips—if she can console you, she will: if she can assist you, she will; but come what may, if she cannot serve you, at least she shall prove no burden."

"Your presence in misfortune would unnerve me, Amine."

"It shall not; it shall add to your resolution—let fate do its worst."

"Depend upon it, Amine, that will be ere long."

"Be it so," replied Amine; "but Philip, it were as well you showed yourself on deck—the men are frightened, and your absence will be observed."

"You are right, Amine," said Philip; and rising and embracing her, he left the cabin.

"It is but too true, then," thought Amine. "Now to prepare for disaster and death—the warning has come—I would I could know more. Oh! mother, mother, look down upon thy child, and in a dream reveal the mystic arts which I have forgotten, then should I know more; but I have promised Philip, that unless separated—yes, that idea is worse than death, and I have a sad foreboding; my courage fails me only when I think of that—!"

Philip on his return to the deck, found the crew of the vessel in great consternation. Krantz himself appeared bewildered—he had not forgotten the appearance of the Phantom Ship off Desolation harbour, and the vessels following her to their destruction. This second appearance, more awful than the former, quite unmanned him, and when Philip came out of the cabin, he was leaning in gloomy silence against the weather bulkhead.

"We shall never reach port again, sir," said he to Philip, as he came up to him.

"Silence, silence, the men may hear you."

"It matters not—they think the same," replied Krantz.

"But they are wrong," replied Philip, turning to the seamen. "My lads! that some disaster may happen to us, after the appearance of this vessel, is most probable; I have seen her before more than once, and disasters did happen; but here I am alive and well, therefore it does not prove that we cannot escape as I have before done. We must do our best and trust in Heaven. The gale is breaking fast, and in a few hours we shall have fine weather. I have met this Phantom Ship before, and care not how often I meet it again. Mr. Krantz, get up the spirits, the men have had hard work and must be fatigued."

The very prospect of obtaining liquor, appeared to give courage to the men; they hastened to obey the order, and the quantity served out was sufficient to give courage to the most fearful, and induce others to defy Vanderdecken and his whole crew of imps. The next morning the weather was fine, the sea smooth, and the Utrecht went gaily on her voyage.

Many days of gentle breezes and favouring winds gradually wore off the panic occasioned by the supernatural appearance, and if not forgotten, it was referred to in jest or with indifference. They now had run through the Straits of Malacca, and entered the Polynesian Archipelago. Philip's orders were to refresh at the small island of Boton, then in possession of the Dutch, and call for instructions. They arrived there in safety, and after remaining two days, again sailed on their voyage, intending to make the passage between the Celebes and the island of Galago. The weather was still clear and the wind light: they proceeded cautiously on account of the reefs and currents, and with a careful watch for the piratical vessels, which have for centuries infested those seas; but they were not molested, and had gained well up among the islands to the north of Galago, when it fell

calm, and the vessel was borne to the eastward of it by the current. The calm lasted several days, and they could procure no anchorage ; at last they found themselves among the cluster of islands near to the coast of New Guinea.

The anchor was dropped, and the sails furled for the night—a drizzling small rain came on, the weather was thick, and watches were stationed in every part of the ship, that they might not be surprised by the pirate proas, for the current ran past the ship, at the rate of eight or nine miles per hour, and the vessels, if hid among the islands, might sweep down upon them unperceived.

It was twelve o'clock at night that Philip, who was in bed, was awakened by a shock ; he thought it might be a vessel running alongside, and he started from his bed and ran out. He found Krantz, who had been awakened by the same sensation, running up undressed—another shock succeeded, and the ship careened to port. Philip then knew that they were on shore.

The thickness of the night prevented them from seeing where they were, but the lead was thrown over the side, and they found that they were lying on shore on a sandbank, with not more than fourteen feet water on the deepest side, and that they were broadside on, with a strong current pressing them further up on the bank ; indeed the current ran like a mill-race, and each minute they were swept further up.

On examination, they found that she had dragged her anchor, which with the cable, was still taught from the starboard prow, but this did not appear to prevent the vessel from being swept on the bank.

It was supposed that the anchor had parted at the shank, and another anchor was let go to prevent her being carried further on.

Nothing more could be done till daybreak, and impatiently did they wait till the next morning. As the sun rose, the mist cleared up, and they discovered that they were on shore on a sandbank, a small portion of which was above water, and round which the current ran with great impetuosity. About three miles from them were a cluster of small islands with cocoa-trees growing on them, but no appearance of inhabitants.

“ I fear we have little chance,” observed Krantz to Philip. “ Even if we lighten the vessel the anchor may not hold, and we shall be swept further on, and it would be impossible to lay out an anchor against the force of this current.”

“ At all events we must try, but I grant that our situation is any thing but satisfactory. Send all the hands aft.”

The men came aft, gloomy and dispirited.

“ My lads !” said Philip, “ why are you disheartened ?”

“ We are doomed, sir ; we knew it would be.”

“ I thought it probable that the ship would be, I told you so ; but the loss of the ship does not involve that of the ship's company—nay, it does not follow that the ship is to be lost, although she may be in great difficulty as she is at present. What fear is there for us, my men ?—the water is smooth—we have plenty of time before us—we can make a raft and take to our boats—it never blows among these islands, and we have land close under our lee. Let us first try what we can do with the ship ; if we fail, we must take care of ourselves.”

The men caught at the idea and went to work willingly; the water-casks were started, the pumps set going, and every thing that could be spared was thrown over to lighten the ship; but the anchor still dragged with the strength of the current, and bad holding-ground; and then Philip and Krantz perceived that they went further on the bank.

Night came on before they quitted their toil, and then a fresh breeze sprung up and created a swell, which occasioned the vessel to beat on the hard sand, thus did they continue until the next morning. At daylight the men resumed their labours, and the pumps were again set going, to clear the vessel of the water which had been started, but after a time they pumped up sand. This told them that a plank was started, and their labours were useless; the men left their work, but Philip again encouraged them, and pointed out that they could easily save themselves, and all that they had to do was, to construct a raft, which would hold provisions for them for a short time, and for the crew who could not be taken into the boats.

After some repose they again set to work; the topsails were struck, the yards lowered down, and the raft was commenced under the lee of the vessel, where the strong current was checked. Philip, recollecting his former disaster, took great pains in the construction of this raft, and aware that as the water and provisions were expended there would be no occasion to tow so heavy a mass, he constructed it in two parts, separate, which might easily be severed, and thus the boats would have less to tow, as soon as circumstances would enable them to part with one of them.

Night again closed their labours, and the men retired to rest, the weather continuing fine, with very little wind. By noon the next day the raft was complete, water and provisions safely stowed on board—a secure and dry place made up for Amine in the centre of one—spare ropes, sails, and every thing which could prove useful as rigging, &c., in case of their being forced to go on shore, were put in. Muskets and ammunition were also provided, and all was ready, when the men came aft and told Philip that there was plenty of money on board, which it was no use leaving, and that they wished to carry as much as they could away with them. As this intimation was given in a way that it was evident it was meant to be complied with, Philip did not refuse; but resolved, in his own mind, that when they arrived at a place where he could exercise his authority, it should be reclaimed for the Company to whom it belonged. The men went down below, and while Philip was making arrangements with Amine, handed the casks of dollars out of the hold, broke them open and helped themselves; quarrelling with each other as each cask was opened, for the first possession. At last every man had obtained as much as he could carry, and had placed his spoil on the raft with his baggage, or in the boat to which he had been appointed. All was ready—Amine was lowered down, and took her station—the boats took the raft in tow, it was cast off from the vessel, and away they went with the current, pulling with all their strength, to avoid being stranded upon that part of the sand-bank which appeared above water. This was the great danger which they had to encounter, and which they very narrowly escaped.



They were eighty-six souls in all; in the four boats there were thirty-two; the rest were on the raft, which being well-built and full of timber, floated high out of the water, now that it was so smooth. It had been agreed upon by Philip and Krantz, that one of them should remain on the raft and the other in the boats, but at the time the raft quitted the ship they were both on the raft—as they went to consult, as soon as they discovered the direction of the current, which would be the most advisable course for them to pursue. It appeared, that as soon as the current had passed the bank, it took a more southerly direction towards New Guinea. It was then debated between them whether they should land at that place or not, the natives of which were known to be pusillanimous yet treacherous. A long debate ensued, which ended, however, in resolving not to decide as yet, but wait and see what might occur. In the mean time the boat pulled to the westward, while the current set them fast in a southerly direction.

Night came on, and the boats dropped the grapnels, with which they had been provided, and Philip was glad to find that the current was not near so strong, and the grapnels held both boats and raft. Covering themselves up with spare sails, which they had provided themselves with, and setting a watch, the tired seamen were soon fast asleep.

“Had I not better remain in one of the boats?” observed Krantz. “Suppose, to save themselves, the boats were to leave them on the raft.”

“I have thought of that,” replied Philip, “and have, therefore, not allowed any provisions or water in the boats; they will not leave us for that reason.”

“True, I had forgotten that.”

Krantz remained on watch, and Philip retired to the repose which he so much needed. Amine met him with open arms.

“I have no fear Philip,” said she, “I rather like this wild adventurous change. We will go on shore and build our hut beneath the cocoa-trees, and I shall repine when the day comes, which brings succour, and releases us from our desert isle. What do I require but you?”

“We are in the hands of One above, dear, who will act with us as He pleases. We have to be thankful that it is no worse,” replied Philip. “But now to rest, for I shall soon be obliged to watch.”

The morning dawned with a smooth sea and bright blue sky; the raft had been borne to leeward of the cluster of uninhabited islands of which we spoke, and was now without hopes of reaching them, but to the westward were to be seen the refracted heads and trunks of coconut trees on the horizon, and in that direction it was resolved that they should tow the raft. The breakfast had been served out, and the men had taken to the oars, when they discovered a proa, full of men, sweeping after them from one of the islands to windward. That it was a pirate vessel there could be no doubt; but Philip and Krantz considered that their force was more than sufficient to repel them, should an attack be made. This was pointed out to the men; arms were distributed to all in the boats, as well as on the raft, and that the seamen might not be fatigued, they were ordered to lie on their oars, and await the coming up of the vessel.

As soon as the pirate was within range, having evidently reconnoi-

tered her antagonists, she ceased pulling, and commenced firing from a small piece of cannon which was mounted on her bow. The grape and langridge which she poured out wounded several of the men, although Philip had ordered them to lie down flat on the raft and in the boats. The pirate advanced nearer, and her fire became more destructive, without any opportunity being given of returning it by the Utrecht's people. At last it was proposed by Krantz, that the boats should attack the pirate as the only chance of escape. This was agreed to by Philip—more men were sent in the boats—Krantz took the command—the raft was cast off, and the boats pulled away. But scarcely had they cleared the raft, when, as by one sudden thought, they turned round and pulled away in the opposite direction. Krantz's voice was heard by Philip, and his sword was seen to flash through the air—a moment afterwards he plunged into the sea, and swam to the raft. The people in the boat, anxious to preserve the money which they had, had agreed amongst themselves to pull away and leave the raft to its fate. The proposal for attacking the pirate had been suggested to Krantz with that view, and as soon as they were clear of the raft, they put their intentions into execution. In vain had Krantz expostulated and threatened, they would have taken his life, and he had leaped from the boat as he found that he could be of no avail. "Then are we lost, I fear," replied Philip. "Our numbers are so reduced, that we cannot hope to hold out long. What think you Schrifster?" ventured Philip, addressing the pilot who stood near to him.

"Lost—but not lost by the pirates—no harm there. He! he!"

The remark of Schrifster was correct. The pirates, imagining that in taking to their boats the people had carried with them every thing that was valuable, instead of firing at the raft, immediately gave chase to the boats. The sweeps were now out, and she flew over the smooth water like a sea-bird, passed the raft, and was evidently gaining on the boats; but their speed soon slackened, and as the day passed, the boats, and then the pirate vessel disappeared in the southward; the distance between them being apparently much the same as at the commencement of the chase.

The raft being now at the mercy of the winds and waves, Philip and Krantz collected the carpenter's tools which had been brought, and taking two spars which answered, from the raft, they made every preparation for stepping a mast and setting sail by the next morning.

Another morning dawned, and the first objects that met their view, were the boats pulling back towards the raft followed closely by the pirate. They had pulled the whole night, and were worn out with fatigue. A consultation had been held, and it was agreed that they should make a sweep, so as to return to the raft; as, if they gained it, they would be able to defend themselves, and moreover, obtain provisions and water, which they had not on board at the time of their desertion. But it was fated otherwise; gradually the men dropped from their oars, exhausted, into the bottom of the boat, and the pirate followed them with renewed ardour. The boats were captured one by one—the booty found was more than the pirates anticipated, and it hardly need be said, that not one man was spared. This took place within three

miles of the raft, and Philip anticipated that the next movement of the vessel would be towards them, but he was mistaken. Satisfied with their booty, and convinced that there could be no more on the raft, the pirate pulled away to the eastward, towards the islands from among which she had first made her appearance. Thus were those who expected to escape, and who had deserted their companions, deservedly punished, while those who anticipated every disaster from their desertion, discovered that it was the cause of their being saved.

The remaining people on board of the raft amounted to about forty-five; Philip, Krantz, Schrifster, Amine, the two mates, sixteen seamen, and twenty-four soldiers, which had been embarked at Amsterdam. Provisions, on board, they had sufficient for three or four weeks, but of water they were very short, already not having sufficient for more than three days at the usual allowance; of spirits there was too much. As soon as the mast had been stepped and rigged, and the sail set (although there was hardly a breath of wind), Philip explained to the men the necessity of reducing the quantity of water, and it was agreed that it should be served out so as to extend the supply to twelve days, the allowance being reduced to half a pint per day.

There was a debate at this time, as the raft was in two parts, whether it would not be better to cast off the smaller one and put all the people on board of the other; but this was overruled as in the first place, although the boats had deserted them—the number on the raft had not much diminished—and moreover, the raft would steer much better under sail, now that it had length, than it would do if they had reduced its dimensions and altered it to a square mass of floating wood.

For three days it was a calm—the sun poured down his hot beams upon them, and the want of water was severely felt—those who continued to drink spirits suffered the most.

On the fourth day the breeze sprung up favourably, and the sail was filled—it was a relief to their burning brows and blistered backs—and as the raft sailed on at the rate of four miles an hour, the men were gay and full of hope—the land below the cocoa-nut trees was now distinguishable, and they anticipated that the next day they could land and procure the water, which they now so craved for. All night they carried sail, but the next morning they discovered that the current was strong against them, and that what they gained when the breeze was fresh, they lost as soon as it went down; and the breeze always was fresh in the morning and went down in the evening. Thus did they continue for four days more, every noon not ten miles from the land, and the next morning still further off, and their ground to retrace. Eight days had now passed, and the men worn out with exposure to the burning sun and the want of water, became discontented and mutinous. At one time they insisted that the raft should be divided, that they might gain the land with the other half; at others, that the provisions which they could no longer eat should be thrown overboard to lighten the raft. The difficulty under which they laid, was having no anchor or grapnel to the raft, the boats having carried with them all that they had taken from the ship. Philip then proposed to them, that, as every one of them had such a quantity of dollars, the money should be sewed up in canvass bags, separately for each man; and that with this

weight to the ropes they would probably be enabled to hold the raft against the current for one night, when they would be able the next day to gain the shore ; but this was refused—they would not risk their money. No, no—fools ! they would sooner part with their lives by the most miserable of all deaths. Again and again was this argued to them by Philip and Krantz, but without success.

In the mean time, Amine had kept up her courage and her spirits ; proving to Philip a valuable adviser and a comfort in his misfortunes. "Cheer up, Philip," would she say, "we shall yet build our cottage under the shade of those cocoa-nut trees, and pass a portion, if not the remainder of our lives in peace ; for who indeed is there who would think to find us in these desolate and untrodden regions ?"

Schrifter was quiet and well-behaved ; talked much with Amine and with nobody else. Indeed he appeared to have a stronger feeling towards Amine than he had ever shown before. He watched over her and attended her—and Amine would often look up after being silent, and perceive Schrifter's face wear an air of pity and melancholy, which she had believed it impossible that he could have depicted.

Another day passed ; again they neared the land, and again did the breeze die away, and they were swept back by the current. The men now rose, and in spite of the endeavours of Philip and Krantz, they rolled into the sea all the provisions and stores, every thing but one cask of spirits and the remaining stock of water, they then sat down at the upper end of the raft with gloomy, threatening looks, and in close consultation.

Another night closed in—Philip was full of anxiety. Again he urged them to anchor with their money, but in vain ; they ordered him away, and he returned to the after part of the raft, upon which Amine's secure retreat had been erected ; and he leant on it in deep thought and melancholy, for he imagined that Amine was asleep.

"What distracts you, Philip ?"

"What distracts me ? The avarice and folly of these men. They will die rather than risk their hateful money. They have the means of saving themselves and us, and they will not. There is weight enough in bullion on the fore part of the raft to hang a dozen floating masses such as this, yet they will not. Cursed love of gold ! it makes men fools, mad-men, villains. We have now but two days' water—doled out as it is drop by drop. Look at their emaciated, broken down, wasted forms, and yet see how they cling to money, which probably they will never have occasion for, even if they gain the land. I am distracted !"

"You suffer, Philip, you suffer from privation ; but I have been careful, I thought that this would come ; I have saved both water and biscuit—I have here four bottles ;—drink, Philip, and it will relieve you."

Philip drank ; it did relieve him, for the excitement of the day had passed heavy on him.

"Thanks, Amine, thanks dearest ! I feel better now—Good Heaven ! are there such fools as to value the dross of metal above one drop of water in a time of suffering and privation such as this ?"

The night closed in as before—the stars shone bright, but there was no moon. Philip had risen at midnight to relieve Krantz from the

steerage of the raft. Usually the men had lain about in every part of the raft, but this night the majority of them remained forward. Philip was communing with his own bitter thoughts, when he heard a scuffle forward, and the voice of Krantz crying out for help, and calling his name. He quitted the helm, and seizing his cutlass ran forward, where he found Krantz down and the men securing him. He fought his way to him, but was himself seized and disarmed. "Cut away—cut away," was called out by those who held him, and in a few seconds, Philip had the misery to behold the after part of the raft, with Amine upon it, drift apart from the one on which he stood.

"For mercy's sake! my wife—my Amine—For Heaven's sake save her!" cried Philip, struggling in vain to disengage himself. Amine also, who had run to the side of the raft held out her arms—it was in vain—they were separated more than a cable's length. Philip made one more desperate struggle, and then fell down without sense or motion.

#### CHAP. XXIV.

It was not until the day had dawned, that Philip opened his eyes, and discovered Krantz kneeling at his side; at first, his thoughts were scattered and confused—he felt that some dreadful calamity had happened to him, but he could not recall to mind what it was. At last it rushed upon him, and he buried his face in his hands.

"Take comfort," said Krantz, "we shall probably gain the shore to-day, and we will go in search of her as soon as we can."

"This, then, is the separation and the cruel death which that wretch Schrifter, prophesied to us," thought Philip; "cruel indeed to waste away a skeleton under a burning sun, without one drop of water left to cool her parched tongue, at the mercy of the winds and waves, drifting about—alone—all alone—separated from her husband, in whose arms she would have died without regret, maddened with the suspense and with the thoughts of what I may be suffering, and what may have been my fate. Pilot, you are right; there can be no more cruel death to a fond and doting wife. Oh! my head reels. What has Philip Vanderdecken to live for now?"

Krantz offered such consolation as his friendship could suggest, but in vain. He then talked of revenge, and Philip raised his head, and after a few minutes' thought, he rose up. "Yes," said Philip, "revenge!—revenge upon those dastards and traitors! Tell me, Krantz, how many can we trust?"

"Half of the men, I should think, at least. It was a surprise." A spar had been fitted as a rudder, and the raft had now gained nearer the shore than it ever had before. The men were in high spirits at the prospect, and every man was sitting on his own store of dollars, which increased in value, as did their prospect of escape.

Philip discovered from Krantz, that it was the soldiers and part of the seamen who had mutinied on the night before, and cut away the other raft; and that all the best men had been neuter.

"And so they will be now, I imagine," continued Krantz; "the

prospect of gaining the shore has, in a manner, reconciled them to the treachery of their companions."

"Probably," replied Philip, with a bitter laugh; "but I know what will rouse them up—send them here to me."

Philip then talked to the men, whom Krantz sent over to him. He pointed out to them that these men were traitors, not to be relied upon; that they would sacrifice every thing and every body for their own gain; that they had already done so for money, and that they themselves would have no security, either on the raft or on shore, with such people; that they dare not sleep for fear of having their throats cut, and that it were better at once to get rid of men who could not be true to each other; that it would facilitate their escape, and that they could divide the money which the others had secured for themselves, between them, which would double their own shares. That it had been his intention, although he had said nothing, to enforce the restoration of the money for the benefit of the Company, as soon as they had gained a civilized port, when the authorities could interfere; but that, if they consented, he would now give them the whole of it for their own use.

What will not the desire of gain, effect? Is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that these men, who were little better than those who had been, in his desire of retaliation, denounced by Philip, consented to his proposal? It was agreed, that if they did not gain the shore, the others should be attacked that very night, and tossed into the sea."

But the consultation with Philip, had put the other party on the alert; they, too, held council, and kept their arms by their sides. As the breeze died away, they were not two miles from the land, and once more they drifted back into the ocean. Philip's mind was born down with grief at the loss of Amine; but it recovered to a degree when he thought of revenge—that was all which stayed him up, and he often felt the edge of his cutlass, impatient for the time that the retribution should fall.

It was a lovely night; the sea was now smooth as glass, and not an air moved in the heavens; the sail of the raft hung listless down the mast, and was reflected upon the calm surface by the brilliancy of the starry night alone. It was a night for contemplation—for examination of oneself, and adoration of the Deity; and here, on a frail raft, were huddled more than forty beings, ready for combat—for murder and for spoil. Each party pretended to repose: yet each were quietly watching the motions of each other, with their hands upon their weapons. The signal was to be given by Philip—it was, to let go the halyards of the yard, so that the sail should fall down upon a portion of the other party, and entangle them. By Philip's directions, Schriester had taken the helm, that Krantz might be at his side.

The yard and sail fell clattering down, and then the work of death commenced; there was no parley, no suspense; each man started upon his feet and raised his sword. The voices of Philip and of Krantz alone were heard, and Philip's sword did its work. He was nerved to his revenge, and never could be satiated as long as one remained who had sacrificed his Amine. As they had expected, many had been covered by the falling of the sail, and their work was made easier.

Some fell where they stood, others reeled back, and were buried



under the smooth water; others were pierced as they floundered under the canvass. In a few minutes, the work of carnage was complete. Schriester looking on, and ever and anon giving vent to his chuckling laugh and his "He! he!"

It was over, and Philip stood against the mast to recover his breath. "So far art thou revenged, my Amine," thought he; "but, oh! what are these paltry lives compared to thine?" And now that his revenge was satiated, and he could do no more, he covered his face up in his hands, and wept bitterly, while those who had assisted him, were already collecting the money of the slain, ready for distribution; and when they found that three only of their side had fallen, lamented that it had not been more, that their own shares might have been increased.

There were now but thirteen men besides Philip, Krantz, and Schriester, left upon the raft. As the day dawned, the breeze again sprung up, and they shared out the water, which would have been the allowance of their companions who had fallen. Hunger, they felt none; but the water revived their spirits.

Although Philip had had little to say to Schriester since the separation from Amine, it was very evident to him and to Krantz, that all his old bitter feelings had returned. His chuckle, his sarcasms, his "He! he!" were incessant; and his eye was as now maliciously directed to Philip as it was when they first met. It was evident that Amine alone had for the time conquered him; and that, with her disappearance, had vanished all the good will of Schriester towards her husband. For this Philip cared little; he had a much more serious weight on his heart—the loss of his dear Amine; and he felt restless and indifferent towards any thing else.

The breeze now freshened, and they expected in two hours, that they would run on the beach, but they were disappointed, the step of the mast gave way from the force of the wind, and the sail fell upon the raft. This occasioned great delay; and before they could again replace the mischief, the wind again subsided, and they were left about a mile from the beach. Tired and worn out with his feelings, Philip at last fell asleep by the side of Krantz, leaving Schriester at the helm. He slept sound—he dreamt of Amine—he thought she was asleep under a grove of cocoa-nuts, in a sweet sleep; he dreamt that he stood by and watched her, and that she smiled in her sleep, and murmured "Philip," when he was awakened by some unusual movement. Half dreaming, still he thought that Schriester, the pilot, had in his sleep, been attempting to gain his relic, had passed the chain over his head, and was removing quietly from underneath his neck the part which, in his reclining posture, he slept upon. Startled to his senses with the idea, he threw up his hand to seize the arm of the wretch, and found that he had really seized hold of Schriester, who was kneeling by him, in possession of the chain and relic. The struggle was short—the relic was recovered, and the pilot laid at the mercy of Philip, who held him down with his knee on his chest. Philip replaced the relic on his bosom, and excited to madness, rose from the body of the now breathless Schriester, caught him in his arms, and hurled him into the sea.

"Man or devil! I care not which," exclaimed Philip, breathless; "escape now if you can!"

The struggle had already roused up Krantz and others, but not in time to prevent Philip from wreaking his vengeance. In few words, he told what had passed, to Krantz; as for the men, they cared not, they laid their heads down again upon their money, and satisfied that that was safe, inquired no further.

Philip watched to see if Schrifster rose again, and would have made for the raft, but he did not make his appearance above water, and Philip felt satisfied.

## CHAP. XXV.

WHAT power can portray the feelings of the fond and doting Amine, when she first discovered that she was separated from her husband? In a state of bewilderment, she watched the other raft as the distance between them increased, till the shades of night shut it from her aching eyes.

Gradually she recovered herself, and turning round, she exclaimed, "Who's here?"

No answer.

"Who's here?" cried she in a louder voice. "Alone—alone—and Philip gone. Mother, mother, look down upon your unhappy child!" and Amine sunk down on the edge of the raft, and fell over on her side, with her long hair floating on the wave.

"Ah, me! where am I?" cried Amine, after remaining in a state of torpor for some hours, the sun glared fiercely upon her, and dazzled her eyes as she opened them—she cast them on the blue wave close by her, and beheld a large shark motionless by the side of the raft, waiting for his prey. Recoiling a few steps, after she started up, she turned round and beheld the raft vacant, and the truth flashed on her. "Oh! Philip, Philip!" cried she, "then it is true, and you are gone for ever! I thought it was only a dream, I recollect all now. Yes—all—all!" And Amine sunk down again upon her cot, which had been placed in the centre of the raft, and remained there for some time.

But the demand for water became imperious; she rose up, seized one of the bottles, and drank. Yet why should I drink or eat? Why should I wish to preserve life?" She rose, and looked round the horizon,—“Sky, and water, nothing more. Is this the death I am to die—the cruel death prophesied by Schrifster—to linger here till water is expended, and then to await under a burning sun while my vitals are parched within? Be it so! Fate I dare thee to thy worst—we can die but once—and without him what care I to live? But yet I may see him again,” continued Amine hurriedly, after a pause. “Yes! I may—who knows? Then welcome life, I’ll nurse thee for that bare hope—bare indeed—with nought to feed on. Let me see, is it here still?” Amine looked at her zone, and perceived her dagger was still in it. “Well then, I will live since death is at my command, and husband life for my dear husband’s sake.” And Amine threw herself on her resting-place that she might forget every thing. She did: from that morning till the noon of the next day, she remained in a state of torpor.

When she again rose, she was faint; again she looked round her—there was but sky and water to be seen.

“Oh! this solitude—it is horrible! death would be a release—but no, I must not die—I must live for Philip.” She refreshed herself with water and a few pieces of biscuit, and folded her arms across her breast. “A few more days and without relief, all must be over. Was ever woman situated as I am, and yet I dare to indulge hope? Why, ’tis madness! And why am I thus singled out, because I have wedded with Philip? It may be so; if so, I welcome it. Wretches! who thus severed me from my husband; who, to save their own lives, sacrificed a helpless woman. Nay! they might have saved me, if they had the least pity;—but no, they never felt it. And these are Christians! The creed that the old priests would have had me—Yes! that Philip would have had me embrace—charity and good-will! They talk of it, but I have never seen it! loving one another, forgiving one another! Say, rather, hating and preying upon one another! A creed never practised—why, if not practised, what value is it? Any creed were better—I abjure it, and if I am saved, will abjure it still for ever. Shade of my mother! is it that I have listened to these men that I have, to win my husband’s love—tried to forget that which thou taughtest, even as a child when at thy feet, that which our forefathers for thousands of years have lived and died in—that creed proved by works, and obedience to the Prophet’s will—is it for this that I am punished? Tell me, mother, tell me in my dreams.”

The night closed in, and with it rose heavy clouds; the lightning darted through the firmament, and anon lighting up the raft to Amine’s eyes. At last, the flashes were so rapid, not following each other, but darting down from every quarter at once, that the whole appeared as if on fire, and the thunder rolled along the heavens, now near and loud, then rumbling in the distance. The breeze rose up fresh, and the waves tossed the raft, and washed occasionally to Amine’s feet, as she stood in the centre.

“I like this, this is far better than that calm and withering heat—this rouses me,” said Amine, as she cast her eyes up, and watched the forked lightning till her vision became lost. “Yes, this is as it should be. Lightning, strike me if you please—waves wash me off and bury me in a briny tomb—pour the wrath of the whole elements upon this devoted head—I care not, I laugh at, I defy thee. Thou canst but kill, this little steel can do as much. Let those who hoard up wealth—those who live in splendour—those that are happy—those who have husbands, children, aught to love—let them tremble, I have nothing. Elements! be ye fire, or water, or earth, or air, Amine defies you! And yet—no, no, deceive not thyself, Amine, there is no hope; thus will I mount my funeral bier, and wait the will of destiny.” And Amine regained the secure space which Philip had fitted up for her in the centre of the raft, threw herself down upon her bed, and shut her eyes.

The thunder and lightning was followed up by torrents of heavy rain, which fell till daylight; the wind still continued fresh, but the sky then cleared, and the sun burst out. Amine remained shivering in her wet garments without motion, the heat of the sun proved too powerful for

her exhausted state, and her brain wandered. She rose up in a sitting posture, looked around her, saw verdant fields in every direction, the cocoa-nuts waving to the wind, imagined even that she saw her own Philip in the distance hastening to her—she held out her arms—strove to get up, and run to meet him, but her limbs refused their office—she called to him, she screamed, and sunk exhausted on her resting-place.

## CHAP. XXVI.

WE must for a time return to Philip, and follow his strange destiny. He had been forcibly held down by Krantz and another of the party on the raft, until they had gained the shore, so long looked at with anxiety and suspense. The spars were jerked by the running swell, and undulated and rubbed against each other, as the grounded raft rose and sunk to the waves breaking on the beach. The breeze was fresh, but the surf was trifling, and the landing was without difficulty. The beach was shelving, of firm white sand, interspersed and strewn with various brilliant-coloured shells; and here and there, the white fragments and bones of some animal which had been forced out of the element to die. The island was, like all the others, covered with a thick wood of cocoa-nut trees, whose tops waved to the breeze, or bowed to the blast, producing a shade and a freshness which would have been duly appreciated by any other party than the present, with the exception of Krantz; for Philip thought of nothing but of his loss, and the seamen thought of nothing but to save their wealth. Krantz supported Philip to the beach and led him to the shade; but after a minute he rose, and running down to the nearest point, looked anxiously for the portion of raft which held Amine, and which was now no longer to be discovered. Krantz had followed, aware that now the first paroxysms were past, that there was no fear of Philip's throwing away his life.

"Gone, gone for ever!" exclaimed Philip, pressing his hands to the balls of his eyes.

"Not so, Philip, the same Providence which has preserved us, will certainly assist her. It is impossible that she can perish among so many islands—many of which are inhabited, and a woman will be more sure of kind treatment."

"If I could only think so," replied Philip.

"A little reflection may induce you to think that it is rather an advantage than otherwise, that she is thus separated, not from you, but from so many lawless companions, whose united force we could not resist. Do you think, that after any sojourn on this island, these people with us, would permit you to remain in quiet possession of your wife? No—they would respect no laws; and Amine has, in my opinion, been miraculously preserved from shame and ill treatment, if not from death."

"They dare not, surely! Well, but Krantz, we must make a raft and follow her; we must not remain here—I will seek through the wide world."

"Be it so, if you wish, Philip, and I will follow your fortunes," re-

plied Krantz, glad to find that there was something, however wild in idea, for his mind to feed on.

"But now let us return to the raft, seek the refreshment we so much require, and after that we will consider what may be the best plan to pursue."

To this, Philip who was already exhausted, tacitly consented, and he followed Krantz to where the raft had been beached. The men had left it, and were, each man, sitting apart from one another under the shade of his own chosen cocoa-nut tree. The articles which had been saved on the raft, had not been landed, and Krantz called upon them to come and carry the things on shore, but no one would answer or obey. They each sat watching their money, and afraid to leave it, lest they should be dispossessed by the others. Now that their lives were, comparatively speaking, safe, the demon of avarice had taken full possession of their souls; there they sat, exhausted, pining for water, and longing for sleep, and yet they dared not move—they were fixed as if by the wand of the enchanter.

"It is the cursed dollars which have turned their brains," observed Krantz to Philip; "let us try if we cannot manage to remove what we most stand in need of, and then we will search for water."

Philip and Krantz collected the carpenter's tools, the best arms, and all the ammunition, as the possession of the latter would give them an advantage in case of necessity; they then dragged on shore the sail and some small spars, all of which they carried up to a clump of cocoa-nut trees, about a hundred yards from the beach.

In half an hour they had erected an humble tent, and put in it what they had brought with them, with the exception of the major part of the ammunition, which, as soon as he was screened by the tent, Krantz had buried in a heap of dry sand behind it; he then, for their immediate wants, cut down with an axe a small cocoa-nut tree, in full bearing. It must be for those who have suffered, to know the extreme pleasure with which the milk of the nuts, were one after the other poured down the parched throats of Krantz and Philip. The men witnessed their enjoyment in silence, and with gloating eyes. Every time that a fresh cocoa-nut was seized and its contents quaffed by their officers, more sharp and agonizing was their own devouring thirst—still closer did their dry lips glue themselves together—yet they moved not, although they felt the tortures of the condemned.

Evening closed in, Philip had thrown himself down on the spare sails, and had fallen asleep, when Krantz set off to explore the island upon which they had been thrown. It was small, not exceeding three miles, and at no one part more than five hundred yards across. Water there was none, unless it were to be obtained by digging for it; fortunately the young cocoa-nuts prevented the absolute necessity. On his return, Krantz passed the men in their respective stations. Each was awake, and raised himself on his elbow to ascertain if it were an assailant; but perceiving Krantz, they again dropped down. Krantz passed the raft—the water was now quite smooth, for the wind had shifted off shore; and the spars which composed the raft, hardly jostled each other. He stepped upon it, and, as the moon was bright in the heavens, he took the precaution of collecting all the arms which had been left, and throw-

ing them as far as he could into the sea. He then walked to the tent, where he found Philip still sleeping soundly, and in a few minutes he was reposing by his side. And Philip's dreams were of Amine; he thought that he saw the hated Schrifter rise again from the waters, and climbing up to the raft, seat himself by her side. He thought that he again heard his unearthly chuckle and his scornful laugh, as his unwelcome words fell upon her distracted ears. He thought that she fled into the sea to avoid Schrifter, and that the waters appeared to reject her—she floated on the surface. The storm rose, and once more he beheld her skimming over it in the sea-shell. Again, she was in a furious surf on the beach, and her shell sunk, and she was buried in the waves; and then he saw her walking on shore without fear and without harm, for the water that spared no one, appeared to spare her. Philip tried to join her, but was prevented by some unknown person, and Amine waved her hand and said, "We shall meet again, Philip: yes, once more on this earth shall we meet again."

The sun was high in the heavens and scorching in his heat, when Krantz first opened his eyes, and awakened Philip. The axe again procured for them their morning's meal. Philip was silent; he was ruminating upon his dreams, which had afforded him consolation. "We shall meet again!" thought he. "Yes, once more at least we shall meet again. Providence! I thank thee."

Krantz then stepped out to ascertain the condition of the men—he found them faint and so exhausted, that they could not possibly survive much longer, yet still watching over their darling treasure. It was melancholy to witness such perversion of intellect, and Krantz thought of a plan which might save their lives. He proposed to them all separately, that they should bury their money so deep, that it was not to be recovered without time—this would prevent any one from attacking the treasure of the other, without being perceived and the attempt frustrated, and would enable them to obtain the necessary food and refreshment, without danger of being robbed.

To this plan they acceded. Krantz brought out of the tent, the only shovel in their possession, and one by one they buried their dollars many feet deep in the yielding sand. When they had all secured their wealth, he brought them one of the axes, and the cocoa-nut trees fell, and they were restored to new life and vigour. Having satiated themselves, they then lay down upon the spot under which they had buried their wealth, and were soon enjoying that repose which they all so much needed.

Philip and Krantz had now serious consultations as to the means which should be taken for quitting the island, and going in search of Amine; although Krantz thought the latter part of Philip's proposal useless, he did not venture to say so. To quit the island was necessary; and provided they gained one of those which were inhabited, it was all that they could expect. As for Amine, he considered that she was dead before this, either having been washed off the raft, or her body lying on it exposed to the decomposing heat of a torrid sun.

To cheer Philip, he expressed himself otherwise; and whenever they talked about leaving the island, it was not to save their own lives, but invariably to search after Philip's lost wife. The plan which they pro-



posed and acted upon was, to construct a light raft, the centre to be composed of three water-casks, sawed in half, in a row behind each other, firmly fixed by cross pieces to two long spars on each side. This would move quickly through the water under sail, and be manageable so as to enable them to steer a course. The outside spars had been selected and hauled on shore, and the work was already in progress; but they were left alone in their work, for the seamen appeared to have no idea at present of quitting the island. Restored by food and repose, they were now not content with the money which they had, they were anxious for more. A portion of each party's wealth had been dug up, and they now gambled all day with pebbles, which they had collected on the beach, and with which they had invented a game. Another evil had crept among them: they had cut steps in the largest cocoa-nut trees, and with the activity of seamen had mounted them, and by tapping the top of the trees, and fixing empty cocoa-nuts underneath, had obtained the liquor, which in its first fermentation is termed toddy, and is afterwards distilled into arrack. But as toddy, it is quite sufficient to intoxicate, and every day scenes of violence, intoxication, oaths and execrations became more dreadful. The losers tore their hair, and rushed like madmen upon those who had gained their dollars, but Krantz had fortunately thrown the weapons into the sea, and those he had saved he had secreted, as well as the ammunition.

Blows and bloodshed, therefore, were continual, but loss of life there was none; as the contending parties were separated by the others, who were anxious that the play should not be interrupted. Such had been the state of affairs for now nearly a fortnight, while the work of the raft had slowly proceeded. Some of the men had lost their all, and had, by general consent of those who had won their wealth, been banished to a certain distance that they might not pilfer them. These walked gloomily round the island, or on the beach, seeking some instrument by which they might avenge themselves, and obtain repossession of their money. Krantz and Philip had proposed to these men to join them, and leave the island, but they had sullenly refused.

The axe was now never parted with by Krantz. He cut down what cocoa-nut trees they required for subsistence, and prevented them from notching more trees, to procure the means of inebriation. On the 16th day, all the money had passed into the hands of three men, who had been more fortunate than the rest. The losers were now by far the more numerous party, and the consequence was, that the next morning these three men were found lying strangled on the beach; the money had been redivided, and the gambling had recommenced with more vigour than ever.

"How can this end," exclaimed Philip to Krantz, as he looked upon the blanched countenances of the murdered men.

"In the death of all," replied Krantz. "We cannot prevent it. It is a judgment."

The raft was now ready, the sand had been dug from beneath it, so as to allow the water to flow in and float it, and she was now made fast to a stake, and riding on the peaceful waters. A large store of cocoa-nuts, old and young, had been procured and put on board of her, and the next day it was the intention of Philip and Krantz to have quitted the island.

Unfortunately, one of the men, when bathing, had perceived the arms lying in the shallow water. He had dived down and procured a cutlass; others had followed his example, and all the seamen had armed themselves. This induced Philip and Krantz to sleep on board of the raft, and keep watch; and that night, as the play was going on, a heavy loss on the one side ended in a general fray. The combat was furious, for all were more or less excited by intoxication. The result was melancholy, for only three were left the survivors. Philip, with Krantz, watched the issue; every man who fell wounded was put to the sword, and the three left, who had been fighting on the same side, rested panting on their weapons. After a pause, two of them communicated with each other, and the result was an attack upon the other man, who fell dead beneath their blows.

"Merciful Father! are these thy creatures?" exclaimed Philip.

"No!" replied Krantz, "they worshipped the devil as Mammon. Do you imagine that those two, who could now divide more wealth than they could well spend, if they return to their country, will consent to a division? Never!—they must have all—yes, all."

Krantz had hardly expressed his opinion, when one of the men, taking advantage of the other turning round a moment from him, passed his sword through his back. The man fell with a groan, and the sword was again passed through his body.

"Said I not so? But the treacherous villain shall not reap his reward," continued Krantz, levelling the musket which he held in his hand, and shooting him dead.

"You have done wrong Krantz; you have saved him from the punishment he deserved. Left alone on the island, without the means of obtaining his subsistence, he must have perished miserably and by inches, with all his money round him;—that would have been torture indeed!"

"Perhaps I was wrong. If so, may Providence forgive me, I could not help it. Let us go on shore, for we are now on this island alone. We must collect the treasure and bury it, so that it may be recovered; and, at the same time, take a portion with us; for who knows but that we may have occasion for it. To-morrow we had better remain here, for we shall have enough to do in burying the bodies of these infatuated men, and the wealth which has caused their destruction."

Philip agreed to the propriety of the suggestion; the next day they buried the bodies where they laid; and the treasure was all collected in a deep trench, under a cocoa-nut tree, which they carefully marked with their axe. About five hundred pieces of gold were selected and taken on board of the raft, with the intention of secreting them about their persons, and resorting to them in case of need.

The following morning they hoisted their sail and quitted the island. Need it be said, in what direction they steered? As may be well imagined, in the quarter where they had last seen the raft with the isolated Amine.

*(To be continued.)*

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## AN ADVENTURE IN AVA.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

It was on the 24th of February, 1826, that at Yandabú, in the kingdom of Ava, a treaty of peace was ratified between the British and Burmese nations. My health, which, from the hardships and exposure attendant on a long and harassing campaign in the "land of the stranger," had been for several months very precarious, rendered a return to the shores of Madras indispensable; and now that peace began to wave her olive-boughs over those plains, which had for so long a period witnessed the ruthless conflicts of war, I was anxious to return to Rangoon, thence to embark for Madras, in search of that health for which change of scene and situation are often so vainly tried. To proceed by land, a distance of three hundred miles, was out of the question, overrun as the country was by desperate ruffians, in whose eyes the enforced peace, which the victor army had wrung from the *Golden Feet*, would have appeared but as an instigation to the cruellest atrocities. The river, though not free from pirates, presented the best means of proceeding, and I was advised to wait until the departure of that portion of the troops which formed the water-party should warrant my safety. But too ill to think seriously of danger, and too willing to leave a campaign, whose only charm—that of warfare—was extinct, I refused to delay my voyage, and left Yandabú on the 6th of March, in a small canoe, manned by Burman boatmen, accompanied by two servants and an invalid sepoy.

I shall never forget the bright beneficent beauty of that morning, as, bidding adieu to my brother officers, I stepped into the frail and fairy bark which was, I hoped, to convey me in safety to Rangoon. The banks of the Irawaddi, that fine majestic stream which pursues its magnificent progress through a most unhappy country—even as the rays of the bright sun rest upon the dwellings of the wretched—were lined with people; soldiers, European and native,—sailors, higgling for fresh fish and vegetables,—sutlers, vending their scanty and coveted stores at exorbitant charges,—Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, all were there! and on the countenances of the soldiers the eye of imagination might trace the gleam of pleasure, as anticipations of a speedy abandonment of a country, which might in truth be called "the soldier's grave," flitted across their thoughts.

Above, too, the sky was as pure and unclouded as though the peace that reigned there was but the reflection of that which dwelt below. It was a delightful day—and I sat under the wattled canopy of my skiff, plunged in that delicious chaos of thought which so nearly resembles the transitory and unsatisfactory raptures of the opium-eater. However, as twilight—like a fond and careful nurse, wrapping her patient in a dark but warm mantle—began to enrobe all nature in her dim array, the excitement of my feelings subsided; and as I gazed around me and found myself in my lone and tiny bark in the midst of the wide river, on which not another object was discernible, darker thoughts and feelings returned to my breast,—even as carrion-birds will flock back at nightfall to their wonted roost! Darkness

crept on—slowly, but steadily,—and a brisk, uncertain breeze sprang from the gathering clouds ;—it increased—still increased, until I noted that my boatmen would gladly have got rid of it, and began to look out for a fitting shore near which to moor their vessel. The river was presently fuming, like an angry thing,—and as the banks which we neared rose bluff and precipitous from the water's edge, they showed, in the sheet lightning which played capriciously around, like the battlements of some Gothic fortalice, amidst the gloomy recesses of an ancient forest. By this time the gale had grown to a storm, and alarm found its way to every breast.

The surly *sough* of the wind,—the unpleasant motion of the canoe, tossed angrily by the surges, that whirled up their spray insultingly in our faces,—the harsh screams of the affrighted water-birds around us,—I recollect them all ! Suddenly, we struck against the bank ; the canoe was filled in a moment with the overpowering element ; and wet and frightened, we were all on shore, and scrambling up from the water before we were quite conscious of what had happened.

The Burmans, however, had probably suspected such an occurrence ; for they managed to rescue my few valuables, consisting of my stock of clothes, a liquor-case, and my humble breakfast-service, from the stranded skiff, at the very moment when she was swamped ; but, on examination we found that she had suffered injury so material, as to render her totally useless. Our sensations were not very agreeable, but lamentation was needless, and in the darkness and the gale which still continued, I thought rest the most advisable thing. A glass of brandy was distributed to each person,—eatables there were none, except some uncooked rice, and a little wet biscuit and sugar ; for our stock of fowls, and other provender, had been seized as lawful "*loot*" (booty) by the naiads of the stream. So, wrapping myself in my boat-cloak, wet as it was, I lay down under the shelving sandbank ; whilst my attendants, at several yards' distance, were scattered about, murmuring at our misfortunes, accusing "*Naseeb*" (destiny), of unparalleled cruelty, or trying to court the influence of that "sweet restorer," to which I paid my addresses in vain. The gale died away ; I was wet, and cold, and could not sleep, so I watched the moon rising from her bed of clouds,—the gradual tranquillization of the waves, as they lowered their white crests in the moonlight,—and listened the while to the casual gusts of the abating wind, as it passed through the jungle above the bank. I closed my eyes, but strange mysterious apprehensions arose, thick and black, within me ; and a warning voice bade me "not to sleep." It was Presentiment ! It was that undefinable "shadow of coming events !"

Presentiment is the *Fetch* of danger !

The night was now brilliantly clear ; but the moon, that "mistress of the diseased mind," shed a ghastly light on the waters. It reminded me of the flash of a torch on the shining ornaments of a coffin-lid ! There were strange noises, too ; from the sky came, ever and anon, the sudden wail of some night-bird ; from the earth, in the background, the howl of the wolf and jackal ; and from the waters of the Irawaddi, more impressively solemn in that lone hour, than all the rest, was heard the frequent and fitful leapings of the porpoises—for porpoises are not rare in this gigantic stream, even at this great distance from the sea. I can-

not account for the singular horror with which the sound created by this fishy creature in its struggles for fresh air, filled me. The leap from the waves—the long audible gasp it made while sucking in the breeze, and its plunge back into the stream! That gasp—I hear it now—was like the deep and painful breathings of a suffocating man! My Burman crew were whispering and muttering in a corner aloof from the other servants, and I asked them, in their own dialect, the name of the creature which had so annoyed me. The word "*Lebine*" was given in reply, and it was the last I heard that night.

A dreaminess stole over me, and I was fastly sinking into forgetfulness, when a ringing noise in my ears, a stunning blow on my head, accompanied by the flashing as of a hundred daggers, deprived me of all sensation. I have an indistinct remembrance of hearing a frightful shriek (it must have been my own), of starting up—of seeing dark shapes around me—of a gleaming instrument—but no more! I remained insensible for, as I was afterwards told, half an hour; and when I came to myself, I was stretched on the brink of the river, surrounded by my servants, who were wailing over me as lost for ever. I tried to rise, but sank down again on the sands; my eyes were blinded, with what at first I conceived to be water poured over me—it was blood! I raised my hand, and felt that there was a deep and large wound in my head. Recollection returned with growing sickness, and I perceived that none of the Burmese boatmen were with us. I was soon made aware of how the case stood.

The Burmans, seeing my poor stock of baggage at their mercy, incited by their indomitable love of plunder, and beguiled by the gaudy glitter of a Queen's-metal coffeepot, which doubtless they conjectured to be silver, watched the opportunity, when they imagined we were all asleep, to fulfil the double purpose of serving themselves, and gratifying their bitter hatred of the *kulas* (foreigners) who had conquered their Emperor and his hosts. My Lascar, whilst in a state between sleeping and waking, was aroused by the whisperings of the boatmen, and his suspicions being awakened, he resolved on watching their movements. Suddenly he observed the *Llèthogee*, or steersman, a gaunt and hideously ugly man, arise and approach stealthily to where I lay asleep; two of his comrades crept to a remote corner of our *bivouac*, where my baggage was placed; and near which, the sick sepoy and my *maty* (body-servant) slept. After stooping over me for an instant, as if to assure himself of my repose, the *Llèthogee* raised his arm, and the terrified Lascar then saw, that in his hand was a *dâh*, or large wood-knife. A blow was given—a shriek was heard; and just as the stroke, which had been impeded by the folds of my boat-cloak, was about to be repeated, the Lascar sprang upon the assassin, and succeeded in wresting the weapon from him, though not before his two thumbs were nearly severed from his hands in the struggle. The alarm was now, however, general; and the steersman and his associates, alike baffled, took to flight. The other boatmen had succeeded in carrying off the paltry spoil, for which they had so readily dyed their hands in blood, though not without opposition, for the sepoy was slightly wounded in the head before he could seize his bayonet. My Madras *maty* escaped with a few severe blows, for he had rolled himself up in a thick *cumly* (blanket), and when awake, had wrestled manfully with his particular

assailant; for I have omitted to state, that the exact number of the Burmans, was four.\*

What a night did we pass there, on that unknown beach! I had lost a great quantity of blood, and was so faint and sick, that I lay almost inanimate, until a light was struck; when my servant contrived to stanch the blood that continued to well from the wound, with repeated applications of burnt rag. Day at length dawned; welcome day! Never more welcome than now it was to us! The most distressing vertigo prevented me from walking without assistance; we had nothing to eat—our canoe lay rent and useless in the water; and presently the sun burst forth with a maddening heat.

What a long, long day that was! and with what dread did we look forward to the approach of night, another night in that inhospitable and perilous coast! To have attempted to penetrate into the country, knowing it to be inhabited only by those who would have prided and pleased in murdering us, would have been madness; our sole resource then was, to watch on that strand for some boats proceeding down the river, from the grand army.

Day began to decline, and hope with it, when lo! the *Diana* steam-packet hove in sight, like a dove bearing glad tidings. A cloth was fastened to an oar, and from the steepest part of the bank, it was wildly, desperately waved! I crept close to our flag of distress, watching the issue of our plan. The packet neared—it was opposite—is it not still opposite? Alas! it has passed!

Night was drawing near; brown shades tinged the inland jungle—the mina's shrill voice sounded louder as it sought its lair—painted moths and butterflies disappeared, whilst myriads of mosquitoes and other night-insects hovered around us. The clusters of the gorgeous *daturas* that sprang profusely around, looked wan and flaccid in the twilight, whilst their huge blossoms closed their cups in sleep. On the other hand, the plentiful *mirabilis jalapa*, opened wide its bright crimson petals, emitting the richest odours. A deep silence reigned in our little group, which was at length broken by the loud exclamation of the Lascar:

“*Ya illahi, Sahib! dekho!*” (Oh! Allah! behold, sir!) It was one of our row-boats! Our signals were renewed—were beheld! A skiff was sent ashore, and in it I perceived, with a joy I cannot paint, a gentleman whom I had met before, Mr. Lindquist.

We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the thin, attenuated form of a lady—a *white* lady! the first white woman I had seen for more than a year! she was standing on the little deck of the row-boat, leaning on the arm of a sickly-looking gentleman, with an intellectual cast of countenance,—in whom I at once recognised the husband or the brother.

His dress and bearing pointed him out as a missionary. I have said that I had not beheld a white female for many days; and now the soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears, like a household

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\* On that same day, some forty miles beyond where we were attacked, Lieutenant Addison, of the Madras army, whilst proceeding up the river in charge of commissariat stores, was shot from the long grass skirting the Irawaddi, and instantly expired.



hymn of my youth. My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon a sofa-bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on these kind Samaritans! with what delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that "beverage which cheers but not inebriates!" She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form, appeared almost ethereal. Yet with much of Heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her, for at her feet rested a babe—a little, wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek Missionary, her husband! Her face was pale, very pale; with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and a holy brow,—but her hands—those small, lily hands, were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan; for ah! they told of disease—of death—death in all its transparent grace—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter! That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese, have since been detailed in her published journals.

I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage,—their struggles in the cause of religion,—and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful energetic simplicity of her language; as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower, as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth! Why is it that we grieve to think of the approaching death of the young, the virtuous, the *ready*? Alas! it is the selfishness of human nature, that would keep to itself the purest and sweetest gifts of Heaven, to encounter the blasts and the blights of a world where we *see* them, rather than that they should be transplanted to happier regions, *where we see them not!*

When I left the kind Judson's, I did so with regret. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, as she issued some instructions to my new set of boatmen (for I had procured a fresh canoe), I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived; we parted, and we never met again; nor is it likely that the wounded Subaltern was ever again thought of by those who had succoured him.\*

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\* Mrs. Judson, and her child, died soon after the cessation of hostilities.

## SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY.—NO. X.\*

BY THE RIGHT HON. T. P. COURTENAY.

IN coming to the last play of the English historical series, we omit a period of about thirty-five years; namely, the whole reign of Henry VII., and the first eleven years of that of Henry VIII. We pass from 1485 to 1520.

The plays of Richard III. and Henry VIII. are distinguished, in one respect, from the preceding; they treat of times so near to those in which they were written, and of persons so nearly connected with the reigning queen, as to exhibit a stronger bias in favour of one view of doubtful history. In Richard III. this bias shows itself in blackening the character of Richard, and in representing Henry VIII. in the favourable light of his successful rival, invited by the nobles of the land to deliver it from a tyrannical usurper.

From the reign of Henry VII. himself, it would probably have been difficult to make a good play; but it would have been still more difficult to make of the first of the Tudor kings a hero, who would realize the prophecy of Henry VI.† and the expectations of the conquerors of Bosworth field. In the play of Henry VIII., Shakspeare does not forget that the king was the father of Elizabeth.

Another peculiarity attached to this play is, that Shakspeare's usual authority now becomes a contemporary; at least, the narrative upon which he relies is derived immediately from contemporary writings. Holinshed did not live in the time of Henry VIII., but Hall was certainly of years of discretion—a barrister, and (like Fabyan) under-sheriff, if not a member of parliament during a part of that reign.‡ And the work of Polydore Vergil, whom Holinshed also quotes, was written and published within the same period.§

The point of time at which the play commences is fixed by the opening scene, in which the Duke of Norfolk|| gives to the Duke of Buckingham¶ a description of the famous meeting between Henry VIII. and Francis I.; and it appears to me that we recognise again the admirable language of Shakspeare, of which in the three parts of Henry VI., and even in Richard III., we had nearly lost sight.

“*Norf.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :  
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horseback,

\* Continued from No. ccxviii., p. 258.

† See ccxvii., p. 71.

‡ He was probably born at the close of the fifteenth century, in the reign of Henry VII., and was at least twenty years old at the period at which this play commences—1520. Holinshed's date is not known, but his work was published in 1577, the 19th, of Elizabeth. Biog. Brit., xvii. 46.

§ In 1533. Biog. Brit., xiii. 309.

|| Thomas Howard, second duke, the Surry of the last play, son of Richard's duke, who was killed at Bosworth. This Thomas was created duke in 1514, and died in 1524. Collins, i. 64.

¶ Edward Stafford, third duke, son of the duke who appears in Richard III., Banks, ii. 525.

Beheld 'em when they lighted, how they clung,  
In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Norf.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory. Men might say  
Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they  
Made Britain, India. Every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubims, all gilt ; the madams, too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask  
Was cry'd incomparable ; and th' ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them : him in eye,  
Still him in praise, and being present both  
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discernor  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,  
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass : that old fabulous story  
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit ;  
That Bevis was believed.

*Buck.* Oh ! you go far.

*Norf.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour, honesty ; the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discoverer lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;  
Order gave each thing view."

There is in Holinshed\* a very full account of this *field of the cloth of gold*. Various histories of this gay meeting were probably extant, and Shakspeare's forcible description cannot be traced to Holinshed in particular. Our poet appears to have invented Buckingham's sickness for the mere purpose of making him listen to Norfolk's story, for he is specially mentioned in the chronicle as present.†

In this conversation, in which Lord Abergavenny‡ takes part, there is much complaint of the expense of this royal meeting, and the blame of devising it, as well as of officious intermeddling in all the arrangements ; for

"no man's pye is freed  
From his ambitious finger,"

is laid upon Wolsey. Buckingham is unmeasured in his censure and

\* Hol., 646 ; Hall, 604.

† Hol., 654 ; Hall, 616.

‡ George Nevill, third lord. He married Buckingham's daughter ; he is said to have warned the king, while on his way to the meeting, that Francis was more numerously attended than he. The present earl is his lineal male representative. Collins, v. 169.

sarcasm; Norfolk, professing friendly feelings, warns him that the cardinal is a dangerous enemy.

The complaints of the enormous expense which this expedition caused to those who were compelled to attend it, of whom

"many  
Have broke their backs with laying harness on them  
For this great journey,"

are taken from the chronicle; which also represents Buckingham as incensing the displeasure of Wolsey by his complaints.\*

The political bearings of the meeting are discussed in the play.

"Buck. What did this great vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

Norf. Grievingly, I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it."

And,

"France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aberg. Is it therefore  
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Norf. Marry is't."

A new treaty between France and England was the result of the meeting of the kings, by which Francis stipulated to pay annually 100,000 crowns to Henry.† I know not whether Shakspeare meant this by the peace which was not worth its cost, but as the money was not paid punctually, the remark might have been fairly made. A league‡ had been made a few years before between Henry, Charles, and Francis, which was certainly "flaw'd" by a declaration of war between the two latter; and, in 1523, the king of France sequestered English goods at Bourdeaux, and the French ambassador was consequently "commanded to keep his house."§ This French aggression appears to have arisen immediately out of Henry's resenting the support given by France to the Duke of Albany in Scotland; but Henry was, during the whole of this time, plotting against France. Of these plots Francis had probably sufficient information to account for, and perhaps to justify, his hostile measures.

Buckingham accuses the cardinal of being bribed by the emperor to break the peace between England and France. I find no authority for this accusation of Wolsey by the duke; but as the cardinal had received, at the hand of Charles, some valuable preferment in Spain,|| and hoped for his interest towards attaining the papacy, it was not unnatural that he should be suspected of a bias towards the Austrian interest.

Shakspeare follows his authority,¶ and the general belief, in ascribing to Wolsey the proceedings against Buckingham, who is now arrested for high treason; \*\* which event occurred in April, 1521,†† some time

\* Hol., iii. 644.

† Lingard, vi. 50; Rymer, xiii. 719.

‡ Oct. 1518; Lingard, 39.; Rymer, xiii. 626.

§ Hol., 626; Hall, 633; Lingard, 60, 62.

¶ Mackintosh's Life of Wolsey, i. 141.

¶ Hol., 658; Hall, 632.

\*\* Act i., sc. 3. He is styled Duke of Buckingham, and Earl of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton. He was Earl of Stafford by paternal descent. He assumed Hereford, and perhaps Northampton, as representative of the Becons; from whom the present Viscount Hereford is descended.

†† Lingard, 54.

before the proceedings at Bourdeaux which he mentions in the play: The duke being accused, was summoned from Gloucestershire to London, and there arrested and conveyed to the tower, without previous intimation. Hall says, that he discovered, when at Windsor in his way up, that he was a prisoner; that he went in his barge to call upon Wolsey at York-house, but was told that the cardinal was sick; that he nevertheless landed, and went to the cellar to drink, but was very ill received; and, when he had returned to his barge, was arrested and conveyed to the tower; some of his followers had been previously apprehended.\*

But Shakspeare interrupts these proceedings to introduce Queen Catherine, who comes to represent to the king—

“the subjects’ grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay.”

She charges this especially upon Wolsey,† who avers that what was done was the act of the privy council and judges. Henry disclaims all knowledge of the affair, and challenges his minister to produce a precedent, and directs the commission to be recalled, which order Wolsey thus cunningly executes:

“Let there be letters writ to every shire  
Of the king’s grace and pardon. The griev’d commons  
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois’d  
That *through our intercession* this revokement  
And pardon comes.”

This commission to ascertain every man’s property is from Holinshed:—

“Order was taken by the cardinal that the true value of all men’s substance might be known, and he would have every man sworn to have uttered the true valuation of that they were worth, and required the *tenth* part thereof to be granted towards the king’s charges, now in his wars, in like case as *the* spirituality had granted a fourth part, and were content to live on the other three parts.”‡

This was in 1623. I rather think it was of a later proceeding that Holinshed says, in reporting what followed upon the rebellion in Suffolk,

“The king then came to Westminster to the cardinal’s palace, and assembled there a great council, in the which he openly protested that his mind was never to ask anything of his commons that might lead to the breach of his laws; wherefore he willed to know, by whose means the commissions were so strictly given forth to demand the *sixth* part of every man’s goods. The cardinal excused himself and said, that when it was moved in council how to levy money to the king’s use, the king’s council, and namely the judges, said that he might lawfully demand any sum by commission, and that by the consent of the whole council it was done; and took God to witness that he never desired the hindrance of the commons, but, like a true counsellor, desired how to enrich the king. The king, indeed, was much offended that his commons were thus entreated, and

\* In the play, the duke is arrested by Brandon. His name does not occur in the chronicles. Sir Henry Marne, or Marney, captain of the king’s guard, made the arrest.

† Mrs. Jameson says (p. 256) this is true to history. I know not where she found it.

‡ Hol., 680; Hall, 630.

thought it touched his honour that his council should attempt such a doubtful matter in his name, and to be denied both of the spirituality and temporality. Therefore he would no more of that trouble, but caused letters to be sent into all shires, that the matter should no further be talked of; and he pardoned all them that had denied the demand, openly or secretly. The cardinal, to deliver himself of the evil will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed and caused it to be bruited abroad, that through his intercession the king had pardoned and released all things.\*\*

Shakspeare is thus justified by his usual authority in this scene, as to the exactions from the people, and Wolsey's ministerial finesse; but not so in the introduction of the queen. It is a gratuitous addition, which must have been made, not for political, but for dramatic reasons.

Though it is probable that the obnoxious commission was devised by Wolsey, it is not so that the king was ignorant of the proceeding. But if undue praise has been ascribed to Henry, Hall is to be blamed, not Shakspeare.

Our poet has put sentiments into Wolsey's mouth, which are generally just, though not applicable to the particular case.

"If I'm traduc'd by tongues which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chroniclers of my doing; let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through: we must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censures; which ever,  
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allowed: *what worst, as oft*  
*Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up*  
*For our best act*: if we stand still, in fear  
Our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at.  
We should take root here where we sit,  
Or sit state-statues only."

Shakspeare is justified by Holinshed,† in ascribing to Wolsey the proceedings against Buckingham; Holinshed does not in this case copy Hall,‡ but Polydore Vergil,§ whose testimony, especially as to Wolsey, is to be received with great caution.|| It is probable that Buckingham, as a peer of an ancient family, was jealous of the proud and powerful churchman, and also that the duke could not have been tried for treason, without the approbation of the minister; but there is no historical evidence for tracing either the trial or the accusation to personal causes.¶ I find, however, in the depositions,\*\* the charge most likely to excite Wolsey's wrath:—

\* Hol., 710; Hall, 700; see Grove, iii. 235, 347; Hallam's Const. Hist., i. 25, 32.

† P. 657. See Lingard, vi. 53.

‡ P. 662.

§ P. 665 of edit. 1556.

|| See Grove, ii. 171; iv. 348. Polydore had been a disgusting flatterer of the cardinal.

¶ See, on the contrary, Grove's note on Henry VIII., p. 26. \*\* Galt's App., xiv.



—————“ Adding further,  
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.”\*

It was deposed, moreover, that he listened to prophecies that he should become king after the death of Henry. There is no mention of the intention to “ put his knife” into the king. All that he said was, that if committed to the tower, he should have had 10,000 men to deliver him. But that story was among the articles of charge.†

Buckingham was now the next heir to Henry, in the Beaufort branch of the Lancastrian line, and next legitimate representative of Edward III., after the children of Clarence.

Of Buckingham's dying speech,‡ the whole merit, I believe, belongs to Shakspeare; and Hall only tells us, that

“ He said he had offended the king's grace through negligence and lack of grace, and desired all noblemen to beware by him, and all men to pray for him, and that he trusted to die the king's true man.”§

I can give parts only of the impressive speech which Shakspeare has given to the duke.

—————“ All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home, and lose me.  
\* \* \* \* \*

————— You that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain :  
Where you are liberal of your loves and councils,  
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again  
But when they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
Farewell !  
And when you would say something that is sad,  
Speak how I fell.—I've done, and God forgive me !”

We have now a scene of gossiping conversation between the Lord Chamberlain,|| Lord Sands,¶ and Sir Thomas Lovell.\*\* They talk of the introduction of French manners and dress into England, by those who had been engaged in the late expeditions to France, and a proclamation is announced by Lovell, of which the object is—

“ The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

\* Hol., 661.

† State Trials, 287 ; from Lord Herbert.

‡ Act ii., sc. 2.

§ Hall, 642, and Hol., 662.

|| Charles Somerset, the first of that name, Earl of Worcester ; natural son of Henry Beaufort, third Duke of Somerset, and ancestor of the Duke of Beaufort. He was Lord Chamberlain for life, and died in 1526. Collins, i. 224.

¶ The person here intended is Sir William Sands, who was not created Lord S. until 1523 at the soonest. Nic., ii. 571.

\*\* See No. cxxviii., p. 254.

*Chamb.* I'm glad 'tis there : now I would pray our *monsieurs*  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lovell.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions), 'leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks ;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom ; clean renouncing  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,  
Short-bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men ;'  
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at."

I can nowhere trace this proclamation, or the cause of it. There were about this time many *quarrels* between strangers and nations ; but I hear of no imitation. And there were in this reign, as in several preceding, laws regulating the dress of the several ranks of people, and the prohibition is, in some instances, of *foreign* articles ;\* but for any peculiar law or order against French manners or dresses, I can find no authority, though I suspect that Sir Thomas Lovell's news had a foundation somewhere.

Shakspeare places, in the midst of the proceedings against this duke, who was beheaded on the 17th of May, 1521,† an entertainment‡ given by Wolsey, so grand as to be noticed in history.§ The incidents of this banquet are to be found in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, and in Stow,|| with this slight variation : that Wolsey did not at once discover the king among the maskers, but picked out Sir Edward Nevill by mistake.

If this banquet were placed at its proper time by Shakspeare, his introduction of Anne Boleyn would have been an anachronism. In 1521, Anne was a girl of fifteen or sixteen years old, resident at the court of Claude, the queen of Francis I. She did not return till 1522, when she became maid of honour to Queen Catherine.¶ It is recorded that, at an entertainment given by the king himself in May, 1527, Anne Boleyn was the partner of Henry ; but it is highly improbable that this was, as Shakspeare makes it, the period of her first captivation of the heart of Henry.\*\* The balls which Wolsey gave, were for the express purpose of pleasing the king and his favourite lady.

Cavendish, after relating the rupture of Anne's engagement to Lord Percy, by the interference of Wolsey at the king's command, tells us that

" Mistress Anne Boleyn was revoked unto the court, wherent she flou-

\* See Strutt's Dresses, i. 229.

† Lingard, 55.

‡ Act i., sc. 4.

§ In Wordsworth's Ecol. Biog., i. 319. || P. 504. ¶ Lingard, 111.

\*\* " Fumes chez la reine, on l'on dansa ; et M. de Turenne, par le commandement dudit Seigneur Roi, dansa avec Madame la Princesse, et le Roi avec Mistress Bullen qui a été nourrie en France, avec la feue reine." Journal, 5 May. MS. de Brienne, quoted by Lingard, 118. This way of describing Anne is hardly consistent with the supposed notoriety of an attachment previously subsisting.

ished after in great estimation and favour, having always a privy grudge against my Lord Cardinal for breaking off the contract made between my Lord Percy and her, supposing that it had been his devised will and none other, nor yet knowing the king's secret mind thoroughly, who had great affection unto her, more than she knew. But after she knew the king's pleasure, and the bottom of his secret stomach, then she began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of jewels, or rich apparel, that might be gotten for money. It was therefore judged by and bye through the court, of every man, that she being in such favour might work masteries with the king, and obtain any suit of him for her friend.\*

The great lords of the court, he tells us, who were jealous of Wolsey, consulted often with Anne Boleyn how to lower Wolsey in the king's estimation; but the cardinal,

"espying the great zeal that the king had conceived in this gentlewoman, ordered himself, to please as well the king as her, dissembling the matter that lay hid in his breast; prepared great banquets and high feasts to entertain the king and her at his own house; and thus the world began to grow to wonderful inventions, not heard of before in this realm. Love betwixt the king and this gorgeous lady grew to such a perfection, that divers imaginations were imagined, whereof I leave here to speak."†

The first mention in the play of the project for divorcing Queen Catherine, is in a conversation among the persons assembled on the occasion of Buckingham's execution.

*2d Gent.* Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Catherine?

*1st Gent.* Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger,  
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

*2d Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have (out of malice  
To the good queen) possess'd him with a scruple,  
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately,  
As all think, for this business.

*1st Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
Th' archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed."

These rumours are mentioned too soon. The first mention of them is assigned by Hall to the year 1527. Meanwhile Wolsey's politics had changed: he now no longer espoused the cause of the Emperor, but sought the alliance of France. That he entertained a project for marrying Henry to Margaret, Duchess of Alençon, sister of Francis I., and subsequently to Renée, the sister of his wife, was the belief of the time.‡

\* Cav., 369.

† P. 371.

‡ Hall, 728; Hol., 736; Pol. Verg., p. 686. But see Lingard, 380.

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In the next scene,\* the preceding topics are handled by the 'Lord Chamberlain,† Norfolk,‡ and Suffolk.§

*Chamb.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Norf.* What's the cause?

*Chamb.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suff.* No : his conscience has crept too near another lady.

*Norf.* 'Tis so.

This is the cardinal's doing.

Now he has crack'd the league  
'Tween us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,||  
He dives into the king's soul, and then scatters  
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despair ; and all these for his marriage.

*Chamb.* All that dare  
Look into these affairs, see his main end,—  
The French king's sister.

We have now the king, with "Wolsey and Cardinal Campeius, the pope's legate, with a commission."

*Wols.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.  
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, has sent  
One general tongue unto us—this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius.

*Camp.* To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue  
(The court of Rome commanding), you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business."

The king appoints Blackfriars for the trial of the case, and sends Gardiner¶ to acquaint the queen. On a subsequent occasion, Henry gives this account of the origin of his scruples : addressing Wolsey, he says,

" You ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never

\* Act ii., sc. 3.

† There were two Lord Chamberlains during the period of this play. Worcester died in 1524, before the divorce was talked of. Lord Sands succeeded him, and he alone could have been a party in these conversations. Our poet confounds the two.

‡ The duke who presided at the trial of Buckingham was the second duke, of whom we have already heard ; he died in 1524, some years before the arrival of Cardinal Campeggio. Shakspeare has therefore confounded him with his son and successor Thomas, the third duke. Collins, i. 85.

§ Charles Brandon (son of Sir Wm. Brandon, slain at Bosworth), the first duke, who married Mary, the king's sister, widow of Louis XII. of France. I think that the Duke of Northumberland is his representative, through Lady Catherine Grey, and other females. Banks, iii. 684.

¶ Maximilian, the grandson of Philip of Austria and Joanna, the sister of Catherine.

¶ The celebrated Stephen G., afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

Desir'd it to be stirr'd, but oft have hindered  
The passages made tow'rds it.  
My conscience first received a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary. † P' th' progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he  
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise,  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometime our brother's wife."

He then says, that he began to regard it as a sign of God's displeasure, that no male child of Catherine lived ; that he then imparted his scruples to the Bishop of Lincoln,\* who advised him to take the course which he did take ; and desired the Archbishop of Canterbury† to summon the court, by which the question was to be considered.

Such is Shakspeare's account of the proceedings prior to " the trial," with the exception of the dates, of which I have noticed the confusion. It is taken faithfully from Holinshed.

" You have heard how the people talked, a little before the cardinal's going over to France the last year, that the king was told by Dr. Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, and others, that his marriage with Queen Catherine could not be good nor lawful. The truth is, that, whether this doubt was first moved by the cardinal, or by the said Longland, being the king's confessor, the king was not only put in doubt, whether it was a lawful marriage or no ; but also determined to have the case examined, cleared, and adjudged by learning, law, and sufficient authority. The cardinal verily was put in most blame for this scruple, now cast into the king's conscience, for the hate he bare to the emperor, because he would not grant to him the archbishoprick of Toledo."‡

This chronicler is not very clear, as to the origin of the question of the divorce, for he had already mentioned§ (as Henry does in the play), that it was first raised by the Bishop of Bayonne, when treating of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans with the Princess Mary, who, if Catherine's marriage was not good, was not the legitimate daughter of the king.

It might seem, from the introduction of Anne Boleyn captivating the king, previously to the first hint of the intended separation from Catherine, that Shakspeare intended to represent Henry's love for the maid of honour as the original cause of the divorce ; but I think the general impression conveyed by the subsequent scenes is, that there was a *bond fide* scruple. Indeed, the play, in leaving doubtful the relation between the divorce and the king's attachment to Anne Boleyn, is more consistent with the history, as imperfectly known to us, than it could have been if more precision had been assumed.

The story of the French bishop is doubtful, because it is not confirmed by the French records,|| and it was too important a point in the negotiation to be left unnoticed in the official report.

We may safely take the authority of Hall¶ for the existence of a

\* John Longland, who became bishop in 1520.

† William Warham.

‡ Hol. 719, 736 ; Hall. 753.

§ P. 714, but not from Hall.

Lingard, 378.

¶ P. 728.

rumour—not then, it appears to me, at all connected with Anne Boleyn—previously to Wolsey's departure for France in July, 1527 ; and we now know, from Wolsey's correspondence, that the matter had been then discussed between the king and his minister. Upon the sole authority of Cardinal Pole, Lingard believes, against all probability, that Anne herself infused the scruples into the mind of her lover, and sent learned men to support them.\* And the desire of this generally fair historian to make Anne Boleyn the cause of the Reformation, leads him to assign an unauthorized date to the loves of Henry and Anne.† I agree with Turner,‡ that there is no evidence of the existence of this attachment before 1527, previously to May in which year, the king prevented the marriage with Percy. *How long* before May, 1527 (when Northumberland died), the interview between Wolsey and the father of the young man occurred, we cannot ascertain ; it may have been many months before. The latest possible date would not be inconsistent with Cavendish's § averment, that Wolsey was aware of the attachment before he went abroad. But if any reliance is to be placed (which I much doubt) upon the arrangement of passages in Cavendish, Henry's intention to marry Anne had been avowed to Wolsey before the battle of Pavia ; and the cardinal's objections, ending in the suggestion of a reference to divines and canonists, connect the plan of a divorce with that intention.

“ The long-hid and secret love that was between the king and Mistress Anne Boleyn brake now out, and the matter was by the king disclosed to my lord cardinal, whose persuasions upon his knees *long time before* to the king to the contrary would not serve : the king was so affectioned, that his will bare place, and discretion was banished clean for the time. My lord, being provoked to declare his opinion and wisdom in the advancement of his desired purpose, thought it not meet to wade too far alone, or to give him hasty judgment or advice in so weighty a matter, but desired of the king licence to ask counsel of men of ancient study and famous learning, both in the divine and civil law.”||

The two dates, of the scruple and the love, are both too uncertain to be brought into comparison. The mystery is too dense to be cleared up in a paper like this.

The scene¶ between Anne and the old lady is of course imaginary ; there is no reason to believe that the young lady even pretended an aversion to rank and dignity : we have seen, on the other hand, that she readily assumed the station of a favourite ; but it is admitted, even by an enemy,\*\* that she refused to receive Henry on any other than an

\* Lingard, vi., note † in p. 113, where the *pros* and *cons* are otherwise fairly stated.

† Lingard, note \* in p. 113, and † in 157. A letter from Henry to Anne (Hearne's Avesbury, p. 360), mentions his being employed upon his book, and must have been written in Dec. 1527, or Jan. 1528 ; another letter (p. 350), speaks of the attachment having lasted more than a year. Lingard assumes, apparently upon no ground other than that of the one letter being numbered 16, and the other 4, that the letter to which he can assign no date, must have been written before that which he fixes by the book. Surely, the allocation of letters in a printed book furnishes no proof of date. I do not contradict Lingard ; I only affirm that his opinion is not supported by the evidence which he offers.

‡ Henry VIII., 3d edit., p. 195.

§ P. 371.

|| Cav., 416. The battle of Pavia, which occurred in Feb. 1525, is narrated in p. 376.

¶ Act ii., sc. 4.

\*\* Pole, in Lingard, 112. This cardinal mentions the fact with *something very like* sneer.



honourable footing. But the grant of the title of marchioness is misplaced. It was not made until September, 1532, a few months before Anne's marriage, and long after the trial at Blackfriars, which occurred at the commencement of 1529, after a long interval spent in negotiations with the pope, which I cannot detail here.

In his account of that proceeding, Shakspeare follows Holinshed,\* even in the justly-celebrated speech of Catherine.

" Sir, I desire you do me right and justice ;  
And to bestow your pity on me ; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas ! sir,  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heav'n witness,  
I've been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable :  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike ;  
Yea, subject to your count'nance ; glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave not notice  
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind,  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upwards of twenty years ; and have been bless'd  
With many children by you. If in the course  
And process of this time you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person ; in God's name,  
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd, by many  
A year before. It is not to be question'd  
That they had gathered a wise council to them  
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore, humbly,  
Sir, I beseech you spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel  
I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !"

For this appropriate and touching speech, there is the contemporary authority of Cavendish ; † notwithstanding that Hall ‡ tells us, that the queen did not speak a word in this open court ; and that Polydore

\* P. 737.

† P. 424 ; Stow, 542.

‡ P. 756.

Vergil\* does not ascribe to her any discourse except a vehement imputation of Wolsey.† But some of the proceedings judiciously introduced by the dramatist into this scene, occurred at Bridewell (then a palace), some time before, when the king addressed "the nobility, judges, and counsellors, with divers other persons," in a speech from that which begins, "My lord cardinal, I do excuse you,"‡ is taken. It was also at Bridewell that the two cardinals came to the queen (the ground of a subsequent scene§ in the play), when she addressed them, according to Hall,|| in a speech which he took from the notes of Cardinal Campeggio's secretary.

Catherine's speech in Hall, ascribes Wolsey's hostility to the emperor's denial of support in his ambitious designs upon the popedom; I know not why this topic is omitted.

The chronicles are followed in the character which Henry gives to his wife;¶ and in Wolsey's appeal to the king against the queen's imputation of the projected divorce to his contrivances; and in Catherine's rejection of Wolsey's attempt to address her in *Latin*, and she did appeal to the pope himself.

At the end of the second act, we have the first symptoms of Henry's discontent with Wolsey: it appears from a letter lately published,\*\* that Henry's doubts of Wolsey's zeal for the divorce were entertained at an early period. It is doubtful whether Wolsey at any time entertained the project with the view in which his master, either in the beginning or at an early period, chiefly regarded it. Wolsey might have a scheme for allying Henry, matrimonially as well as politically, with France; but he had no object in getting rid of Catherine for the purpose of substituting Anne. Whatever might be the cause, the two cardinals did assuredly offend Henry by their procrastination.

At the end of this act, the name of a new and important person is introduced; and the first notice given of the king's opposition to the papal authority.

" I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me; I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learned and well-beloved servant, *Cranmer*,  
Pr'ythee return! With thy approval, I know,  
My comfort comes along!"

It is probable that Shakspeare took this reference to Cranmer from tradition, but he has ante-dated it.

Cranmer was not at this time known to the king, nor was he now out of England. Soon after this time, he met with Fox and Gardiner in the country, and gave his opinion that the question of marriage might be decided by native authorities.†† He wrote a book to prove his position, and hence his employment by the king and subsequent preferment.

The first scene of the third act gives the interview between the cardi-

\* P. 688.

† Burnet says (*Hist. Ref.*, iii. 80) that the king and queen never appeared in the court; but see Lingard, 151. ‡ Sc. 7; Cav. 426. § Act iii., sc. 1.

¶ P. 755. ¶ Hol., 738; Cav., 426; Stow, 542. \*\* July 1, 1527. St. Pap., i. 194.

†† See Burnet, i., 144; but whence?

nals and the queen, to which I have already alluded ; it is almost paraphrased from Holinshed and his authorities : for instance :

“ My lord, I thank you for your good will, but to make you answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I am set among my maids at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and better head than mine, to make answer ; for I need counsel in this case which touched me so near, and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit.”

“ My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;  
Ye speak like honest men ; (pray God, ye prove so !)  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour  
(More near my life, I fear), with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For his sake that I have been (for I feel  
The last thing that I have been), good your graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.  
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

————— Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?”

We now approach another of the great events of this play—the disgrace of Wolsey. Norfolk,\* Suffolk, Surry, and the lord chamberlain, are introduced,† congratulating each other on the declining influence of the cardinal. And he is in disgrace, says Suffolk, because

“ The cardinal’s letters to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye of the king ; wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment of the divorce.”

This incident is not in Holinshed, nor do I know where Shakspeare found it, or whence comes the story of the inventory delivered by mistake.”‡

But the greatest error in this scene, which must have occurred, at latest, in 1529, is the mention of the marriage of Anne Boleyn, and her intended coronation. The marriage certainly did not occur before 1533.§

The demand of the great seal by Norfolk and Suffolk, and Wolsey’s hesitation in delivering it upon a verbal message, are in Holinshed.||

Surry (it should be Norfolk) now accuses Wolsey of the destruction of his father-in-law Buckingham, with which view, he (Surry) was sent to Ireland as lord deputy ; and after some allusions too personal to be repeated, he enumerates the articles of charge against the cardinal .—

\* There is a confusion here. The present Norfolk is the former Surry. No Surry was concerned in these proceedings. That title was now borne by Henry Howard, the celebrated and literary earl, now a lad of thirteen years old. Collins, i. 93.

† Act iii., sc. 2.

‡ Steevens (Bosw., 412) points out a story in Holinshed of a mistake like this committed by Ruthall, Bishop of Durham.

§ Lingard, 189.

|| P. 741.

" *Surry*. First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate ; by which pow'r  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Norf*. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf*. That, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur*. *Item*, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf*. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur*. Then, that you've sent innumerable substance  
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience),  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom."

These articles are to be found, with some others, in Holinshed.\* They are abridged from forty-four lengthy charges,† which were some time afterwards prepared in the *House of Lords*, and sent down to the Commons, but came to nothing.

It may be observed, that the charge of writing *Ego et Rex meus*, with which we are familiar, is erroneously stated. Wolsey, according to the accusation, gave the king his place, but put himself too near to him. He wrote, "The king and I," thus making himself a fellow to the king.‡

A new character is now introduced—Thomas Cromwell. His conversations with Wolsey are imaginary, and very well imagined ; and he is appropriately produced as the faithful friend of the cardinal, whom he defended in the House of Commons against the charges lately noticed.§ Now Cromwell, the falling minister, learns that Sir Thomas More has already succeeded him as chancellor ; and that Cranmer, having returned from abroad, has been installed Archbishop of Canterbury. This is right as to More ;|| but Cranmer did not become archbishop until 1532, when Warham died.

The chronological error respecting Anne Boleyn's marriage, and public acknowledgment, is repeated by Cromwell. Cavendish imputes to this young lady a great share in Wolsey's fall, and accordingly he says,

" There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell !  
The king has gone beyond me : all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell !  
I'm a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king,

\* P. 747.

† Parl. Hist., i. 492.

‡ Art. 4.

§ Parl. Hist. i. 501.

|| 25th Oct. 1529. British Statesmen, i. 60.

(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I've told him  
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:  
Some little memory of me will stir him  
(I know his noble nature), not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord!  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego,  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The king shall have my service, but my prayers,  
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me must more be heard, say that I taught thee—  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the way of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way out of his wreck, to rise in—  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels. How can man  
(The image of his Maker), hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.  
Let all those ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
And, pr'ythee, lead me in—  
There, take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,  
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies!"

This last expression is thus reported by Cavendish, as addressed to Mr. Kingston, the captain of the guard, who attended upon him after his arrest:

"If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."\*

It is difficult to account for this arrest on a charge of high treason, precisely at this time.†

In the fourth act, we have the coronation of the queen, which is placed, as in Holinshed, immediately after the mention of the court, held by Cramner, at Dunstable, where the divorce between Henry and

\* P. 542; Hol., 755.

† See Lingard, 163.

Catherine was pronounced.\* It has been conjectured that the description of this and the other ceremonies in the play, were drawn up by another hand. The present, certainly, is not taken from Holinshed.†

The close of Queen Catherine's life is represented in a scene,‡ describing also that of Wolsey's, of which Johnson says,

"This scene is above any part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any other scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic; without gods or fairies, or persons, or precipices—without the help of romantic circumstances, without the improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without the throbs of tumultuous misery."§

If I find some fault with this highly-wrought passage, it is not for the praise which it bestows upon this particular scene, so much as for the blame which it unfairly insinuates against others. Neither here nor elsewhere does Shakspeare excite us to the pathetic, by the adventitious circumstances which Johnson deprecates. I wish that I could give the whole, but I am compelled by my critical duty to observe, that though the death of Wolsey followed quickly upon his disgrace,|| the unfortunate Catherine lived until the year 1536, having been (1532) deprived of the title of queen. I must request space for the insertion of Griffith's description of Wolsey's end:—

"At length, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;  
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably received him;  
To whom he gave these words: '*O father abbot!*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of state,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:*  
*Give him a little earth for charity!*'  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace."

Catherine's character of Wolsey, and the more candid and apologetical statement of her gentleman-usher, are taken from Holinshed;¶ as are the visit of Capucius, and the queen's letter, which induces Catherine to say,

"After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep my honour from corruption,  
Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith."

In the fifth act we have, for the first time, the famous Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in conversation with Sir Thomas Lovell, who announces the approaching confinement of Anne Boleyn, for whose life he expresses some apprehension. Gardiner is made to express his hope that she will perish, with "her two hands," Cranmer and Cromwell.

\* Hol., 778.

† See Hol., 781, where Lord William Howard is said to have been present as Deputy Earl Marshal, and the Duke of Suffolk as Lord High Constable. In the play, we have  
o Earl Marshal, but Dorset as Chamberlain, and Surry bearing the rod of silver with the dove. The two accounts only agree as to Suffolk.

‡ Act v., sc. 2.

§ Bosw., 441.

|| He died Nov. 29, 1530.

¶ P. 756.



Lovell observes, that Cromwell\* is master of the Jewel Office, and of the Rolls, and king's secretary ; and the archbishop very high in the king's favour. Gardiner says, that he is " a most arch heretick,"† and that he has obtained the king's permission to accuse him before the council. Then follows the scene in which Cranmer is made to wait at the door of the council-chamber, is called in, and stoutly accused by Gardiner and other lords of the council, and is about to be committed to the tower, when he shows the king's ring. Henry, who had previously assured him of his protection, comes in, rates his accusers, and delivers him.

I cannot find this scene in Holinshed, but it is almost a versification of a passage in Fox's Acts and Monuments.‡ But the transaction, so far from occurring, as in the play, at the moment of the birth of Queen Elizabeth, did not occur till the year 1443, when Catherine Parr was queen. This confusion of dates necessarily occasions a confusion of persons. Strype mentions only the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Russell. We have neither of these names in the play, but have, on the other hand, the lord chancellor, Suffolk, Surry, the lord chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell, as secretary. The chancellor at the time of the accusation was Goodrich, Bishop of Ely ; the lord chamberlain was Lord St. John, of Basing ; Surry was the Henry of whom I have spoken, but I am not aware that he was of the privy-council : his observation, that he had warned his colleagues of their danger, is, in the history, uttered by Lord Russell. Cromwell had been beheaded three years before.

At the close of these proceedings, Henry invites Cranmer to be godfather to the young princess, associating with him " the old Duchess of Norfolk,§ and Lady Marquis Dorset."||

The last scene displays the christening of the young Elizabeth, afterwards queen. This ceremony is taken from Holinshed and Hall ;¶ but Shakspeare, while he borrows one short and formal speech pronounced by Garter, takes the opportunity of putting into the mouth of Cranmer a splendid prophetic eulogy upon the royal Elizabeth.

" Let me speak, sir,  
For Heav'n now bids me ; and the words I utter,  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.  
This royal infant, (Heav'n still move about her !)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this  
With all the virtues that attend the good,

\* Cromwell's promotion is thus stated : In 1531 knighted, Master of the Jewels, and a privy councillor ; in 1532, Clerk of the Hanaper, and Chancellor of the Exchequer ; in 1534, principal Secretary of State, and Master of the Rolls. Biog. Diet., xi. 35.

† It will not be desired that I should discuss Cranmer's opinions : his first exhibition of heresy was his protest against the pope's supremacy, made when he became archbishop.

‡ So says Stevens's note in Bosw., 460 ; and see Strype's Cranmer, i. 177.

§ I presume, Agnes, daughter of Sir Frederick Tylney, and widow of Thomas, the second duke. || Wife of the second Marquis, of the Greys. ¶ Hol. 786 ; Hall. 798.

Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her ;  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.  
 She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless her,  
 Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her :  
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine that he plants ; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."

And then come some lines which, there can be no doubt, were interpolated after the accession of James I.\*

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself ;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
 (When Heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness),  
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
 Shall, star-like, rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.  
 Wherever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain-cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him : our children's children  
 Shall see this, and bless Heav'n."

The interpolation is rather awkwardly managed, for the archbishop now returns to Elizabeth :—

"She shall be to the happiness of England,  
 An aged princess : many days shall see her,  
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
 Would I had known no more ! but she must die,  
 She must—the saints must have her yet a virgin ;  
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her."

"The play of Henry the Eighth (says Johnson†) is one of those which still keep possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes, for great part of the winter ; yet [pomp is not the only ornament of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Catherine, have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Catherine ; every other part may be easily conceived, and easily written."

The critic does much less than justice to this play, which has been admired by a more modern audience, for beauties far other than those of the coronation. Much, no doubt, was owing to the splendid representation of Catherine by Siddons,—*splendid* being here not superlative, but characteristic ;—but there is scarcely one scene in the play which may not be admired in the closet. Of the characters, that of Catherine is doubtless the most complete and true. It is taken from

\* See Bosw., 495.

† Bosw., 498.

history, with little colouring or suppression, and it has an admirable combination of dignity, simplicity, firmness, and feminine affection.\*

It may be thought, that with the character of Henry more pains are taken, in order to represent him in a favourable light; but no important incident or speech is given without warranty from the chronicles. If, therefore, the dramatist has exercised any art, it is only in selecting from the life of his queen's father those passages which exhibit him the least unfavourably. But though the history of his divorcing his first wife is taken from the recorded speeches of Henry himself, Shakspeare has freely stated the insinuations of unworthy motives which prevailed among the people. The imperiousness of the king's character, too, is fairly represented on several occasions.

The character of Wolsey, or rather all that illustrates the character of Wolsey, is taken from the chronicle, just as Shakspeare found it; and no one of the historical dramas supports more than this the opinion to which I have felt inclined in going through the series, that Shakspeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of historical characters. He dramatised incidents and speeches, and left characters to be inferred.

Malone has alluded† to somebody, who “tampered with parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare;” and the peculiar versification of this play, is the subject of an ingenious criticism by Mr. Roderick.‡ This gentleman observes, that more lines in this play than in any other have a redundant or eleventh syllable; and that the *pauses* are thrown nearer to the end of the verse.§ I entirely agree with this critic, that a speech in Henry VIII. sounds differently to the ear from most others of Shakspeare, and I rather think that he has mentioned the mechanical cause. How Shakspeare came thus to vary his measure I cannot guess, but that it is *his* measure, I see not the slightest reason for doubting. I know that even in prose the construction of sentences, and (if I may so say) *the air* is much affected by the tone of the writer's mind at the moment, and by the nature of his subject. It did occur to me, that the greater number of the speeches to which Roderick's remarks are applicable, are *plaintive*; but that is not the character of Cranmer's speech at the christening, which is open to the same remark. I must leave the difficulty as I find it.

Of these plays in general, Johnson says,|| “The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V. are among the happiest of our author's compositions, and King John, Richard III. and Henry VIII., deservedly stand in the second class.” I would put Henry VIII., and I think King John also, in the same class with Henry V.

\* Although I do not go the whole way with Mrs. Jameson in my estimate of this character, I earnestly recommend her observations to perusal (*Charact.*, ii. 260), as well as Catherine's letters to which she refers.

† Bosw., 496.

‡ *Canons of Criticism*, 7th edit., p. 263.

§ There is a third observation, “that the emphasis arises from the sense of the verse very often clashing with the cadence that would naturally result from the *metre*.” This remark gives too much importance to quantity, which scarcely prevails in English; nor as it I think borne out.

|| Bosw., 502.

I have no space for the general remarks which I would gladly subjoin, but I cannot omit an apology for the minuteness of detail, into which my love of historical accuracy has occasionally led me.\* I expressed a hope at the outset, that my readers would "not love Shakspeare the less, but study history the more."† If I have shown that those who have ascribed to the dramatist the merits of the historian have spoken heedlessly, surely I have not thereby depreciated his poetical merit. It is sadly unfair to impute to me the opinion, that Shakspeare ought to have sacrificed poetry to truth.‡ Habitually engaged in historical researches, I have been delighted to connect them with the plays of Shakspeare. I shall have done no harm, if I have induced those who can devote more time to the perusal of these splendid dramas, to unite with it the study of the history of England.

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\* An anonymous correspondent has informed me, in reference to No. ccxviii., p. 255, that the Guildfords were settled at Hempstead in Kent. Sir Richard was K. G. under Henry VII., and Sir Edward, his son, was father-in-law to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. I presume, that Sir Henry, who appears in this play, was of this family."

† No. ccx., p. 265.

‡ See the Pictorial Shakspeare, part 2.

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## THE CANON WITH TWO CONSCIENCES.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "OUTWARD BOUND," &c.

HERE comes the Canon of Canaleja—the priest of two consciences. Blessed was his little flock, and three or four times blessed those neighbours who dwelt the nearest to him. Happy flock—happy neighbours! Look out of your own little pastoral circle, and observe how many shepherds there be who have no conscience at all: you are distinguished among the fortunate, in having among you the Canon of Canaleja with two; and here he comes!

He is sixty years of age, yet time has omitted to trace at least twenty of them upon his white and ample brow; his eyes are large and serene, and the upper part of his head grand and full: if you look more attentively, you will pronounce it to be beatified with an apostolic beauty.

The lower part of the face does not, however, correspond with the mental expansion of the upper: the extremity of his aquiline nose is sharp and pinched, his lips are very thin, and compressed inwards, and his chin and the skin about his jaws, intersected with deep and numerous lines. He is tall and stately of stature, his motion solemn and sedate, and would have been grand, were it not for a convulsive twitching of his hand, as if, in his imagination, he were grasping eagerly something exceedingly precious. In these times of universal travel, every one knows the habiliments of a Spanish canon—we are, therefore, spared the trouble of describing them, or the misery of attempting to be merry with his immensely-brimmed hat.

Now, the income of this worthy canon amounted to about two hundred pounds sterling—a large revenue in the rural district in which he resided, and much too large for his wants. His domestic establishment was upon a limited scale; and it certainly is not true that he kept his niece as his housekeeper. I will—for I am jealous of the reputation of the dear old man—explain by and by, the few and transient appearances of a little handsome brunette, with the darkest yet brightest eyes, in the seclusion of the venerable ecclesiastic. There certainly was a female attached to his establishment; but if she was any relation, she must either have been his grandmother or his grandaunt.

Besides his regular income, the Canon enjoyed, or rather possessed, another source of emolument, more precarious, but often greater than the former. There was on his glebe, and under a broken mass of red and gray rock, a bubbling spring of the freshest and coolest water in all Spain. Forcing its gentle way through a ferruginous soil, or from some other natural cause, a vein of this water was slightly tinted with a sanguineous colour; of course, it was holy and miraculous, and had its saint, its legend, and its power of working miracles. All this would have done our Canon but little good, had it not possessed also its chapel and its altar, both of which were in the prettiest rustical taste imaginable. Wherever there is an altar, there must be offerings, and a priest also.

It was in this manner that the Canaleja fountain acquired its miraculous efficacy—good for almost every disorder, but best for rheumatic affections. Every Spaniard knows exactly how Saint Iago travelled from Jerusalem into Egypt; but the Canalejans, and those in the adjacent parts, are blest in the exclusive knowledge, that he took Canaleja in his way, and that he became sorefooted from the no very creditable state of the roads about those parts, having cut the sole of his foot with a sharp flint. No one can doubt this portion of the legend, for the flint, with the blessed stain of the Saint's blood still upon it, is shown as a precious relic in the chapel; and if seeing is not believing, surely tasting must be, for thousands have been the pious lips that have kissed it.

The intelligent need not be told, that, in this spring, the sainted foot was laved, which was not only instantly healed, but it imparted to the waters the power of healing sinners to all eternity, under certain conditions—the two principle of which were, firstly, faith; and, secondly, a tendency in the wound itself to get well. The Canon, who was a well read man, certainly had some geographical doubts on this subject—a religious one never entered into his mind for a moment.

Blessed simplicity! that puttest the pure and shining robes of innocence and religion upon the form of superstition! who shall, in the pride and darkness of his own sinful heart, dare to revile thee?

That many cures of suffering feet as well as hands at this spring and shrine, were effected, the most rigid reformist, or the most violent iconoclast, would vainly deny. The cool wave, and the consequent cleanliness of the repeated immersion succeeding closely upon the use of a heavy and not over clean flannel, could not but have good effects upon the patients; and this, with the purity of the air, and the quiet to be found in the simple habitations—to say nothing of the unction of the good Canon, and the sanctity of the shrine and relic, worked wonders; and

when the people within forty miles round were troubled with crippled feet, his hands were full, in the best of all senses—full of money.

When this good man saw a very afflicted subject, or a very desperate case approach, he always had some doubts of the purity of the faith of the sufferer. If the swelling were gout—for gout was often the companion of rheumatism, and the foot looked angry, so did the pious Canon, as he felt assured some latent heresy lurked in the system, and which would defeat the holy efficacy of the blessed waters: he would then dissuade from their application. If the man approached on crutches, the ecclesiastic knew that the heresy was already developed in the system, and a return home and penance were the best restoratives; but should an unhappy patient approach, borne upon a litter, he was pronounced in such a state of lapse from the church, that the relic and waters would, instead of promoting a cure, surely become the means of aggravating the torment, and inflict a physical mortification in place of the mental one that the sinner ought to undergo.

It was upon this plan the Canon acted; consequently, as the incurable could never be cured for want of faith, the spring was certain to restore those who were suffered to approach it. Thus, the reputation of the waters was preserved, and every body was satisfied, excepting those who, when they only thought that their limbs were unsound, found that their opinions on theology were still more so.

We knew this priest well; and we firmly believe, that in this religious deceit that he thus successfully practised, he was, of all persons, the most deceived. He had plunged into the depths of books profound in speculative theology, and he had at length become so deeply involved in Romish niceties, that he did not himself know the extent of his belief; for he believed every thing that tended to the advancement of the interests of his church—and of his own.

And the man was honest. From his severe and unremitting habit of familiarizing himself with one grand idea only, it had become a part and parcel of his being, so that he conscientiously thought, that any act which could promote the interests of what he believed to be the only true religion, however ambidexterous and casuistical, was in itself good, as promoting the interests of man in magnifying the glory of Heaven.

Now, in addition to his antiquated housekeeper, of whom just now no more need be said, than that she was cunningly tyrannical, as most antiquated housekeepers are, the Canon Camposello had in his service a merry Arragonian factotum; very dark, and yet very handsome—a little bit of a rogue, yet much attached to his master—a little bit of a rover, yet still more attached to a sprightly little Margarrita, who would talk with, or tease—laugh at, or love him; in fact, do every thing to delight or tantalize him, excepting perpetrating the climax of both—wed him. She was very much in the right, for she had nothing to bestow upon him but her pretty person and high spirits; and he had still less to bring into the stock of what ought to be connubial happiness—for he had some qualities worse than negative—positively of a deteriorating nature, as he was passionately fond of pleasure in all its varieties; among which was the excitement to be found in the wine-skin, and in the induced luxury of the indolence of the siesta, prolonged through the best part of the day, in order that he might do the



more justice to the best part of the night. He had a great, a very great reverence for the holy advice and sage animadversions of his master; indeed, his respect for them was so great, that he followed them at a distance so humble, that he lost sight of them continually; and then you might hear him snoring through the greater part of the day, and singing some foolish love-song over his cups during the night.

Camposello bore all this meekly enough: when the housekeeper showed him his faithful valet asleep, he would remark that he had but little rest last night; and when his boisterous mirth annoyed her at night, his answer to her complaint would be, that the poor lad had overslept himself during the day.

But, with all his piety, and all his abandonment to holy mother Church, the good Canon Camposello was not, by much, so happy as his careless and not too correct servant. With very little care on his part he had grown rich, and latterly, with his increase of wealth, he found his love for it increase also. Riches with him were not that abstract idea represented by a flimsy bit of paper, nor in old parchments with massive lumps of wax attached to them—but they came to him palpably and tangibly—in shapes that had substance and weight. The round and glittering Spanish dollar, and the heavy and noble-looking doubloon, have an intrinsic value in themselves, totally distinct from the property which they represent—at least, so thought the Canon, and every day this thought became dearer and more cherished. He had begun by hoarding carelessly, and for mere want of employment for his treasures. He finished by heaping up his wealth with all the keen relish of the most inveterate of misers.

He knew the sinfulness of the growing infatuation, and stoutly and perseveringly he strove to resist it. But, alas! for one of the consciences of the Canon, his mental resources were but few—his aims were narrowed—most of his passions had become torpid through age, and his celibacy and delusion had mortified most of those generous feelings that keep old hearts warm, and make the decline of life not only endurable, but delightful.

But the spring was fast advancing, and the pilgrimages of the devoutly lame became more numerous than ever. The gold flowed into the Canon's coffers almost as rapidly and continuously as the spring gushed forth from its source, to which he owed his wealth. The ecclesiastic began to doubt—he felt another and a new conscience to be born within him—he admitted the conviction, but slowly and with pain, he even struggled against it, but, at length he stood himself confessed—a miser—and yet, he had not then the courage to part with his hoards or to discontinue hoarding. For one little moment the thought crossed him—it was a benevolent one—of ceasing to take the customary tribute and oblations offered at the shrine in his little chapel. He even entertained slightly, very slightly, the idea that it would be a good and praiseworthy act in a Christian minister to dispense alms also as well as cures, and to set the poor upon their legs in more senses than one. But the interests of his nursing mother, the church, was opposed to this—and as this consideration assisted the lurking covetousness of his heart, it was listened to attentively, and its dictates implicitly followed.

Now, whilst the heart of the Canon was torn by his conflicting consciences—that little repository of desires, appetites, and selfishness that

served the purposes of a heart to Scipio, was equally in a turmoil as regarded his affection for Maguaritta, and the hopelessness of ever being able to make the little handsome imp his wife, without some considerable portion of that money which was making so much ferment in the bosom of his master Camposello. He might very easily have taken any portion, or all of it if he had chosen; but he had not been brought up in a strict catholic country without some mental fructification. The Canon had told him that the money that he saw lying so carelessly in unguarded places, was actually and veritably the property of the Virgin, and Scipio never could bring himself to be such a child of wrath, as to defraud a being so respectable; though the thought would cross his mind, that it was a pity she did not make use of it. But the actual sight of the treasure was no longer a temptation to him. Since the Canon Camposello had discovered that he had two consciences, he discovered also that there was much virtue in strong coffers, and that intricate locks and well warded keys possessed some very amiable qualities.

Let us now suppose that the Canon had amassed, terribly against one of his consciences, nearly three thousand doubloons—that he had grown anxious, irritable, and dispirited—that he flew to his breviary and missal in vain; and that the peace and consolation that they failed to give him, he found, or a base substitute for them, in the handling, and caressing, and weighing, and counting in tens, and in fives, and in units his beloved gold. But even in the midst of some of his sweetest transports of acquisition, he would start from his sinful employment, utter cries of remorse and despair, and inflict upon himself the penance of reciting an exorbitant number of masses, thus innocently procuring for himself, several hours of very delightful and refreshing slumbers. His misery increased daily with his mountain of Mammon—yet he kept it, or both, Mammon and misery.

How long this internal struggle would have continued, none but the Saint, who had taken his spring under their patronage could tell, had it not been that erysipelas attacked the right leg of the good father. It was a severe access. As he was laid up with it, he was obliged eventually to lie down; he became helpless and requiring continual nursing, he thus materially interfered with the noonday siestas, and the nocturnal carousings of his very faithful Scipio. The valet swore in whispers, and dosed alternately—the old housekeeper scolded every body else, and blessed herself, whilst Camposello thought of his treasure, and prayed. They were a comfortless trio, and as the duties of watching and nursing became hourly more intolerable, they came to the conclusion, that something most important and decisive must be done, and they finally resolved, that either the doctor of the neighbouring town, ten good leagues off, should be sent for, or the lively little Maguaritta.

The Canon most wisely decided for the latter.

She made her appearance, and with her vivacity, again entered the habitation.

“I am glad to see you,” said Scipio. “I get neither rest nor drink;” so he kissed her, emptied down his throat a huge earthen jug of the Canon’s best wine, and considering himself an ill-used person, fell into a profound slumber.

"I am glad to see you," said old Jacinta, the vinegar-visaged house-keeper. "Your darling Scipio is always drunk or asleep; I can get neither quiet or food; besides, I am not allowed to hear my own voice in the house—take care of the good master, but don't talk; I am going to enjoy a little silence, and a mouthful of dry bread." So she retired into the pantry, and was heard talking to herself until the clatter of her lips gave place to a snore as if her nose had been lined with brass.

"I am very glad to see you," said Camposello, with the first smile that had mantled upon his pain-worn countenance for many days. "Sit down near my couch, child, and let me kiss thee. Thou must break Scipio of overdosing by day and overdosing by night. He sings, also, miserably out of tune, and, only that he cheats me of my oblations during my confinement, and is much addicted to gluttony and evil speaking, he would be a good lad—a very good lad. Thank you, daughter—you know how to place a cushion daintily. How gentle you are! Now daughter, there lies that reprobate's guitar—the Virgin be good to us!—how sonorously the villain snores! And what can Jacinta be talking about—and to whom—never mind, my daughter—those who are awaked out of their sleep by the tweaking of the nose, generally rise with an oath and a bad temper, neither of which can I abide. So let Scipio snore, and Jacinta talk on—let every one enjoy their favourite amusements—but I am in pain, and my head aches, so take the guitar, and sing me to sleep my darling. I shall thus hear that only—ah! that is well—I am more comfortable—give her some gold—good girl—nice cadence—hum—haw—gold. Scipio get it—bad for Maggie—get drunk—snores—vile habit"—and in a few seconds after, the Canon was emulating his valet on the nasal organ.

For the first time, for some days, he had procured a refreshing repose, and the fever attendant upon his malady left him. The next day, feeling himself much better, he took counsel with his household, as to the best means to be employed to get quite well.

We rather fear that Scipio was at heart, not much better than he should have been, for he strenuously persevered in recommending that Doctor Nicolas should be sent for; at the same time furtively, and very ominously, eyeing a certain closet that contained certain strong boxes.

Jacinta had a vast number of detestable decoctions, made from the most unsavoury and nasty-looking things, which she learnedly called "essences of simples." But though it is already apparent that the Canon had much simplicity of character, he was not altogether so simple as to have any thing to do with these "essences," excepting simply to excommunicate them, and to wish them, in all manner of forms, down the throats of all manner of heretics.

Margaritta prescribed attentive nursing, quiet, and the guitar—and a visit or two to the holy spring, as good for lame legs. At this last recommendation, the worthy divine screwed up his mouth into a most incomprehensible twist, and whether it expressed hope, or fear, or doubt, or ridicule, Lavater himself could not have determined. A physician forced to swallow the draught which he had prescribed, or the apothecary the nauseous elixir that he had compounded, might perhaps give some faint idea of the Canon's particular contortion of

muscle, at the thought of having his inflamed leg popped, as Falstaff says, "bissing hot," into the cold spring.

But he soon recovered his equanimity, and mildly said, that, for the present, he would trust to quiet, his good constitution, and Marguaritta's nursing. Moreover, since his illness, he begged them to remember, that the waters had lost much of their healing efficacy; that consequently there were few votaries; at least, judging from his receipts, he thought so; but Scipio best knew—the honest valet winced a little at this—and, that it had become notorious all round the country, that the ensanguined jet had been lately much diminished in size, and still more in the intensity of its colour. The good man then thought of the war of his two consciences, and really imputed the falling off of the miracle, to his too much favouring his worldly one. He never supposed it possible that the little vein of the oxide of the irony earth, through which the stream filtered, might be worn nearly away, and thus the source of the colouring matter destroyed.

Now, nothing could more strongly mark the mastery that deeply-imbibed and habitual superstition had acquired over the mind of the Canon, than the train of thought that the failing of his spring of water engendered. He firmly believed in the miracle, yet he had not sufficient faith to suppose that the same power that created would renovate it. A thousand casuistries helped him to this sound conclusion. The wickedness of Spain—the increase of heterodoxy—the want of a fervent faith in the visitants—even the displeasure of the Pope, he deemed to be of a cause sufficient to make the waters less red and miraculous.

Then came upon him the startling, and, to him, horrible conviction, that his own crime—his only, but his cherished one—his deeply-rooted avarice, was the source of these unhappy results. These distressing thoughts made him more wakeful than the pains of his disease. He grew worse, and, at length, much fever was superinduced. His situation at length made him form two very good resolutions, one of which he kept punctually, and the events of the other will be shortly seen.

He reasoned thus, after his own gifts of understanding, and the lights that his bigoted education had afforded to him. If the type of the blood of the Saint remains no longer visible—even if the healing virtue of the spring be gone, or its full efficacy suspected, there will much real evil ensue. A great deal of very excellent faith will perish; the name of St. Jago will be much less often in the mouths, and in the hearts of the people; the church will be thought of more seldom, and with less reverence, and the doctors, and the apothecaries, and the wise women, torment, injure, and mutilate, the limbs of a great many more worthy Spaniards—he did not add—and finally, I shall receive no more oblations, but be compelled to be content with the income of my living.

The next day, when the sunbeams were dancing merrily on the floor of his little cottage, whilst the imaged leaves of the trees without were playing gambols in the light, and every thing in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, seemed cheerful, except the afflicted ecclesiastic, who had been reclining nearly motionless on his couch, and who had been occupying his mind by counting the very few stragglers who were

wending their way to the now nearly deserted spring and chapel. No lover could have watched with more intensity his expected mistress—no ancient Persian for the rising sun, than did the Canon for some poor cripple with his staff and shell.

The last faint approximation to a smile that was seen on his countenance, was when a beggarly-looking old woman, riding upon an ass, with a leg in each of the panniers that hung by its side, passed by his window. And then there was a long, a long pause, and the anxiety and misery depicted on his countenance gradually grew more and more deep. At last he broke his painful silence, by exclaiming, with a sharp, tremulous voice, “My spring—ah me! my spring!”

This exclamation collected his household around him in a moment. Jacinta flew to one side of him, with the drumstick of a cold turkey in one hand and a phial containing some vile decoction in the other. Scipio was on his other side at the same time, holding behind his back, with his left hand, a half-drained wine-skin, and with the right rubbing his mouth dry; and Marguaritta was at his feet, readjusting his pillow, and looking up in his face tenderly, and asking of him with her blithe and musical voice, where was his fresh pain.

So the Canon, fancying himself to be once more in the pulpit, opened his mouth and spoke.

“My household, dearly beloved brother and sisters—Scipio, what is that gurgling noise that I hear? It seems to come from your throat—hast thou a cold my child? Stand a little more before, that I may look upon thee. Jacinta, I am going to speak to thee upon serious matters, so lay aside that bone which thou so mumblest with the remnants of thy teeth, and chew the cud of wisdom. And, my gentle Marguaritta, if thou wouldst pass thy delicate hand to and fro upon my leg, just above the inflamed portion thereof, I bethink me it would be very grateful to it, a soothing and a relief.

“Many things inform me that I am about to pass away from this sinful world, to a happier and a better place; a place where miraculous waters do not unreasonably, and wantonly, lose their efficacy—a place where there are no ailments to be cured; and, consequently, a place where people do not bring sinful lucre to a more sinful old Canon for the cure.”

At this part of his speech, the old Canon sighed grievously, and smote his breast two or three times, not with any contumacious violence, but gently and reproachfully; it was quite affecting. Scipio could not stand it; at least, where he then stood, so he fell back two or three paces, and the suspicious gurgling in his throat was again heard; whilst the tears actually stood in Marguaritta's eyes. The good priest gently patted her on the forehead, and thus proceeded:

“I have amassed some money in the service of our lady of the spring—money that it is incumbent on me to apply to good, and useful, and holy purposes; not longer to be kept in hoards in my casks, and in my boxes, to feed my foolish eyes upon its vain glitter—but to be disseminated for the use of man. Now, I have observed that Scipio, who has many faults, and Marguaritta who has none, except that of being too fond of this same Scipio, who is too fond of my wine, or any body else's that he can get—”

At this point of the speech there was an interruption behind the



the Canon's chair, caused by Scipio hastily thrusting the wine-skin into the hands of the prudent housekeeper Jacinta, who flung it from her with a great deal of virtuous indignation,—because she found it empty.

"This Scipio and this Marguaritta," continued the old man, "are very much attached to each other; and, I have no doubt, intend to lead very virtuous lives,—if no great temptation lie in their way. Now, what saith St. Paul? Let them marry each other, I say, in Heaven's name, and amen; but in order that they may neither steal, or rob, or cheat, any more than good Spaniards should, I intend to give unto them three thousand hard dollars of Mexico—new—well weighed—unclipped—and shining brightly in their faces like young cherubim. No, I will not handle them—I will not gaze upon them—for it would be the cause to me of grievous backsliding. But, my dear children, they shall be yours; with this money, you may buy a farm, or an inn; or a marquise and a place under government—for really it is a great deal of money, perhaps the half—"

But here the rogue Scipio looked so penitent and so pitiful; and Marguaritta rubbed the old gentleman's legs so tenderly, and looked up into his eyes so sweetly and so bewitchingly, that the Canon slowly corrected himself.

"Well, let it be the whole three thousand, and my blessing go with it; and this proviso, Scipio—attend! You will immediately go to José, the carpenter of the village, and order him to enclose the spring and the approach to it, with a high and strong paling; and place a safe and secure gate in the midst thereof, for we will not permit the rabble, at all hours, to dabble in the holy water, and thus, in a manner, desecrate it and impair its virtues. Two or three hours each day, it may be opened to the faithful; and Scipio, my child—do you hear? collect three or four bags of red ochre—you may buy it plentifully and cheaply at the next town."

"Red ochre!" exclaimed Jacinta, and Scipio, and Marguaritta, in full chorus. "Red ochre, your reverence! Surely you would not paint your palings of an odious red?"

"A sober brown!" said Jacinta.

"A delicate blue!" said Scipio, looking sentimentally at the merry Marguaritta; who, not having her hands at liberty to smack his face, turned her nose up at him in the prettiest fashion possible.

"A lively light green!" said the little girl.

"Let the palings be coloured with any hue you like, my children, but the red ochre must be procured; for such is the wicked degeneracy of this world, that something beside the palings must also be coloured. When you have done this, Scipio, you will repair to the Pope's vicar at the cathedral town, and take him this letter, which is to request that his holiness will condescend to acquaint me in what manner he would have the wealth disposed that I have collected in the service of the church.

"I have now," he continued, but abstractedly, as if he were speaking only to himself, "got well rid of one of my consciences, and the one that remains to me is a good pillow-smoother, and a healthy opiate,"—then raising his voice, "and Scipio, and Marguaritta, when you are married, and have these three thousand dollars—"

Whilst the eyes of Scipio and Marguaritta were brightening with joyous anticipations, and each, in his and her imagination, spending this



vast sum totally independent of each other, the old housekeeper came directly in front of the Canon, and dropped him one of her most obsequious courtesies, and put on an attempt at amiability in her countenance, quite horrible to behold. She craved an audience: her master was entirely at her mercy, as he had been for many years, and folding up his arms with a touching resignation, he bade her state her request.

She began by telling him how many years she had served him; how many times she had taken his part; and of how many illnesses she had cured him. She then made a digression upon illnesses in general; and of erysipelas in particular; from which she very gracefully slid into her own bodily state, which, in the most artful way in the world, she managed so as to affirm, that she was neither so old nor so weakly as she appeared to be; and that she herself had no objection to enter the holy and heaven-recommended state of matrimony, the more especially as dollars were just then so very plentiful.

"My good sister," said the worthy Canon, "nobody could possibly have more attachment for an old and faithful servant, than I have for you. The time you have ruled me, and the number of annoyances that you have caused me to endure, have quite endeared me to you. If you wish to leave your old master in his state of infirmity, go; and the blessing of a good many of the saints go with you. Indeed, so far from putting any opposition to your marriage, I would willingly and freely give you and your husband double the sum that I intend giving my little Marguaritta here; because, at your time of life, you must stand doubly in need of it—if, by any possibility, you could find any one to take you."

After this announcement, the actions and the looks of the party were most ridiculous. Jacinta simpered and courtesied to the very ground; and then, not conceiving she had sufficiently displayed her gratitude, she attempted to place herself in a graceful attitude, similar to that of the pretty Marguaritta, and to possess herself of one of the good Canon's hands to kiss it. So down she flopped upon her knees, alongside the youthful beauty; but the latter, neither liking the turn that the scene had taken, nor the proximity of the old beldame, shouldered her off what she conceived to be her ground, with so much violence and so little ceremony, that she tumbled her fairly at her length at the Canon's feet, and there she lay wailing, and rubbing the skin that covered her old and withered bones.

In the midst of the laughter of the priest and Marguaritta, another actor came forward, with a part but little expected from him. Scipio stepped forward, and darting a contemptuous look at the young lady, with much assiduity and show of respect, lifted the old woman from the floor, and still retaining one of her hands in his, began his oration.

"I have much benefited, worthy signor, by my residence under your holy roof. When you first received me, I was but a wild, roistering, peasant-boy; given to smoking much, drinking more, and overrun with evil habits; indeed, I was by no means too good. I have strived to imitate my pious master—I have mortified myself—I have subdued the sinful lusts of the flesh."

"For shame," said Marguaritta, "to be mocking our good master. You preach, indeed! when you have not words enough to call home a herd of hogs properly!"

"Hold your peace, young wanton!" he replied, with a glance of severity; "and let me display to his reverence the effects of my regeneration; it concerns the safety of a soul. Have I your sacred permission to proceed?"

"Ay! go on," groaned forth the man in pain, and in pain now evidently mental as well as corporeal.

"I wish not, your reverence, to fall into temptation, and thus to risk my new-born righteousness. Should I marry Marguaritta, what will become of it? She will lead me into all manners of dissipation and depravity; I wish to mortify my passions and my desires. With your holy reverence's permission, ah! I would rather take this—most honourable, discreet, virtuous Jacinta! with six thousand dollars, than this flighty, naughty, worldly-inclined young woman, with three."

At the beginning of this very effective harangue, the old housekeeper looked as gracious as it was possible to her natural peevishness; but she became absolutely cat-like in her ferocity before it was well concluded. The wonder is, that the hearers permitted it to be concluded at all. The good Canon had seized hold of the ponderous earthenware inkstand, which had just assisted him to write his letter to the Pope's vicar. With excellent precision of aim it flew from his hand, and meeting all the brass in Scipio's face, was very naturally broken. This was the signal for the onset. Jacinta seized him by his hair at the back of his head, and Marguaritta flew at him with her strong nails in the front. The stains of the ink were soon mottled with his false blood—he howled with pain, and his assailants screamed with anger. The Canon commenced something maledictory between common swearing and ecclesiastical commination.

"You rat of a bad race!" shouted Marguaritta.

"Marry me, to mortify yourself!" bawled the housekeeper; and their victim suffered a fresh loss of blood and hair. So soon as his surprise permitted him, he rallied all his strength, and then, extending his arms at their full length, he swung himself round violently, flinging each of his assailants, foot to foot, at their length upon the floor. He then rushed out of the house with a parting benediction upon the occupants.

This fracas had many results. The letter to the Pope's vicar had been trampled on the floor, and saturated with ink. The Canon did not, just then, feel disposed to write another; the shock and agitation produced a reaction on his system, and to the surprise of himself and every body else, he got well. It was some time before Scipio was allowed to re-enter his service; Marguaritta was sent home with a small present; the hoards were now locked up more carefully than ever, and, what was still worse for Scipio, the wine also. After the enclosure of the spring, the colour of the water had miraculously deepened, and Scipio lost all the red ochre that he had bought, and was still buying for the Canon; and, though the palings remained unpainted, to his surprise, his master never appeared angry. The pilgrims, and the doubloons and dollars, increased simultaneously. It was well for the priest that there was no banditti in that part of Spain.

For one whole year, the Canon remained under the influence of his conscience-lucrative, and then his conscience-spiritual began to work. He was now more restless, anxious, and unhappy, than he had ever yet been. The ochre also rose up red upon his better conscience.

One midnight, when he was in this frame of mind, Scipio had stolen from his pallet, in order very laudably to assure himself that all his master's cupboards were carefully locked. In his prowling, he discovered the old priest on his knees before his desk, his missal open before him, and the crucifix standing at the head of the missal. On his right hand and on his left, were two small casks of various glittering coins. The casks were filled to the brim; and as their heads were off, Scipio's eyes opened, and his heart throbbed at the sight of so much treasure.

In the position of holy supplication, with his eyes upturned to the heavens, of which he was not thinking, the Canon was dabbling both his hands in the coins; now lifting them up by handful and dropping them at once into the cash, and now filtering them slowly through his attenuated fingers. This occupation apparently made his aged frame tremulous with pleasure. Then would his spirit suddenly change—he would clasp his hands, and moan most piteously.

In a short time his agony shaped itself into words. Whilst he lavished the most endearing terms upon the gold, he cursed it bitterly.

“My delightful perdition! more beautiful than the daughters of Sion in the crowning days of their beauty! three times be thou accursed, thou fascinating soul-slayer! What frantic mother can dote on its dying child with the love that I bear to thee, thou fair demon of wrath? I know thee—I know thee, thou angel of sin! Thou wilt walk with me from the grave to the judgment-seat, and there wilt thou plead against thy lover—thy plighted one! Were it not for thee, sweet betrayer, I should be as well with Heaven as I am with man. Oh! that some spirit—that some unseen hand, would pluck this sweet, this too delicious poison from my lips! Have I no friend who would come and ravish this undoing delight from my sight? Will no one, holy Mother do me a friendly violence, and save my soul by breaking my heart? Is there no one?”

As the agitated priest spoke, his voice gradually arose, and the last words were uttered with a solemn energy. His pallid features, even in the cold moonbeam, seemed to gain the warm tint of life and youth. Scipio's nerves became much affected; the feeling of awe was strongly upon him—he was no longer the master of himself—no more the same person. He had caught a little of the solemnity of his master's thoughts, and he became resolute through much fear. His words trembled upon his tongue, but as yet he dared not to speak.

“Is there none?” Camposello repeated after a long pause.

“There is one!” said Scipio, in a hollow voice, most certainly not his own.

“Murder! thieves! Scipio! Jacinta! sacrilege!” shouted the Canon; then frantically snatching up the two casks of treasures, he hurriedly locked them up in his cupboard, and opening a little place in the base on which stood the crucifix, he *there* deposited the key.

O man! who can deceive thee like thyself?

Scipio stayed long enough in the room to observe all this, and when the Canon had recommenced his shouting, Scipio was snugly in his lair, and trumpeting through his nose, as if to snore like distant thunder was one of the cardinal virtues.

The alarm passed off, and the Canon supposed that the sounds were the deception of his heated imagination. The effect on Scipio was quite different. His religious scruples to the appropriation of this money had been entirely removed. He was determined to stand the friend of the Canon's better conscience; and, consequently, the Canon's friend also. He took his measures prudently. He procured three good mules and a wine-cart; and, the very next night, he removed all the good Canon's wicked temptations—all—all! Scipio was too good an artist not to make clean work of it. He had also a great mind to remove all these hurtful temptations from Jacinta also—he loved to serve his friends. But time was opposed to his virtuous intentions.

However, all the Canon's accumulated moneys were packed up in these wine-casks, and when day broke, Scipio and his master's evil conscience were many miles on the road to Madrid.

Old Camposello bore his loss very well. He rightly judged who had stood his friend on the occasion, and gave no orders or information that might lead to his apprehension. We do not say that the priest did not feel the first blow severely; but time and his own good sense eventually restored his equanimity, and a new hoard began to accumulate.

But Scipio, the unlucky Scipio—the upright reliever of men's consciences, met with nothing but misfortunes. The very first night he lost his way; and he and his mules, but he the more especially, as he could not graze, were nearly starved. The next day, he was robbed and cruelly beaten. Luckily for him and his future happiness, the rogues broached a cask that really contained wine—they all got drunk, and Scipio had the good fortune to steal the money once more.

When he got to the first provincial town, he was suspected of being one of the very robbers by whom he had been plundered, and, as he could not give the most satisfactory account of himself, he was marched off to the capital of the province, where it was supposed he would meet with justice. He had however time, before his capture, to secret the money in an out-of-the-way and disused stable.

He lay for some months in prison, but justice took no notice of him; at last the law discharged him, because, being penniless, he had nothing wherewith to purchase her forbearance; so she ordered him to be well whipped, because she could not prove him a rogue, and he could not prove himself an honest man.

He begged his way back to where he had deposited the treasure; but he fell ill on the road. In fact, six months of misery were his before he again got hold of the money that he dared not use.

It would appear, that Scipio had also, like the worthy Canon, two consciences. His superstition might have had much to do with the matter. Be this as it may, he determined to take himself, and the source of his troubles, back to his old master. No sooner had he made this resolution than his cheerfulness and his health returned. Every thing prospered with him; obstacles seemed removed, as if by enchantment, and things that before appeared to him difficult, and even impossible, the most common occurrences imaginable.

He arrived in nearly the same manner as that in which he set out, near the Canon's snug habitation, about the fall of a mild autumnal

evening. He felt some tremours, notwithstanding the integrity of his purposes, and this occasioned him to delay, till night, his entrance into the cottage.

He well knew all its approaches, and at midnight made his way unnoticed to his old pallet. Every thing was as he had left it, with the exception that to welcome him, it was dressed out in a full suit of dust. He brought the gold and silver in his room, and then proceeded to the Canon's little oratory. The silence of death—its security also, were there. The cavity in the base of the crucifix contained, as usual, the key—he possessed himself of it, and opening the cupboard, restored the lost gold to the exact situation from which, so many months before, he had abstracted it. After replacing the key, he retired to his room, and shaking off a little of the dust, crept into his old bed.

Towards morning, and before the day had broken, Camposello arose, and came into his room to pray. His thoughts wandered; the old temptations were slowly gaining upon him. He had amassed but a little, and he thanked Heaven for it with a sorrowful heart. Mechanically he went to his closet, and there his bewildered eyes met the dangerous, the too-much loved, and the long-lost enemy. Alas! it was met as a friend. It was soon brought out into the middle of the room, again to be gloated over and felt. To enjoy the cravings of his appetite was his first impulse—to wonder and to fear, the next. Had miracles really not ceased?"

He was soon relieved from this state of suspense, by hearing a snore that could come from no organ but Scipio. He went into his little room, and there he saw him sleeping like one who had done a good action. His master was not slow to arouse him.

After Scipio had well rubbed his eyes, between imprudence, fear, and affection, he thus addressed the Canon.

"Pardon me, your reverence, but I have brought back one of your bad friends. It never did me any good."

"Nor me either, Scipio. He is too much for us; we will get rid of him again, and you shall assist me."

Very shortly after, the palings were pulled down. Scipio and Marguaritta were married in the little chapel, and settled upon an extensive vineyard, their own property. In due time, a number of almshouses arose around the spring, and the practice of leaving presents was wholly discontinued. Jacinta was promoted into a sort of a governess of the charity, and every body connected with the place grew very happy—the old Canon, now with only one conscience, the happiest.

We are sorry, however, to add, that the redness of the waters passed totally away, and that the virtues of the spring fell into disrepute, because all the benefits they could bestow *were now to be had for nothing.*

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## A SUMMER IN BAVARIA.—NO. I.

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

*A new route instead of the eternal Rhine—Beauties of the Moselle—Attractions of Treves—Roman remains—Descent of the Moselle—Splendid equipage for that purpose—Haymakers on the river—Night quarters—Bavarian frontiers—Importance of dinner to men in office—Bavarian high-roads—Kissingen the last fashionable watering-place—German and English ideas of comfort.*

THE numberless tourists who have traversed that grand high-road of Europe, the Rhine, till they have all its mountains and castles floating before their eyes—Hocheim, Rudesheim, Ingelheim, Laubenheim, and all the various vineyards that end in “heim,” ringing in their ears—and the quivering motion of the steamboats shaking their nerves every time that imperial river is mentioned, may thank us for calling their attention to the neglected Moselle. Yes, the blue Moselle, with its boundless banks of wood, its winding waters as yet unprofaned by steamboats, and its narrow abrupt valleys, has other claims on their attention besides those of novelty. It was by this route, then, we determined to approach Bavaria, in which we were to pass the succeeding months of our summer tour.

Our course towards the Moselle took us through Spa, after which we soon passed the Prussian frontier, where our baggage underwent a very slight examination, and reached Malmedy. Seated at the foot of lofty vine-clad hills, with a stream of fresh water running through the principal street, its appearance pleased us very much. Its richest inhabitants are tanners, who try to make some compensation for the smell which accompanies their trade, by keeping up most beautiful gardens. A short distance from thence, we joined the great high-road from Aix la Chapelle to Treves, which we followed till we reached that venerable old town about six o'clock in the evening. The descent upon Treves is just what the approach to an old Roman city should be; in some places hewn to a great depth, out of a solid rock, and in another, a one-arch bridge, thrown over a ravine, a work worthy of Napoleon, its author. During the whole of the descent, this city of ages past, with its old Roman gate standing forth conspicuously in solid splendour, was visible, imbosomed in a rich valley, along which might be traced the windings of the blue Moselle. This view, seen just at the close of evening, made us rejoice most heartily at having taken this route.

The inn we stopped at, Das Rothe Haus, bears evident marks of its Roman origin. It is surrounded by houses of similar antiquity, forming the market-place in which it stands, and the well-known cross, erected, as it is said, in commemoration of a fiery cross seen in the heavens, stood just opposite our windows. As the weather was extremely hot, we took a carriage the next day, to see the numerous Roman remains. A clean conveyance with good horses, taking us to the churches, baths, the amphitheatre, the Porta Nigra, and to Igel, which is distant six miles, cost but seven shillings.

The most curious thing in the cathedral church (formerly Constantine's palace) is the inlaid wood. The whole of the upper part, near the altar, was composed of the most beautiful cedar and satin wood, mother-of-pearl and ebony, representing bouquets of flowers, figures, and buildings. The smallest portion, set as a table, would bear a very high price; and the wainscoting, at each side of the altar, must be at least fifty feet long. There was no mistaken the Roman baths for the



buildings of any other nation or time. The peculiar and massy architecture would be recognized at a glance, by a person who had merely seen prints even of the buildings of ancient Rome.

Excavations have been made here, to a very great extent, and are still going on : a very extensive chamber was thus laid open last winter, having before remained filled up with earth and rubbish for years level with the high-road which runs near it. The original staircase remains perfect, by which one can ascend to the top of the building, from whence a fine view is obtained of the whole valley in which Treves is situated.

The same process of excavation is going on in the amphitheatre, which we also visited. It is, however, not so characteristic as the baths, though more extensive. It is believed that highly interesting remains might still be exposed between these two spots ; but, although the King of Prussia is very anxious that this should be effected, he has been unable to do so, in consequence of the ground, principally vineyards, belonging to private individuals, who set even a higher value on what may be gathered above ground, than the king does on what may be discovered below. The Porta Nigra, besides being a very perfect specimen of that style of Roman building, contains in the room above it detached articles, that have been found at these different excavations, such as busts, gravestones, amphoræ, parts of columns, milestones, &c. After dinner, we made an excursion to Igel, six miles off, to see the Roman monument there. If the road had not been beautiful, keeping near the banks of the Moselle all the way, we should hardly have been repaid for so long a drive in the heat. The fact that it has never been ascertained for what peculiar purpose it was erected, takes away much of the interest, and its shape is not very elegant, rather resembling that of a hock bottle. After visiting a coffee-house on the heights above the town, much resorted to by the citizens, on account of the beautiful view it commands, we returned home, sufficiently tired, although much delighted with our day of sight seeing.

The next day we were to begin our descent of the Moselle to Coblenz. We had engaged a boat to ourselves, as the regular barge starts at four in the morning, which we thought too early for comfort, and were thus enabled to set off in the morning and stop at night, when we pleased ; or in the course of our voyage, put into any creek for the purpose of drawing or exploring some valley that branched from the river. As the ascent would be too laborious, the boat used for this purpose (a distance of one hundred and twenty miles) is broken up on arriving at Coblenz and sold for timber ; the charge is fourteen crowns, rather more than two guineas, for two rowers, including all their own expenses. Considering that they have three hard days' work, and must then find their way back by some other means, the charge is very reasonable. As the inns are bad, and stopping for dinner would cause great delay, we laid in a stock of provisions, which, as a useful hint to those who may be tempted to make the same excursion, I may mention, consisted of fowls, partridges, hung beef, and marmalade, which we brought from England, and some raspberry vinegar, which we found more acceptable than any thing else during this intensely hot weather. Excellent wine and the finest fruit of every kind, may be got at each small village on the banks of the river. We set off at half-past seven, and found both the boatmen and laquais de place in raptures at the arrangements of the interior of the boat, which they all agreed in saying was "*sehr schön*," very beauti-

ful. All that we could see to cause this rapture was a truss or two of straw, forming a sort of a litter at the bottom; a plank laid across as a seat, for which our luggage formed a back, while some hoops above with an awning, completed the furniture. We had not glided down half a mile, when the boatman discovered he had left his coat; the rapidity of the stream forbade all thoughts of returning for it, so he was obliged to do without as he well might.

The voyage down the Moselle, as far as picturesque scenery could make it so, was delightful, but the heat, "according to the oldest inhabitant," was greater than had ever been remembered; so much so, that with all the arrangements for cooling the atmosphere in the interior of the boat, which awnings and a thorough draught would allow us to make, we thought it a great thing to get the thermometer below  $90^{\circ}$ , and when even shaded from the sun, it was frequently at  $95^{\circ}$ . Once indeed, seeing the rower who sat opposite to us almost overcome by the heat, we put the little circular thermometer by his side; it then rose in the sun to the full extent of the tube, above  $110^{\circ}$ .

The great charm of the scenery, and that in which it differs most from other great rivers, is the richness in its growth of woods: sometimes the eye might trace, as far as it could reach, mountains covered to their summits with the finest timber, while the foreground consisted of very rich meadows, studded thickly with forest trees. Every turn the Moselle took afforded a fresh picture, and there was hardly a spot which would not have been a delightful site for a country-house; and so apparently thought the old German barons, for the crest of almost every hill was formed by an extensive castellated ruin or some single tower, which had menaced each passer by or frowned defiance to all invaders in the olden time. About every hour we came to a village, each with its church and English-looking steeple, and the haymaking which was going on added not a little to the interest of the scene. Boats, instead of haycarts, might be seen gliding down or hauled up the river, with the merry-looking haymakers, some seated on the top of the enormous load of hay, and some towing it up the stream.

It was a great relief from the monotony of rowing, that we at times came to rapids, down which we glided gently and swiftly without motion or exertion.

The first night we stopped at Trarbach, a beautiful picturesque village nestled beneath a ruinous castle, which might have served to protect it in the olden time.

The rowers had at first taken us to an inn on the other side of the river, but our noses obliged us to forsake it, though the old woman, who was, I suspect, more aware than she chose to confess of this particular objection to her house, tried to conceal it by blowing out the candle; laying all the blame on the unfortunate wick, which, in truth, though tallow, breathed perfume in comparison with what it was intended to excuse.

The next day we got out of the boat at a spot where the river makes an abrupt bend, and crossed a narrow tongue of land, by which we got greatly the start of the boatmen, and had time to sketch the beauties of the scenery as seen from the shore, by which the features of it are rendered so different from those taken in a boat. That night we slept at Carden, all the beds being already occupied at Cochein, which is the usual halting-place the second night. Here the lady of our party made great acquaintance with a little baby, the grand-daughter of the land-

lady, perhaps from sympathy, as they were the only two persons in the house who could not understand a word of what was jabbered in German around them.

Our third day's journey was a very short one, though we made it somewhat longer by exploring the valley of Ehrenburg, which we would not have missed seeing for twice the trouble it cost us. The castle was distinguished from all the others we had been sketching, by its being seated three miles from the Moselle, up a narrow and abrupt valley. It stands on a perpendicular and isolated rock, and so high that from the point from whence we drew it, about a mile and a half off, it appeared towering above the trees among which we were standing. The whole of the mountain road thither, and the view of it, were well worth the very fatiguing walk and hours delay by which they were purchased.

The friendly terms of mutual content, with which we parted from the old boatmen after settling our accounts at Coblenz, completed the satisfaction with which we looked back on our choice of this somewhat unfrequented route.

In order to reach Kissengen, one of the principal and most fashionable watering-places in Bavaria, our way from hence lay through Francfort. On inquiring there as to our road to Kissengen, we were informed that there is a much shorter route now, as what was a cross is now made a post road, so that the distance is about eighty, instead of more than one hundred miles : they told us, indeed, that as the road was not *quite* good yet, we had better devote two whole days to it. We set off accordingly on our two whole days' journey by seven o'clock, and soon entered the Bavarian frontiers. As we unluckily arrived at the frontier-town about their dinner-hour, we were subjected to a delay of two hours ; as the official functionary wisely considered, that it was much better that the traveller, who ought to be dining too, should be detained for that period, than that this important meal should be interrupted for the five minutes it would take to countersign his passport.

As far as Hessenthal we followed the great high-road to Wurtzburg, and even here we had some foretaste of the proverbial incapacity of the Bavarian "Macadams." From Hessenthal, however, the new road began. New road it may well be called, as it is as yet hardly finished throughout, and in some parts not more than sketched out. In point of picturesque scenery, it is very full of interest, as the greater part of it is more like a drive through a gentleman's park in England, than any thing else. An ascent of some steepness, soon after leaving Hessenthal, brings one to a grassy height full of the noblest timber trees, principally oaks, and as large as we can remember to have seen. They are very carefully thinned, each having ample space to expand, and are in the very vigour of their age. As far as the eye reaches in the distance, are banks of wood in every direction. Judging by this and other specimens, their forests must be an important article of royal revenue.

Through drives like this, unenclosed, and with other wood roads branching off from time to time, the new high-road proceeds with now and then steep ascents and descents. Nothing but herds of deer are wanting to make one fancy oneself in some nobleman's place in England, celebrated for picturesque beauty ; it was just eight at night when we arrived at Lahn. We stopped at the posthouse in this town, but should strongly recommend any person to avoid this if possible, by some other division of their journey : we were very far from comfortable, and, as a usual con-

sequence, the charges were extravagantly high. When this was hinted to the landlord, he was very indignant, and declared that it was the first time, during the fourteen years he had kept the inn, such a thing had been said. Unluckily for his veracity, we were told on our arrival at Kissengen, that the same complaint had been made by an English family two days before.

Our second day's journey carried us over a road not quite so beautiful, and a great deal rougher than the first. We were obliged to take three additional horses over part of the ground, and even then, towards the conclusion of the last stage but one, one of the horses was so knocked up, that it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from lying down whenever they stopped to drag the wheels.

The last stage being better, a fresh pair of horses soon brought us to Kissengen, with the first sight of which, as we descended upon it, we were much disappointed. It is seated in a plain surrounded by round hills, and the first thing that attracts the attention is a number of glaring red roofs and white houses; these, with some young trees dotted about it, make it look like the sort of town a child brings home in a box from a bazaar, and builds upon the green baize table-cover; and this is the celebrated watering-place, to which hundreds from Russia of the highest rank, for years, have been making a pilgrimage for health each season, and towards which the current of fashion even in England is now so decidedly setting!

The place was so full that we were obliged to apply at three or four places before we could get lodgings. We at last established ourselves in a suite of rooms, on the ground floor of a house belonging to a Mr. Streit, situated in the principal street, next door to *the* Doctor (*par excellence*) Dr. Maas. For these rooms we were to pay twenty-four florins a week, about two pounds, which seemed a great deal, but there appeared to be no choice.

Our landlord, a crafty-looking old fellow, when he made out that we were English, said, that before letting the rooms, he must first ask "whether we intended to stay in them, as he had let them once before to English people, who had annoyed him very much, by leaving him in a day or two." We replied that our present intentions were to stay; but that, of course, it must depend on whether the waters agree with the invalides.—He said, "Das war gut," but that what he meant was, that he should not like us to change to another quarter. We could only add, "*that*, we have no present intention of doing;" and so it stood; but all this left rather an unpleasant sensation, as if we were tied by the leg. There seemed, nevertheless, nothing to induce a wish to change. The rooms were spacious, and what is here called "*schön*" and comfortable; though, to an English eye, the absence of carpets, curtains, window-shutters, arm-chairs, and table-covers, and, above all, anything like tolerable beds, makes them hardly come up to that description, while the green wine-bottle which stood for a jug, and the pie-dish which represented basin were a little astounding. They were, however, rather better than the usual run of German rooms; and, most important of all, quite clean. When therefore we had spread out our books, portfolios, and writing-cases, banished the nasty little boxes filled with sawdust in the corners of each room, which, for those who do not smoke, are superfluities, and pressed workboxes, guitars, &c. into the service, it looked rather more homelike.

**A TALE OF MYSTERY;  
OR, A ROMANCE OF PORTLAND-PLACE.**

BY J. POOLE, ESQ.

CHAP. I.

It was in the cold month of December! The morning was dark and cheerless, for a dense fog oppressed the bosom of the earth, veiling in its envious folds, even as with a mantle, the surrounding objects from the sight. Scarcely could the uplifted and extended hand be discerned by the searching eye of its possessor. The chimes, in sullen sounds, told that insatiate Time had added to his store one quarter of the ninth hour since departed midnight: when, suddenly, two blows, loud, heavy, and distinct, resounded from the startled portal of ———.

Hold! this will never do. By such a commencement, our readers might be misled into the expectation of a tale comprising castles, chains, and dungeons; a venerable captive (the rightful possessor of the domain), feeble, emaciated, worn to the bone by a long confinement, and with a beard still longer; five abductions, three murders, a mysterious noise, and a bleeding spectre—all this at the least. Now as any such expectation would surely end in disappointment, we think it but fair to make a fresh and more appropriate start.

Well, then:—

It was a very nasty, cold, foggy morning in December, when, just as the clock of Langham Church struck a quarter-past eight, Molly Mopsley, a housemaid in the family of Sir Matthew Moonshine, residing in Portland-place, ascended the kitchen-stairs, fully equipped for the commencement of her daily duties. She had but two hands, yet in those, and under her arms, did she contrive to carry a mop, a pail full of water, a scrubbing-brush, a hearth-stone, a scuttle of coals, a bundle of wood, a lighted candle, and a pair of bellows. We do not cite this as a singular effort of genius: to the honour of the sisterhood of housemaids be it said, there is not one amongst them—provided she have been properly educated for her profession—who could not do as much.

The sound of Molly's footsteps disturbed the operations of a certain person, who, cautiously and without noise, had already displaced the bar and chain, and drawn the bolts which secured the street-door. He was about to turn the key (all that was now wanting for his escape) when, at Molly's appearance, his heart failed him and he hastily concealed himself behind the huge hall-chair. Who, or what he was, or what he did, or had been doing in the house, we know not; neither can we say whether he was young or old, handsome or ugly, for he was completely enveloped in a large cloak.

"Ah!" muttered he, as he rushed to his hiding-place, "what expedients am I driven to! Who would be a ———?" *What*, he muttered not.

It is a trite observation that few persons are satisfied with their condition. Molly Mopsley was no exception to this rule. Having discharged her cargo, she knelt down to light the hall-fire, and thus soliloquized:

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"Ah! who would be an 'ousemaid? The first to rise; and whilst others are comfortably warming themselves at the fires which she is obliged to light, there is she shivering on her knees at the street-door, and scrubbing away till the plaguy steps are snow-white, and her poor dear nose is stone-blue. Ah! pail, pail! I never look at you but I think of the milkman; and the next time Mr. Skimmer pops the question, it shan't be long afore I'm my own missis. "Well," continued she, taking up the bellows, "it's o' no use to be lemoncholy." And, as she puffed, she sang:—

"Now as soon as she heard her true love was dead,  
With a breaking heart she went to bed;  
When, in the middle of the night, to her astonishment and wonder,  
She heard two knocks more louder nor thunder."

As she uttered the last word, there was a heavy rat-tat at the door.

"Lor-a-mercy on me!" exclaimed Molly, letting fall the bellows. "Why—dear me, what a fool I am! it's only twopence, I dare say."

Ere Molly had recovered from her alarm, the muffled-up stranger had turned the key, opened the door, and rushed into the street.

"Come, that looks queer!" exclaimed Stumper, the twopenny-postman, as he entered the hall.

"Why, lor, Mr. Stumper!" said Molly, "who let you in?"

"One who let himself out at the same time—a person muffled up in a large cloak."

"How very odd! I saw no one, and I vow I haven't moved from this place. Who could it be?" inquired Molly.

"Sir Matthew Moonshine, twopence," said Stumper, disregarding the question, and holding out a letter. "Come, be lively, and take the letter, Miss Molly, for I have no time to spare."

"Now, don't be in a hurry, there's a dear postman," said Molly; "I'm dying to know who the large cloak can be. Only wait till Mr. Lubberly, the hall-porter comes, and perhaps he can tell us. Besides, it isn't my business to take in the letters—'tis his'n."

Whether Mr. Stumper would have sacrificed his precious time by acquiescing in this nice division of labour—a system which prevails in most large establishments, to the praiseworthy encouragement of idleness—we cannot say; for, ere he could reply, the heavy tread of Mr. Lubberly was heard. The fat functionary made his appearance, yawning, and leisurely buttoning his waistcoat over his protuberant front.

"Now, Mr. Lubberly," said Stumper, "twopence, please—look sharp."

Whilst Lubberly was fumbling in his pockets, slowly drawing a half-penny from one, and a halfpenny from the other, Molly told him of the mysterious circumstance of a person "folded up in a large cloak" (as she expressed it) having just made his escape out of the house.

"What!" exclaimed Lubberly, "Sir Matthew gone out so early? That's odd!"

"I don't think it was Sir Matthew," said Stumper. "The person, whoever he was, seemed to me to get out of the house as if he had been doing no good in it."

"And the cloak!" cried Molly; "I never saw master wear a cloak."

"Very mysterious!" exclaimed Lubberly; "it could *not* be master;



for though he is at the head of the banking-house of Moonshine, Flimsy, Squander, and Co., I never yet knew him to leave home for the city before *ten*, at any rate. And yet," continued he, "who else could it have been? you know all our fellow-servants, Mr. Stumper, and—"

"I tell you," said Stumper, "it was not Sir Matthew: besides, my notion is he was a much younger man."

"A *young* man!" cried Molly, adroitly changing the word: "*that's* it then. Well; I scorn to be censorious, so I'll answer for myself; and I'm *sure* I can answer for all the other maids; and I *think* I can answer for my lady and Miss Juliana; and there is no other female in the house but Mrs. Lacer, my lady's lady's-maid."

"Come, come, Miss Molly," said Lubberly, "no scurrilousness against Mrs. Lacer. Was Mrs. Lacer here at the time, and wouldn't see the cloak go out? though somebody else was, and might have seen it had she liked."

"I meant nothing against her," replied Molly; "it ain't in my nature to think ill of any body. But I must say, I didn't like the looks of another new silk gown last Sunday; for I'm sure it couldn't have cost less than six shillings a yard."

"Well," said Stumper, "it's a mysterious affair, but 'tis no business of mine. I must be off—public duty before every thing." But, looking at his watch, his notions of the sacredness of public duty underwent a sudden change; for he added, "There now! I have staid gossiping here till I am too late to get *comfortably* through my first delivery; so I'll get my breakfast, and my customers for these other letters may wait for them till the second."

"Ah! Mr. Stumper," said Lubberly, "you must have a pleasant life of it. Here am I obliged to sit in that arm-chair by the fireside, from morning till night, whilst you have nothing to do but walk about the streets."

"Till I'm fairly worn off my legs. Pleasant walking, truly! twenty miles a day without ever seeing the bounds of my own parish. If it were not for the little recreation I get, I should soon be a dead man."

"And what may that be?" inquired Lubberly.

"Why," replied Stumper, "in the fine evenings, when business is over, I take a turn once or twice round the great circle in the Regent's-park, just to refresh myself; and on Sundays I walk down to Windsor and back to see my intended."

Mr. Stumper was taking his leave, when Molly whispered to him—"Mr. Stumper, you are the very person to make out this business; for as you know every body in the neighbourhood, and every body knows you—"

"That's no rule," replied Stumper; "though I fetch and carry secrets of great importance, I know no more about them than the man who works the telegraph does of his. Ah!" added he, with a sigh, "ah! who would be a twopenny-postman?"

"Well," said Lubberly, as he closed the door after Stumper, "it is an odd affair. I'm glad I'm not answerable for the plate."

"The plate is safe enough, I'll warrant it," said Molly; "but that beautiful new gown, the second in six weeks, never could have come out of a certain person's wages." The latter portion of this sentence was uttered in too low a tone to be heard by Lubberly, who was an

admirer of Mrs. Lacer, partly on account of her personal charms, but chiefly because she was "so much of the lady."

"We'll make it out somehow," said Lubberly, throwing himself into his comfortable chair. And as Lubberly had now been awake for a full hour, he sunk into a gentle doze.

"For my part," said Molly, "my mind will be in such a state till we come to the rights of it, that I couldn't compose myself to scrub to the least advantage; so the door-step must do without me till to-morrow." And having settled this point entirely to her own comfort and satisfaction, she re-loaded herself with the implements of her profession, and redescended to the kitchen.

## CHAP. II.

SIR SIMON STANCH was a retired West-India merchant, possessed of immense wealth. For the last ten years he had been living at a fine place which he had purchased in Wiltshire, without having once, during all that time, seen London, or desired to see it. At fifty-nine (and such was Sir Simon's present age), it will sometimes happen that people are more indifferent to the gaieties of a London life, than at an earlier period, and Sir Simon had never cared much about them at the best of times. Then what brought him to London now? He himself had some misgivings that he had come on a fool's errand, and perhaps others may think so too. Fifty-nine to marry nineteen! Long odds! He had been a widower for twenty years, and had no children. Why could not he let well alone? This was his reflection, reader—not ours. He and Sir Matthew were old friends, and they formerly had had large transactions with each other in business; but these were scarcely sufficient reasons for marrying his daughter; nor could he help thinking that marrying, in order to spite a certain person, was little better than a fool's reason. Who that other person was, must, for the present, form part of our tale of mystery. Sir Simon had not seen Juliana Moonshine since she was nine years old. His recollection of her was imperfect; and as to what sort of person she might now be, he had not the most remote idea. Sir Matthew, indeed, at his annual visit to his old friend last autumn (upon which occasion the marriage was proposed by the former, and coupled with certain pecuniary arrangements)—Sir Matthew assured Sir Simon, that his daughter was the most beautiful, the most accomplished, the most amiable, the most virtuous—that in short, she was that paragon of perfection which every unmarried lady is—when a husband is the object. He assured him, also, that her heart was unengaged, and that his will was, in all things, hers.

Now this was all very satisfactory; yet Sir Simon thought that, before he came to a conclusion, it might be as well to judge for himself. He was strengthened in this opinion by a letter which he received from Sir Matthew, five days before the one the events of which we are relating. The purport of that letter was, to press forward the marriage, considerable stress being laid upon the *expediency* of expediting the "pecuniary arrangements." Sir Matthew being a banker—consequently a man of unquestionable probity and of undoubted wealth—the latter condition might, or might not, have strengthened the intended bridegroom in his resolution of judging of matters through the disinterested medium of his own senses. His mode of carrying this resolu-

tion into effect may be, nay, it will be, considered an exceedingly odd one ; but Sir Simon was a very great oddity, an acknowledged eccentric, and that is all we can say about the matter.

If there be a secret in your family, which you would have remain a secret, we should advise you not to confide it to your servants ; not that they would not otherwise become acquainted with it somehow or other, but because, if you did, you would be acting unkindly towards them in two ways : you would deprive them of the pleasure of ferretting it out for themselves—a more agreeable occupation than doing their work ; and also, by making them your confidants, you would prevent them, if they be servants of honour, from divulging it to all the other servants in the neighbourhood. We repeat it, they *do* get hold of family secrets ; and Sir Simon Stanch was certainly of our opinion.

We left Lubberly dozing in his large chair, and he might have dozed on the day through, had he not been disturbed by a loud single knock at the door.

“What do you want ?” said he, to a man buttoned up to the chin in a great-coat, which reached down to his heels, and wearing a thick worsted comforter, which covered his nose and ears—for the morning was bitter cold.

“A letter for Sir Matthew Moonshine,” said the man ; “and I’m ordered not to leave it unless I can have an answer.”

“I am not sure he’s at home,” said Lubberly (thinking that the man in the cloak might have been Sir Matthew, after all) ; “but I’ll go and inquire.”

“Don’t trouble yourself, Mr. Lubberly,” said Mrs. Lacer, who came tripping down stairs. “Sir Matthew *is* at home, but he is particularly occupied in his study, and won’t be at home to any body whatever till further orders ; at least, that is what my lady has desired me to tell you.”

“Then I wish you’d let me wait here a little,” said the man ; “if I get an answer I’m to be paid five shillings ; if not, I shall get only half-a-crown, and I come a long way.”

“Then sit down by the fire, if you like,” said Lubberly.

After the lapse of about half a minute, he continued :—“I say, my man, you’re a porter, eh ?”

“Yes,” replied the man, “and wish I was any thing else.”

“Where do you bring that letter from ?”

“Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet-street.”

“Who is it from ?” continued Lubberly.

“No. 27,” replied the man.

“No. 27 ! And who is No. 27 ?”

“Don’t know. He came up outside the Reading coach last night, with one portmanteau and no name on it.”

“But I suppose you have——eh ?” said Lubberly ; accompanying this question by peeping through his half-closed hand.

“No use,” said the man, “the letter is so carefully sealed up in one of those new-fashioned covers.”

“Plague on the inventer, say I,” said Lubberly ; “there’s no getting a peep any how. What’s the seal ?”

But here also the laudable curiosity of Mr. Lubberly was foiled, for he impress was nothing more than an antique head.

"It is a pity to let that poor man waste his time here," said Mrs. Lacer, "for Sir Matthew is not at home, and perhaps won't be at home all day."

"But didn't my lady just now tell you that—" said Lubberly.

"No matter for that," said Mrs. Lacer, interrupting him; "he is not at home, and what's more, he didn't sleep at home last night; and I'll tell you how I come to know it. Last night my lady came into my room, and told me to tell Mr. Sifter he might go to bed when he pleased, as his master had already gone to bed and would not want him. Well; Mr. Sifter thinking this mysterious, went to Sir Matthew's dressing-room this morning, and found the door locked! *Locked*, Mr. Lubberly—very mysterious also. Well; Mr. Sifter raised heaven and earth till he found a key to open it, and when he did, there were no clothes left to be brushed—nothing—but every thing in apple-pie order, which proves that Sir Matthew had not been into it overnight."

"Then there's a clue, Mrs. Lacer," said Lubberly; "there's what I call a clue."

"A clue! to what?" inquired the lady. And thereupon Lubberly communicated to her the mysterious affair of the man in the cloak.

"Well!—*Upon* my word!—Pretty doings, my *lady*!—Well!—So, so!—I *do* declare!"

But her exclamations of astonishment were cut short by the appearance of Molly Mopsley, who gave Lubberly the newspaper which had been thrown down the area-steps.

"Well," inquired Molly, "have you made any thing out?"

"We have made *this* out to a certainty," replied Lubberly; "it wasn't master who slunk out of the house this morning."

"I never thought it was," said Molly, with a scrutinizing look at Mrs. Lacer.

"But, Mr. Lubberly," said Mrs. Lacer, "better send that poor fellow away, for—Why, dear me, if he isn't fast asleep!"

"Then don't let us wake him," said Lubberly; "I dare say he's very tired, and" (he added with a yawn), "it's wicked to wake people when they are comfortably asleep."

By this time Mr. Lubberly had aired the paper, and was composing himself to read it, when a voice was heard to cry from above—"Porter, send up the newspaper the instant it comes; my lady is very anxious to see it."

"'Tain't come yet," replied Lubberly; and he stretched himself back in his snug chair, put his feet upon the fender, and very leisurely proceeded to read the journal. He had not long been thus occupied, when he exclaimed, "Eh!—what!—I say, Mrs. Lacer—Molly, here's a go!" And at the request of the ladies, he read the paragraph which had so powerfully excited his astonishment. Thus it ran:

"MESSRS. MOONSHINE, FLIMSY, SQUANDER, AND Co. We are authorized to state, that a paragraph which appeared in a paper of yesterday, and which might, by evil-intentioned persons, by the most remote possibility, be supposed to allude, even in the most distant way, to this old and substantial firm, is utterly void of the slightest shadow of foundation; and that the partners have given directions to their solicitors, without a moment's delay, to file a criminal information against

the editors, publishers, compositors, printers, printers' devils, and all parties concerned in the propagation of this most atrocious libel."

Many persons might consider this "old and substantial firm firm" was too sensitive by half. Not so Mr. Lubberly, who cried, "Suspect the stability of our house, when we are all as rich as the Indies!" "Infamous!"

"With our establishments in town and country, our carriages, and our opera-boxes!" cried Mrs. Lacer. "Shocking!"

"Why, our very *Co.'s*, our junior partners," cried Molly, "keep their cabs, and their hunters, and the lord knows what besides. Most *imperant* libel!"

Just then an important addition was made to the party, by the appearance of no less a personage than Mr. Sifter, Sir Matthew's gentleman.

"So, Mr. Sifter," said Lubberly, "what's all this about? Master not sleep at home last night?"

"Very mysterious," said Sifter, "for there was precaution upon precaution to conceal his going out."

"Just now my lady sent word to me that he was busy in his study," said Lubberly.

"Did she?" cried Sifter. "Why, not five minutes ago she told me he had gone out early to breakfast."

"If so," whispered Molly to Lubberly, "he might have been the cloak-man after all."

"Then, what think you of this?" continued Sifter; "she has just given private orders to Thomas the coachman, which Thomas immediately told me in confidence, to take the cab and be in waiting for his master at Highgate Tunnel at ten minutes after ten, precisely."

"Why not send little Trim, whose business it is to go with the cab?" inquired Mrs. Lacer.

"There again, Mrs. Lacer," said Sifter; "the affair was too mysterious to be trusted to a lad."

"See here," said Lubberly, showing Sifter the offensive paragraph. "What say you to this?"

Sifter having read the paragraph, gave a long low whistle, and exclaimed, "There I have it.—Hark'ee! The day before yesterday, Mr. Transfer, the broker to our house in the city, was here with Sir Matthew very early in the morning. They were closeted together a long while, and spoke almost in whispers. I wasn't listening; but as Mr. Transfer rose to go, I heard him say, 'Great pity, Sir Matthew, for they are down to nothing; but if it must be, it must.' Now, what would you gather from that, Mr. Lubberly?"

"Why," replied the sagacious Lubberly, "that he had ordered Mr. Transfer to sell something or other for him, and at a great loss."

"Now," said Sifter, "would he have done that if he had not been *necessiated*? and would he have been *necessiated*, if he had not been what they call bothered in his financials?"

"Bothered in his financials! Stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Lacer. "How could that be, when on that day he had a party of six-and-twenty at dinner?"

"That might have been to throw dust in their eyes," replied Sifter. "They were all merchants and tip-top tradesmen who cash at our house."

"And, then, my lady was at home to a hundred people in the evening," said Molly.

"More *dust*," said Sifter: "their gawky sons, fubsy wives, and dowdy daughters. And now," continued the intelligent Sifter, "I'll lay my life he wasn't in town all day yesterday. Don't you remember, Lubberly, yesterday morning there came a double letter, with the Coventry post-mark?"

"I do," replied Lubberly; "and you know we have large transactions with Coventry."

"Then that's it," resumed Sifter. "I happened to be in the room while Sir Matthew was reading that letter. All at once, he turned as white as my frill; whispered something to my lady; said aloud, *perhaps* he should not dine at home, and out he went."

"Then as sure as a gun," said Mrs. Lacer, "there's a screw loose at the shop!"

"But what think you of this, Mr. Sifter?" said Lubberly. "This morning early, Mr. Stumper, the twopenny postman, saw a man most anonymously concealed in a long cloak, sneak out of the house in a most mysterious manner."

"How!" exclaimed Sifter; "and Sir Matthew not ——." Sifter concluded this sentence by just putting the tip of his right-hand forefinger to his nose, and uttering a very significant "Oh! ho!"

"Now, really," said Mrs. Lacer, "this matter must be cleared up; else, as I am only lady's-maid, suspicion will naturally fall on me." Then with clasped hands, upturned eyes, and a look of awful virtue, she cried, "Oh! who would be a lady's-maid?"

"Perhaps I can throw a little light on this affair," said Sifter. "It happened one night last week, that Sir Matthew going to bed early, I went to pass an hour or two with Lord Squab's gentleman. About five in the morning I came home. Well, just as I reached the door, out pops a man in a cloak—he was a young man and tolerably good-looking, for I saw him clearly by the gas-lamp—"

"Go on, go on," simultaneously cried Lacer, Molly, and Lubberly, almost breathless with impatience.

"Well," continued Sifter; "he catches me by the throat, and, though not in the least frightened, I was puzzled, you know. Before I could speak a word, 'Rascal!' says he; 'I'm a gentleman. Give the slightest alarm, or follow me a step, and you're a dead man. Be silent, and there's your reward!' He put a couple of sovereigns into my hand, and before I had time to refuse them he was off like an arrow."

"As good as a novel, I declare!" said Mrs. Lacer.

"Not being the man to be intimidated," resumed the narrator, "I *did* follow him, though a little on the sly, of course; and traced him to the corn-chandler's, at the sign of the Wheatsheaf, at the further end of Great Portland-street. He let himself in with a key; and, presently after, I saw a light in the second-floor window."

"A corn-chandler, of all things!" said Mrs. Lacer, in a tone of inefable contempt. "Most infamous!"

"A second-floor lodger!" cried Molly, adopting the tone and manner of her superior; "downright shameful!"

"But why not mention this before?" naturally inquired Lubberly.

"Two sovereigns! Mr. Lubberly," replied Sifter, placing his hand



upon his heart and bowing. "When a gentleman behaves as such to a gentleman's gentleman—honour before all things, Mr. Lubberly."

"My lady is a handsome woman still—for her age," said Molly.

"Very odd!" said Mrs. Lacer; "but I have observed that Miss Juliana has enjoyed very low spirits of late."

"Lodging on a second-floor at a corn-chandler's, the party can't be rich, that's certain," said Lubberly.

"But, then, the *neighbourhood* is convenient," wisely observed Sifter.

At this moment the sleeping messenger stretched out his legs, yawned, opened and rubbed his eyes, and said, that as Sir Matthew did not seem to be yet disengaged, he would leave the letter at any rate, and call again in an hour in the hope of finding an answer to it. Saying this away he went. At the same time Lady Moonshine's bell being heard, Mrs. Lacer and Sifter went up stairs, and Molly dived down."

### CHAP. III.

It was near eleven o'clock when Sir Matthew Moonshine, on foot, reached home. He had left the cab a few doors off, ordered Thomas to take it back to the stables, and accompanied that order with a strict injunction, upon no account to mention to any of his fellow-servants where he had been: so cautious was Sir Matthew in the management of his affairs. Thomas, like a faithful and obedient coachman, as he was, assured his master, that not a word about the matter should escape from his lips; and begged him to believe, that he was not in the least given to tittle-tattle as some servants are.

"That's master's knock," said Lubberly. "But where has he left the cab, I wonder?"

"We'll not wonder long," replied Sifter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Sifter; "for not being in attendance this morning, but I had no notion you were going out so early to breakfast."

"No matter," said Sir Matthew, with a smile; at the same time congratulating himself upon having contrived his measures with such ingenuity, and executed them with so much secrecy and address, that even his own servants were ignorant of his movements. "Had the sudden departure of the head of the firm been known," thought he, "what might not have been inferred from the circumstance! Yet, have I been to Coventry and back again, to prop up the credit of a falling house, in which the safety of our own is involved, whilst not a creature is aware that I have been an hour absent from town—except, indeed, my trusty Thomas, who has lived with me these fifteen years. That's what I call management."

There was still one trifling thing necessary to the safety of the "old and substantial firm" of Moonshine, Flimsy, Squander, and Co.: the sum of thirty thousand pounds, which must be raised within two days; and for this he was depending almost entirely upon his old friend, Sir Simon Stanch. Great, therefore, was his disappointment upon being told, in answer to his inquiry for his letters, that there was none by the general, and only one by the twopenny post—a note of no importance.

"Frightened at the mention of the pecuniary arrangements," thought he.

He ascended to the drawing-room where he found Lady Moonshine.

"Harriet, love," said he, in a dejected tone, "you must instantly issue cards for another grand dinner on the third, and a ball and supper on the ninth—you know whom best to invite."

"Then you have not succeeded in that unfortunate business at Coventry?" said Lady Moonshine, with a deep sigh.

"That is arranged," replied Sir Matthew; "but there is no letter from Stanch, and I begin to fear our plans in that quarter will fail."

"Then Heaven help us!" said her ladyship, tears starting into her eyes. And, like a dutiful and affectionate wife, deeply sympathizing with her husband's distresses, she instantly proceeded to make out the lists for the two parties.

"'Tis an anxious life of ours," exclaimed Sir Matthew. "Ah! who would be a banker!"

No sooner had Sir Matthew gone up stairs, than Sifter put on his hat and ran out of the house. In a few minutes, he returned.

"Lubberly," said he, "I was right to a tittle. Coventry it was. Sir Matthew drove up to the Highgate Tunnel in a post-chaise; and, whilst he was getting into the cab, Thomas contrived to get the fact out of the postboy, who drove the last stage. But don't you tell this to any body, except Mrs. Lacer, and Molly, or so—for Thomas faithfully promised his master to keep it a profound secret, even that he had been out to meet him at all."

"Why, bless me! if I haven't forgot to give master the letter the porter left!" said Lubberly. "Here, Mr. Sifter; you had better take it up to him at once, as it may be of consequence."

Sifter took the letter; and as soon as he had acquainted Mrs. Lacer (who just then came down stairs again) with the information which he had received from Thomas, and dilated thereupon—a process which did not occupy more than ten minutes—he proceeded to the drawing-room.

"A letter, Sir Matthew, which a porter has this very instant delivered," said Sifter. "He will call again presently for an answer."

Sir Matthew, recognising the hand, exclaimed, "This is the very letter which I have been so anxiously expecting. Stay, Sifter." He opened it, and having hastily run his eye over its contents, he handed it to Lady Moonshine, saying, in a tone which marked his delight at the communication, "This is better than I expected, my love; he is in town, and will be here at eleven precisely.—Sifter, when Sir Simon Stanch comes, conduct him to my study without a moment's delay; and tell Lubberly that I am not at home to any one else, whoever they may be."

*What* was better than had been expected (an announcement which gave Sir Matthew such evident satisfaction), was a subject for the guesses of the members of the lower house; till, even as the clock was striking eleven, a plain green chariot drove up to the door.

The occupant of the carriage was a man of middle height, slim, with a sharp, intelligent countenance, and a head nearly bald; the little hair he had being gray. He was habited in a blue coat, buff waistcoat, white muslin cravat, drab-coloured shorts, and top-boots; he wore also

a cloak of ample dimensions. His appearance altogether was that of a gentleman of the old school.

"Sir Matthew Moonshine?" said he, inquiringly, as he entered the hall.

Had one of the present unprecedentedly *talon*-ted company of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, escaped from his den, and suddenly rushed into the presence of Sifter, Lubberly, and Mrs. Lacer, his appearance could not have occasioned greater consternation amongst them, than did that of the gentleman now introduced. They looked first at him, then at each other, and again at him, but answer made they none.

"Am I to be answered?" said the gentleman. "Is Sir Matthew Moonshine at home?"

"N—no, sir," stammered Lubberly, remembering his master's order for denial.

The gentleman gave his card, and was quitting the house, when Lubberly cried, "What, sir! Sir Simon Stanch! *you*, Sir Simon Stanch?"

"Ple-ple-please, sir, Sir Matthew is at home to *you*, sir," said Sifter. "This way if you please, sir;" and Mr. Sifter bowed and scraped to the baronet, till the latter was fairly in the presence of the banker. Sir Simon, however, appeared to take no notice of the embarrassment which his arrival had occasioned.

In a minute or two, Sifter was again with his companions, who had not yet recovered from their astonishment.

"Well," cried Sifter, "what are we to think of *this*?"

"It can't be," said Mrs. Lacer.

"I'll take my oath it is the man with the letter," said Lubberly. "I knew the voice again—and then, the peaked nose, and sharp gray eyes."

"There can't be a doubt about it," said Sifter; "but whether he was disguised then or is disguised now, that's the mystery."

"Then *he* is the man with the cloak after all," said Mrs. Lacer.

"No, no," said Sifter, "not a bit like him. I should know *him* from a thousand. But it is nonsense to stand guessing here all day: I'll go a shorter way to work—I hear Sir Matthew's bell." These last words he accompanied with a significant nod.

"There's no bell," said Mrs. Lacer and Lubberly, speaking together.

"But there *may be* presently," said Sifter, "and I may as well be in readiness close to the study-door. Do you take?" And up stairs went Sifter.

"Sir Simon's poor coachman must be very cold," said the compassionate Lacer. "Suppose we ask him in, and have a little chat with him, Mr. Lubberly?"

"Suppose we do," said Lubberly. No sooner said than done; and behold Lumpy, Sir Simon's short, fat coachman, installed in a chair at the fireside. Instantly the order was "all hands to the pumps," as a sailor would say.

"Rather a shy turn-out of yours, master coachee; a job, I take it, eh?" said Lubberly.

"All jobb'd," replied Lumpy, in a dull, drawling voice: "all jobb'd,

both carriage, and horses, and me. But this sort of driving don't suit me—I shall give it up—I'm used to the slow and sure line."

"And what may that be?" inquired Lubberly.

"Why, driving a hearse," replied Lumpy. "For your real amateur that loves his ease, no driving like it—safe and steady. But galloping over the stones, is a thing I'm not used to: I'm always afraid of doing an injury, either to myself or my inside customer, which was not so before."

"Who's this Sir Simon, and where does he live?" inquired Lacer.

"He's a country-gentleman now; was a West-India merchant; lives in Wiltshire; came to town yesterday; and took ready-furnished lodgings in Sackville-street, at four guineas a week, for a week certain—at least, so his confidential valet tells me," said Lumpy.

"Is he married, or single, and what relations has he?" inquired Lubberly.

"Ay, and what's his business in town?" added Mrs. Lacer.

Coachee replied, "He's a widower, and has got no relations but a nephew he's very fond of, who ran away because he wouldn't marry a girl Sir Simon chose for him at Bath; and his business in town is to marry your young lady, and lend some money to her father who is rather shakey—at least, all this is what his confidential valet tells me."

"What sort of person is he?" asked Mrs. Lacer.

"Quite an oddity, who never does any thing like other people—at least, so his confidential valet tells me. What do you think? I'm ordered to be in Sackville-street at half-past eight this morning. Out comes Sir Simon, dressed as if he wasn't worth a groat, and orders me to drive to the corner of Langham-place. Out he gets, orders me to wait there for him, and away he walks. Well; in about half an hour, he comes back all in a fluster, and orders me to drive off to a corn-chandler's, at the sign of the Wheatsheaf, in Great Portland-street."

"There we fix him, Mr. Lubberly," said Mrs. Lacer; "it is the same man; and if he wasn't shamming sleep and listening to all we said all the while, I'm a Dutch-woman."

"Well," continued Lumpy, "the man what belongs to the shop comes to the carriage, and says Sir Simon, says he, 'What's your second-floor lodger's name?'"

"'Smith,' says the man.

"'I want to see him,' says Sir Simon.

"'He's not at home,' says the man; 'and he didn't sleep at home last night.'

"That was enough!" said Lumpy, in conclusion. "Sir Simon falls back in his carriage as if he had been shot; orders me home; goes in and changes his dress, and then comes and orders me to drive him here."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Lacer; "the more we cover, the more mysteriouser this business grows!"

Sifter now returned, almost flying, down the stairs. A short time sufficed to introduce him to Lumpy, and to acquaint him with all that he had informed them of.

"I haven't been idle," said Sifter; "but they spoke so low that although I listened with all my might, I could only catch a word here

and there. However, it proves that what this gentleman has told us is true! ‘Don’t talk to me about marriage settlements,’ said Sir Simon; ‘till this mysterious affair of the man in the cloak—a Mr. Smith, as he turns out to be—is cleared up.’—‘I know no more of this Mr. Smith than you do; I am ignorant of the matter,’ said Sir Matthew; ‘and am as anxious to clear it up as you can be. As for my daughter, I’ll answer for her with my life.’—‘Then, you have deceived me respecting your fortune; your firm is tottering?’ said Sir Simon.—‘Hush! would you ruin me?’ said Sir Matthew. ‘No,’ said Sir Simon; ‘as an old friend I would save you, and I am willing to advance the thirty thousand provided—’

“Well? what?” exclaimed the others, all in a breath.

“There I am at fault,” replied Sifter; “for at that instant I fancied I heard Sir Matthew coming to the door, so away I scampered.”

Mr. Lumpy, inferring from this supposition that his employer might presently require his services, thought it best to take his leave, and resume his seat on his coach-box.

To have discovered that the man in the cloak was Mr. Smith, was a satisfactory discovery—as far as it went; but the combined ingenuity of our three worthies was insufficient to determine which, of all the Smiths in London, this Smith could be. In that respect, therefore, the mystery was still a mystery; and we must for a little while, leave them in their perplexity.

#### CHAP. IV.

“Inquire for me!—Plain green chariot!—fat coachman!” in a tone of astonishment said the mysterious man in the cloak to Mr. Grits, the corn-chandler: “By what name did he inquire for me?”

“He did not know your name, sir,” replied Grits; “he asked me, what was the name of my second-floor lodger?—Smith, sir, said I.—That was nothing: but when I told him you did not sleep at home last night, I thought he would have fainted.”

“What sort of person was he?” inquired Mr. Smith.

“Why, sir, he—but if you’ll walk fast you’ll overtake him before he gets to the end of the street, for he has not been gone two minutes, and his coachman drives for all the world as if he was driving a hearse.”

“Most mysterious! Who can he be? What can he want?” thought Mr. Smith, as he trotted off in pursuit of the carriage. This he presently overtook. Muffled up in his cloak, he gave one glance in at the window; and the degree of his astonishment may easily be imagined when we say, that he clasped his hands and exclaimed, “Oh, Heavens!”—an exclamation which is allowed to be perfectly innocent every where except on the stage, where it is denounced as rank blasphemy.

He followed the carriage to Sackville-street; and, anxious, and doubtful what course to adopt, he waited near the house entered by the person who had caused his astonishment. After the lapse of about half an hour, the person (who our readers are now aware was Sir Simon Stanch) again got into the carriage, and Mr. Smith again followed it, till, to the indescribable consternation of Mr. Smith, it stopped at the door of Sir Matthew Moonshine.

"Then all is discovered!" exclaimed Mr. Smith; and, in an agony of alarm, he flew forwards, unconscious of whither he was going. But Portland-place is a very nice place for any body in an unhappy state of mind, when his eyes are of but little use to him; for, from its width, a madman might run from one end of it to the other, and back again, without danger of doing harm to himself or any one else—if the nursery-maids would but keep the little children out of his way. Onwards he went till he reached the New Road, when his progress was impeded by an omnibus. This momentary pause brought him a little to a recollection of himself. He retraced his steps. There was the plain green chariot still at the door. Unable to determine what had best be done, he paced up and down the street during the time occupied by the events narrated in the preceding chapter. At length, incapable of controlling his excited feelings, and scarcely knowing what he did, he knocked at the door, which being opened, he rushed into the hall.

"The man in the cloak!" cried Sifter, receding with alarm as if he had seen a ghost.

"The cloak! the cloak!" responded Mrs. Lacer and Lubberly.

"Be not alarmed, my good people; 'tis all right," cried Mr. Smith, in a voice trembling with agitation. He threw three sovereigns amongst them, and flew down the kitchen stairs.

"It's the spoons he's after," said Lubberly, quietly putting one of the sovereigns into his pocket. "Shall we give the alarm?"

"Spoons! Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Lacer, following the example so laudably set by the last speaker. "He seems to know the ways of the house well enough. *Back stairs*, take my word for it, and that's the way to them. I tell you what: my room opens into my young lady's, so I'll go up and do a bit of needlework." And away she went.

"A perfect gentleman, at any rate," said Sifter, pocketing his share of the donation. "If he should be discovered, I'll swear I don't know how he got into the house. Won't you, Mr. Lubberly?"

"In course," replied Lubberly; "till I'm black in the face."

In less than three minutes, Mrs. Lacer returned, and tossing her head with an air of virtuous indignation, she thus began: "Pretty doings! For my part, I'll not stay in the house, but will give warning the very moment I hear of a better place. Who would have thought it? Miss Juliana, of all people!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed both the gentlemen.

"True, I tell you," said the lady. "Scarcely had I reached my own room and got my eye comfortably to the key-hole, when Miss Juliana's door bounces open, and in rushes Smith.

"'Oh, my dear Juliana,' cries he; 'all is discovered!'

"'Then we are ruined, my dear Walter!' says my young lady; and, bursting out a-crying, what does she do but throw herself into his arms! Oh, Mr. Sifter! Oh, Mr. Lubberly! I'm afraid there's no longer any virtue in the world, except in our sp'ere."

"Right, Mrs. Lacer," said Sifter, looking his tenderest at her; "and for that reason I have made up my mind never to marry a lady of quality."

"A sad thing to happen in a respectable family," said Lubberly, with a grunt, which was the nearest approach he could make to a sigh.



"I can't say I'm much astonished," said Sifter: "and though I pity her from the bottom of my soul, I always had my suspicions."

"And a banker's daughter!" said Lacer. "A poor lady's-maid, now, would have lost her place through it."

"But what said Smith when Miss Juliana said, 'Then we are ruined?' " inquired Sifter.

"That I can't say," replied Mrs. Lacer; "for just then, my lady came suddenly into my room, and said in a huff, 'What are you doing there, Lacer?' Of course, says I, 'I was only kneeling down to tie my shoe-ribbon, my lady.' Now, whether she suspected something, and came to listen herself, I can't tell; but hearing a strange voice in the next room, and a sort of mumble-mumble-mumble going on, she turned as pale as death, and sank down into a chair. However, she ordered me out of the room, and desired me not to come again till I was rung for."

"Walter Smith," muttered Lubberly, referring to the "Court Guide," in the hope of discovering *something* touching the mysterious visiter; but in vain. He slowly drew his short, stumpy fore-finger down the many pages of Johns, Thomases, and Williams, but there was no Walter to be found.

"Try the Smyths, with a *y*," said Sifter.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Lacer; "do you think it possible that any gentleman who spells his Smith with a *y*, much less with an *e* at the end of it, would bemean himself by lodging at a corn-chandler's. He is nothing but a Smith with an *i*, rely upon it."

No lady's-maid dwelling in all London, could have evinced a more profound knowledge of the "vastly genteel," than did Mrs. Lacer by this observation.

Lady Moonshine had *not* gone to Lacer's room for the purpose of listening, for she had not the slightest suspicion of any conversation going on worth the trouble of listening to; but hearing a man's voice, where a man's voice ought not to have been heard, she conceived it to be her duty to remain.

"But how could you be so imprudent, Walter, as to come herein broad daylight?" Miss Juliana made no deduction for the dense fog. However, we must not be over-particular about what is given to us for daylight in London.

Juliana's question made Lady Moonshine's heart almost leap into her mouth.

"I saw *him* enter the house, and feared all was discovered," replied Walter. "What course to pursue, I know not. I have offended him once already; and by this thoughtless, this fatal step of ours—alas! Still, your father never would have consented to your marrying one possessed of so small a fortune as I am."

Lady Moonshine held by a chair for support.

"Let us confess all to my dear, my beloved mamma—"

Tears (of tenderness) came into Lady Moonshine's eyes.

"— And she will intercede for pardon for our having got married three weeks ago."

Lady Moonshine felt as if a weight of twenty tons had been removed from her heart. She burst into her daughter's room; and Sifter, who was listening at one door, whilst Lacer was peeping through the key-

hole of the other, startled by the movement, ran down stairs. Within five minutes, Lubberly, Molly Mopsley, and every other servant in the house were informed (but under a strict injunction of secrecy), that Miss Juliana had been Mrs. Smith these three weeks past.

We had some idea of distending our Tale of Mystery to the bulk of the customary three volumes—our having but little more to add, and the reader probably anticipating how matters must end, notwithstanding. But as the settlement of these matters did, in fact, occupy no more than one short hour, we are resolved to devote to the winding up of our narrative no more than one short chapter.

## CHAP. V.

It is a saying as old as the hills, that "what is done cannot be undone;" and, generally speaking, its truth is equal to its antiquity. With exceptions, so few as not to disturb the rule, this saying applies to marriage; and it was so frequently repeated by Lady Moonshine in her intercession on behalf of the culprits, that doubtless it tended considerably towards inducing Sir Matthew and Sir Simon to sanction that which, perhaps, they might not otherwise have permitted.

The three persons we have just named, together with Walter Stanch (Sir Simon's runaway nephew), and Juliana, were assembled in the drawing-room. To prevent any sudden intrusion, Sir Matthew had taken the wise precaution of locking the door; and, as people instinctively do when they have any thing of more than common importance to talk about, they spoke in an under-tone. Something may be said both for and against this practice:—against it, chiefly that it is inconvenient to listeners. This was Mr. Sifter's most decided opinion upon the present occasion; for though his ears were of the sharpest, and he was listening in his very best manner, he could not manage to catch more than nine words of every ten that were uttered. He contrived, however, to make out something.

"It is all settled," said Sifter, when he re-descended to the hall. "But who do you think Smith turns out to be? You'll never guess, so I'll tell you: Mr. Stanch, Sir Simon's nephew. There was my lady crying, and Miss Juliana—Mrs. Walter Stanch, I should say—and her husband, kneeling; and—in short, there was a full pardon; and to-morrow they will all go down into Wiltshire, and when they return *pretend* that the marriage took place there the day after, with the consent and approbation of all parties."

"Then, since the old man can't marry my young lady, of course he won't lend the thirty thousand; so our house in the city must stop," said Lubberly.

"Not a bit of it," said Sifter. "He's to put that sum into the house this very day, upon condition of his nephew being taken into the firm, and having his due share of the business. And what do you think the good-natured old fellow did? He gave Miss Juliana a kiss, and told her she might order a thousand pounds'-worth of jewellery and trinkets, and that he would pay for them. But—capital fun!"—and here Mr. Sifter burst into a loud laugh—"they have settled that it will be as well immediately to give us a hint of the marriage that is to take place, in order that—" Here Mr. Sifter was interrupted by

the sound of his master's bell. He was desired to order the carriage immediately.

The carriage having arrived, Lady Moonshine, her daughter, and Walter, followed by Sir Simon and Sir Matthew, came down. As she crossed the hall—"Lacer," said her ladyship; "you will be pleased to hear that your young lady is shortly to be married."

"Dear me, my lady, you don't say so!" exclaimed Lacer, with a look of the most innocent astonishment. "How delighted I am to hear it!"

"May I take the liberty, sir," said Sifter (addressing his master in a hesitating manner, and with a respectful bow)—"may I take the liberty, sir, to inquire who the gentleman is that is to marry my young lady?"

"Mr. Stanch, nephew to Sir Simon Stanch," blandly replied Sir Matthew. Then, turning to his lady, he whispered to her, "'Tis clear they are completely in the dark. No, no; confide no secrets to your servants, is my maxim, and here we have a proof of its value."

"Storr and Mortimer's," said her ladyship, as the footman closed the door of the carriage, in which were herself and daughter.

"Exactly as I told you," said Sifter to Mrs. Lacer: "my lady's jewellers."

Sir Matthew and young Stanch accompanied Sir Simon in his carriage.

"Drive as fast as you can," said Sir Simon to his ex-member of the black whip-club, "to my stock-broker, Mr. Transfer's, in Thread-needle-street." Stumpy obeyed his instructions to the best of his ability, and pelted away at the rate of nearly three miles an hour.

"Exactly as I told you," said Sifter to Lubberly: "to sell out thirty thousand."

Since none of the incidents in this Tale of Mystery, excepting only that of the man in the cloak, was known to any but Sir Matthew's own servants, it is not surprising that it was as late as three o'clock in the afternoon when they had become the common talk of all the other servants in the neighbourhood. The circumstance of the man in the cloak, however, had already been a matter of notoriety as early as twelve;—Mr. Stumper, the twopenny-postman, having whispered it to only Colonel Mac Skinflint's housemaid next door; Monsieur Bavard, the ambassador's valet, over the way; and two or three others, equally worthy of his confidence.

Now, it may be inquired, By what means is this Domestic Inquisition to be suppressed? This is a question difficult to answer. Till some means, however, are devised for that purpose, its mischievous consequences would be greatly diminished, by so regulating your sayings and doings, that they might be divulged to all the world, without causing you to tremble or to blush.

P.\*

## CHARADES.

## III.

~~THERE~~ *was* a time young Roland thought

His huntsman's call was worth a dozen  
Of those sweet notes his ear had caught,

In boyhood, from his blue-eyed cousin :  
How is it *now*, that by "MY FIRST"

Silent he sits, nor cares to follow  
His deep-mouthed stag-hound's matin burst,  
His clear-toned huntsman's joyous hollo ?

How is it now, when Isabel

Breathes one low note of those sweet numbers,  
That every thought of hill and dell,

And *all*—save that sweet minstrel—slumbers ?  
Why does he feel that long, dull pain

Within "MY SECOND"—when she leaves him ?—  
When shall his falcon fly again ?—

When shall he break the spell that grieves him ?

And Isabel—how is it too

That sadness o'er that young brow closes ?  
How hath her eye lost half its blue ?

How have her cheeks lost all their roses ?  
Still on her lute sweet numbers dwell,

Still magic seems the breath that sways it ;  
But, oh ! how changed the tone and spell,  
If Roland be not there to praise it.

One summer's eve, while Isabel

Sang till the starlight came to greet her,  
A tear from Rowland's eyelid fell,

And warp'd the string and spoil'd the metre :  
*She* could not sing another note,

Wherefore, or why, I've not a notion ;  
And *he*—the swelling in *his* throat

Seem'd working from some poisonous potion.

I know not—I—how sigh or tear

Cause these hysterical effusions ;  
But from that eve—one little year,

Witnessed, you'll say, such strange conclusions !  
Beside "MY ALL" I saw them sit ;

And that same lute of song so tender,  
A little child was thumping it

With all his might—against the fender !

And Isabel—she sang no more,  
 But ever that small urchin followed ;  
 Who, with the lute upon the floor,  
 Like a young dryad, whooped and halloed !  
 And Roland's hound is heard again,  
 And Roland's hawk hath loosened jesses ;  
 But Roland's smile is brightest, when  
 Beside " MY ALL " his boy he presses.

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 IV.

Sir Harry is famed for his amiable way  
 Of talking a deal, when he's nothing to say :  
 Sir Harry will sit by our Rosalie's side,  
 And whisper from morn until eventide ;  
 Yet if you would ask of that maiden fair,  
 What Sir Harry said, while he linger'd there,  
 Were the maiden as clever as L. E. L.,  
 Not a word that he said could the maiden tell !

Sir Harry has ears, and Sir Harry has eyes,  
 And Sir Harry has teeth of the usual size ;  
 His nose is a nose of the ev'ry-day sort,  
 Not exceedingly long—nor excessively short ;  
 And his breath, tho' resembling in nought the " sweet south,"  
 Is inhaled through his lips, and exhaled from his mouth :  
 And yet, from the hour that Sir Harry was nursed,  
 People said that his *head* was no more than " MY FIRST ! "

Sir Harry has ringlets he curls ev'ry day,  
 And a fortune he spends in pomatums, they say ;  
 He is just such a youth as our Rosalie bides with,  
 When she hasn't got *me* to take waltzes or rides with ;  
 But not such a one as, I ween, she would choose,  
 Were a youth that *I* know to be caught in the noose ;  
 For I've oft heard her say—tho' so flighty she's reckon'd,  
 That she'd ne'er take a bridegroom who hadn't " MY SECOND ! "

Sir Harry sat out, the last visit he paid,  
 From when breakfast was over, till dinner was laid ;  
 He talked in his usual lady-like way,  
 Of the ball and the ballet—the park and the play.  
 Little Rosa, who hoped, ere the *whole* day had pass'd,  
 That the youth would speak out, to the purpose, at last,  
 When ev'ning at length was beginning to fall,  
 Declared that Sir Harry was nought but—" MY ALL ! "

## LETTERS FROM IRELAND.—NO. VII.\*

A CLOUDY morning, with rain and wind, made the ride from Killarney to Kenmare comfortless. After leaving the bold and beautiful features of the Upper Lake, for the heights beyond, the road is very desolate, yet its desolation is splendid; by the side of a wild lake, on the verge of a precipice, in the gloomy hollow of a glen, still shifting its character like the mists through which it often sweeps, till it descends to Kenmare, a distance of twelve miles. This is a dull little place, around which are dreary heights: it was Saturday evening. Is it not mournful to pass the Sunday in a lone country town, of but one street, up which blew hollow gusts from a narrow arm of the sea? It was nearly silent and empty; no resource in the long cloudy day—even the church is at a distance, and few go there. On the declivity of a neighbouring hill there was an unusual sight—a copper-mine in an Irish wilderness, the director of which was a Cornishman, not long arrived from his native home. He seemed to talk and feel much like an exile, and complained of the want of enthusiasm and skill in the Irish miners. It was true that this concern had none of the comforts or home-feeling about it of a Cornish mine; there was no counting-house, whose large bay-window looked forth on the rich area: its piles of ore; its busy workmen—its open sheds filled with young women, who wear their cotton and silk handkerchiefs turban-fashion round their head, plying the hammer, and picking and washing the ore, while their fine complexions and features often fix the stranger's eye. Then the frequent and abundant dinners, shared by the adventurers and captains in that bay-windowed room, were unknown in the Irish mine: no noble bowl of punch sent its richness round the table, inspiring bold thoughts, golden speculations, beautiful dreams. How many a phantom mine of wealth has risen in that evening hour, amidst the clash of tongues and glasses, the rivalries, the fears, the sickness of the heart of the hoping or ruined man! The Kenmare mine is not far from the sea; he compared it sadly with a similar adventure on his native shore, where the steam-engines crown the precipice, up and down whose granite cliffs, coated with the fern and lichen, the wild movements of the machinery, the workmen, and the ores just torn from the ocean, are fearful and dreamlike. At the base of the precipice, beat by the storm of ages, is the mouth of the shaft; and as the miners issue forth to the light of day, the candle burning dimly in each pallid hand, and the waves breaking at their feet, they look like the spectres of shipwrecked men, come sadly back to earth; for the richest ore is far out beneath the sea, the roar of whose waters they often hear.

The little church, that stood alone on the hill side, contained about a score of hearers, the choir formed of the clerk and a footman, to which the solitary squire, seated in his pew with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes bent through the tall arched window on the sky, added now and then the long quaver of his voice. The weather on the Monday



was again fine for the ride to Glengariff; the country wild and thinly inhabited, yet all was not barren: if pleasures unexpected are ever the sweetest, so is the excitement and welcome at times found by a way-side so rude as this. In this region resides an Irish gentleman, a recluse, though not an unhappy one: his home by the sea-side is comfortable, although its owner is that rare specimen of humanity in this country—a bachelor and an economist, without a horse or hound, without fox or steeple-chase, garden or flowers. His is not a romantic retirement—no place for the dreamer or the lover of nature; their soul would be dried up here. Glengariff and its charming solitudes are within a few miles of the dwelling, which is on the barren shore, and almost washed by the waves: no shadow falls upon it of mountain or grove. It cannot be called an unimagined home; the walls of the parlour are covered with various instruments of music—the French horn, the clarinet, the violin, the piano, and violoncello also; many hours of the day being thus occupied, for he is an accomplished musician. Yet the skill and taste to which a circle might listen, are mostly given to the winds and waters: here, in his lonely and well-furnished parlour, whose window looks over the deep, and his turf-fire blazing, he wiles the long evenings away with melody and song. It was not a capricious fancy, or a weariness with the world, that led to this seclusion, but a nobler motive: he had lived expensively and carelessly in another county, and found after a few years, that his fine income was greatly impaired. Instead of persevering, like so many Irish gentlemen, till their broad lands melt fast away, he resolved to retire to some spot far from his usual associations and habits of expense, till he had redeemed all his embarrassments. Such a resolve in a gay Irishman was strange, and perseverance in it yet stranger: he disposed of his hunters and hounds, put his estates to nurse, and left, ere middle age had set its stamp upon him, his hospitable, luxurious home, for this simple cottage. Few were the guests that entered his door; the circle of acquaintances and flatterers had passed away, when they saw that his resources were at an end—that his steeds, his equipage, his many servants, all were gone. Of those who had loved him as a companion, who had feasted at his table, a few still came at long intervals to see him; and they were, as was the chance stranger, cheerfully, warmly welcomed; and they found him the same gay and agreeable being, on whom, in spite of the change of circumstance and place, no weariness of life hung, not for a moment. And why should he not be so? Memory had lost its bitterness, and hope was with him night and day: yet a little while, and he should again sit by his own hearth, the hearth of his childhood, lord of all his own. Is there any thing more delightful than to raise again the hall of our fathers, to return to it as with the harp and the viol, and see the familiar faces gather round, and hear the exquisite voices, long hushed, of our past splendour? There were many books in the parlour, for how could life be passed here without reading?

It is a long and weary ascent up the Esk mountain, and a strange and splendid view from the other side; savage looking hills and mountains, rolling on each other, like waves of the sea: imprisoned in their cliffs, as within bands of iron, is the delicious wilderness of Glengariff. Its lonely inn at the water's edge is unusually good; the rooms clean

and neat, the beds good, servants attentive, and all the windows look out on the mimic bay, its gardens, isles, and cliffs. The charges are very moderate, as they are generally in this country, where a stranger need never complain of them : they are upon an average, at the inns on the road, nearly a third lower than in England. We passed a few days at this place, whose seclusion, beautiful and entire as it may be, is in too narrow confines for the fancy, on which a sense of oppression and monotony creeps ere long. The fish, the bread, the butter, are here excellent, as they are throughout the south of Ireland : the bread is in many parts superior to even that of Paris, and this is no slight luxury to the wandering man. The coffee is rarely good in the inns, town or country ; he is tempted to long almost daily for a cup of the pure, inspiring beverage, on which he may, like Boniface with his ale, eat, drink, sleep, and go on his way rejoicing. No other visiter was at this time in the little inn by the water, in which one might have fancied oneself, at sunset, so deep was the stillness, in some isle of the Pacific ; the wild, squalid figures of the mountaineers that flitted before the window, have enough of the savage to fill up the picture. The next morning, as we walked up the dell, our guide of the preceding day, a young, good-tempered Irishman, passed by to our surprise, as he had taken leave the evening before. " Did you not return last night ? "—" No, your honour, got up with the gray of the morning, which is the same thing ; but the pony, the vagabone ! got out of the field, in the night, and went home without me, to please himself. Oh ! the weary walk he gave me over the mountains ! and when I overtook him, he was just going comfortably into Kenmare."

" But what brought you back again ? "

" There it is now, all o' this vagabone : for when I overtook him, just near my own door, I had forgot the bridle and saddle, in my hurry this mornin, and I'm come all the way back for them. And how does your honour like Glengariff ? "

" Very much : the bay is too much shaded by the mountains, you cannot see the sun set on it. "—" And that's quite true, though few jintlemen consave it : but if you were to walk early in the morning by the wather, you'd see such an iligant blink of the sun fall upon it, from behind the mountains ! May you like Glanmore as well ; and if I knew the way there, would I leave your honour with a stranger, so lonely ? " The walk of two miles up the glen leads first to Lord Bantry's lodge, on a little isle in the rapid stream ; a rich yet gloomy retreat, little broken by the glad beams of the sun ;—it is entered by a rustic bridge, made out of some timber of one of the Spanish armada, wrecked on this coast. This glen of Glengariff is truly Irish, a picture of its people. Rare and exquisite things, which elsewhere require culture, spring vigorously from the desert soil, unaided by any fostering hand : uncontrolled and of noble growth, the yew, the holly, arbutus, sycamore, with many a forest tree and flower, shoot lavishly from every crevice and hole of the masses of rock, which cover the bosom and sides of the glen. The scene is primeval, yet it is a desert glory, whose shadow falls sadly—whose wantonness is strangely, yet uselessly beautiful. It is closed by the Eagle's Nest, a gray and noble precipice, five hundred feet high, its clefts fringed with verdure ; at its feet a hamlet and two little lakes, now dark with the gathering clouds : the harvest was

on a few fields, and made glad in the desolate place. The rain soon fell in torrents ; the only refuge was in one of the hovels, for cottage is too sweet a word for an Irish peasant's home. It consisted of two rooms, sad and dark ; the fire was out on the hearth, its people were seated wistfully on the floor. They instantly bestirred themselves for the stranger ; one put some turf on the dying embers and quickly made them blaze ; another placed an old barrel upright, to serve as a table, and then ran to get a little milk. The barrel, by way of honour, was placed in the inner-room, beside the window, most of whose glass was long since gone ; the rain beat wildly against it ; some squalid beds were beside the wall, scarcely raised from the floor.

These people had not far to travel to a place of worship. On the green bank, about a mile and a half beneath, was a large chapel, to which, on the sabbath, they gathered from the country, far and wide. There was a cemetery adjacent ; the priest had a picturesque domain ; over the glen and its beautiful retreats, its mountain, hamlets, and lone cottages, his flocks were scattered ; he could scarcely pay a visit without passing by some clear stream, mountain tarn, or beneath the ancient and silent trees of the glen, whose shadow is sweet at noon-day ; the kind welcome of the people always awaiting him. What scenes of misery sometimes await him ! In one cottage, but not in this hamlet, was a widow, and childless : she was busily employed in some knitting ; the pittance thus gained was little, yet a little is often precious in an Irish home, where it is mostly expended in clothing, rarely in food. Her face was pale, the eye bright with that appealing look that instantly touches another's feeling ; its effect was aided by the clear and almost musical voice, often heard among the Irish women. In her husband's time they had lived in comparative plenty and comfort, by his daily labour. He had died almost in his youth, and she, too, was still young, and they had known no sorrows till this first and latest, for she seemed to think that every other yet to come must fall lightly. The Irish are said to be quickly forgetful of benefits received, or love enjoyed ; that their powerful emotions are like their rains, fierce and brief. But this is not so : their domestic attachments are strongly felt, and often long remembered. The neighbours and villagers are mutually kind in feeling and conduct. It is often pleasant to watch the looks, and hear the expressions of this poor people to each other ; the sympathy taken in each other's hour of bereavement. The sorrow of this woman seemed to be brooded over, as if she loved it more than any other thing. In the midst of her employment the look was absent ; yet she took pleasure in telling of her loss, and how she was left early a widow, and lived so happy with her husband, and seldom left her home, save to go to the chapel, and to visit the place of his rest, which she kept clean and fresh, though it was only a grassy mound. It was a hard thing to pay the priest his tribute out of such destitution, yet it was always done, once a quarter, and at the end of the year. She loved her native glen, which it was evident no temptation, or even suffering, could ever induce her to forsake : this faithfulness was a beautiful trait ; the more so, when so many of her country-people were willing to leave their country and hamlet, for better wages and food. There was something of the imaginative, not rare among

the peasantry, in this woman's thoughts : she evidently reflected for herself ; with poverty and sadness beside the hearth, what a priceless possession was even this measure of mind, this light of the Spirit, sharpened, perhaps, by the strength of her grief ! Her figure was fine, and her features full of expression ; her dress carefully neat ; a more impressive being is rarely met with in an Irish home. Beside that spot she now loved the best in the glen, by night, as well as by day, one could picture her lament for the lost.

Alone, beside my husband's grave,  
Here hath the midnight found me ;  
The deep blue midnight, like a pall  
Of solemn beauty round me.

Not here—to watch the morning light  
Break redly on that silver sea :  
Morn wears not now the radiance bright  
It wore in happier years to me.

I hear the ocean pealing,  
That hope is o'er !  
And ev'ry echo through the red vaults stealing,  
Breathes of "no more !"

Is it the night-wind sighing,  
Sadly o'er vale and river ?  
Is it not Death—a silent voice—replying,  
Soon shalt thou rest for ever !

How beautiful ! how beautiful !  
My vale, whose roses fill the air ;  
Whose cedar, yew, and sycamore,  
Seem natural temples made for pray'r.

But each rose wears a deeper dye,  
A hue prophetic of my doom ;  
And every lofty forest bough  
Droops heavy round my widowed home.

Yes ! let me weep, and let me pray,  
See day by weary day depart :  
Ah ! what avail my wasted years,  
And what avails my breaking heart !

And is it much for life to ask  
A little rest before the last ?  
To my lost home of hope and love  
Come back again—the angel past !

Glengariff ! thou art still my home,  
And thou ere long must be my grave :  
I know it—yet I would not roam,  
No, not this fleeting life to save.

And if there lie o'er him and me  
This grassy bank, this flower-deck'd sod,  
So let it be—so let it be,  
If but the spirit rest with God !

At the distance of fifteen miles, far in the mountains, was the lake

of Glanmore, not often visited, of which report spoke highly. We set out with a guide : the fierce sunshine was broken by masses of white clouds, driven slowly by the breeze that came from Bantry Bay. The way was, first, a long ascent through the mountains above Glengariff, by many a lonely tarn and height ; then for many miles along the bay of Bantry, which merits but a portion of the praise generally given to it. The bold and barren Hungry mountain was in front at a short distance ; the hamlets were few, and then a gentle descent to the village of Adrigoll, near an arm of the bay, so enclosed, that it looked like a mimic lake. The wildness, yet the softness of the site of Adrigoll, is admirable : its miniature church is at the mountain's foot, a faint resemblance of the exquisite village and chapel of Montreux, in the Canton de Vaud. The scattered cottages of Adrigoll are neat, whitewashed, some inhabited by farmers, and half shrouded in their trees. The church is recently built, has a tasteful and even elegant appearance, within whose walls assemble about twenty Protestants : the Romish population of the parish is two thousand. The vicarage rears its white front quite alone, among the trees on the bank and close to the water. Turning to the right up a long valley, the guide did not seem certain of the way : a farmer who came up, sent a shrewd and handsome Irish boy, who belonged to his household, to be our guide to Glanmore. This was a fine-looking and hospitable man, who seemed at ease in his possessions, and pressed us earnestly to enter his house, but the sun was already declining. Near his house are the ruins of an ancient chapel, so venerated by the people, that they bring their dead very many miles to it, from mountain and glen. He said, it was an impressive sight, the coming down the vale of a great company of mourners from afar off, raising the death-wail as they came : they forsake their own burial-ground to lay the departed in this old ruin and its cemetery. Turning to the left, another and wilder valley opened—a thorough wilderness, treeless and homeless ; no scattered sheep on its sides ; it was marshy in many places from the late rains : the tract, sometimes lost, was hardly found again, and we were obliged to dismount, and walk among the crags, bushes, and pools.

At last, from the top of the farthest height, we saw the lone and beautiful lake of Glanmore beneath ; descending the mountain, another valley opened on the left—a deep seclusion, whose green pastures and winding stream, were darkly enclosed by rugged mountains. Glanmore had no welcome, no home for the stranger ; the smoke rose from lonely cabins here and there ; its rich shore was voiceless. On its isle there was a dwelling, whose white walls promised a refuge within, could we get at it ; but the windows were closed, and there was no sign of a fire or host in the island-home. An oarless boat was on the strand, and as we looked wistfully round, a peasant hastily approached.

“ Can you tell me where are the oars that belong to this boat, that we may row to that cottage ? ”

“ Will your honour excuse my boldness ; but where do you live when you're home ? ”

“ Four or five hundred miles off. ”

“ And is that the farthest part of England from here ? and did your honour come by sea-water ? ”

Passing on in hope of more intelligence, in about ten minutes we met another peasant, respectably clad, his blue cloak gracefully worn, his look kind, his manner earnest, as indeed is ever the manner of an Irish peasant: no dulness or slowness of speech, or thought; the look, words, and gestures, mostly keep time together—sly, droll, or extravagant though they be; but curiosity is a master-passion in the country places.

“Can you tell me if there is a lodging to be got in the neighbourhood?”

“Is it a lodgin your honour wants?” said the peasant. “If you were but going the same way with myself, to my home up the valley, and ’twould be an honour to me.”

“Do you live in that valley on the left, that I saw as we came down the mountain?”

“Isn’t it a pleasant place?—quite a sweet lonesome place, your honour. Wouldn’t we be happy to see you there!”

“But is there no house near by?”

“And where is such a lodgin as Paddy Sha’s in the whole neighbourhood? quite iligant, with a clane bed, and all kinds of meat at any hour of the day, and milk and bread also. Does your honour see that rock that stands by itself away from the water, and the red marks on the face of it near the top? (This was a fine mass of rock, about eighty feet high, isolated at some distance from the lake.) In the last struggle, a chief of the rebels was taken; and after putting him to death with many wounds, they hanged him off the top of the rock, to be a warnin to the rest—and his blood’s upon the rock, and there it is to this day: the winter’s storms and rains can’t wash it out, nor the summer’s heat dry it up.”

Following his direction, a quarter of a mile brought us to the vicinity of the dwelling. The birds of the air seemed to have carried the matter—a group had assembled to greet the stranger’s arrival; the oldest of whom, a little man, whose hair was white, pointed with a solemn air down a little lane, at the end of which his white cottage, amidst some trees and green hedges, received us. How welcome was the turf fire, blazing high! We sat down by its side, wet and weary, yet disposed to be happy, for we had begun to feel friendless in the wilderness; and a home had opened to us, even against hope, of the patriarch of the lake. The pigs had, perhaps, been ejected; the children certainly put under cover, in corners, cupboards, or dark places. In about a quarter of an hour, one head was projected, and then another, then a body or two crept on the floor, that had been swept with magical haste; at last some six or seven little Sha’s, of various statures and hushed voices, were in full view.

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## SHAKSPEARE'S DRINKING-BOUT:

A TALE OF THE TOPING AT BIDFORD.

By J. B. BUCKSTONE.

On a fresh and and shining Whit-Monday morning, in the year 1582, a band of roisters assembled in front of the "Swan," a pleasant little inn at Stratford-upon-Avon. The group consisted of several young townsmen, and the good laughing with which their discourse was garnished, betokened that the subject was a right merry one. No man spoke as though his word were conclusive; there was no "Sir Oracle" among them; hence it may be supposed, that politics were not under discussion; nor slander, for there was lack of whispering; nor sarcasm, for no feelings seemed to be wounded; nor detraction, for neither sneer nor scowl could be traced upon their joyous faces. The leaves of a fine aspen quivered above them, a busy and happy world of life, while the shrill chirruping of the young birds, and the neighbourly responses of Sir Chanticleer, mingling with the shouts and wholesome laughter of the gossiping group beneath, formed a noble picture of mirth, goodwill, and English rusticity.

"Ho! ho! Frank Underhill," cried one of the party, "dost remember our refusing to quit the inn parlour till the fair hostess had bestowed upon us a maternal benediction, and a parting kiss? And dost recollect the arrival of mine host, as the last luckless wight struggled with the dame, and his sudden downfall under the blow of a brown jug upon his cockscomb, from the angry spouse?" By the rattling laugh that followed this reminiscence, it was clear that the party were relating the adventures and mishaps of a previous tippling meeting, and many and various were the scoundrel tricks and villanous jokes uproariously reverted to. This merriment was interrupted by a sudden rising of the group, as a deafening shout told the approach of a favourite companion. A young man now bounded towards them, every hand was stretched forth to welcome him, and every eye seemed to brighten with joy at his presence, while an ancient and grizzled ostler, who was watching the party from the stable-door, grinned, and rubbed his withered palms together, with every expression of extravagant glee.

The youth who had joined the roisters, was apparently about eighteen; his face beamed with health and intelligence: in taking off his cap he showed a forehead finely arched, and of singular height, but on which the hair seemed to grow somewhat scantily, though it fell in great profusion on his shoulders: his eyes were full, and flashed continually, as with an innate joyousness; but ever and anon they would wear a strange and grave aspect: his brows that were before in mild repose, would knit as though he were in some proud meditation; but again a wild sally from his companions would bring his glance upon them, and the quick change that thereupon came over every feature, would give to his thoughtful face such a character of infinite glee, and mad waggery, that it became a matter of wonder to mark such opposite expressions displayed in the index of one man's mind.

"What is it that I have heard?" quoth the new comer. 'Has all

England been challenged by these ale-topers of Bidford, to try the "strength of their heads?"

"It has, brave Will," replied a dozen voices.

The young man now sprang upon one of the rude tables in front of the inn.

"Silence, silence! shouted the throng.

'And shall it be said that the lovers of deep draughts, whose honest faces I now look upon, have heard this vainglorious summons in silence? Up, men of Stratford, let us show them sport—if they tope gallons, we will empty barrels; if they drain barrels, we will hollow tuns; or, like the army of the ancient king, soak up whole rivers,—so they be of ale,—ere these dull Bidford men shall crow so loudly."

"A Shakspeare! a Shakspeare to the fight!" roared the mad lads, and up went caps and battered cone-like hats into the air; and, in a brief space, twelve stout tipplers of the good town of Stratford-upon-Avon started to Bidford, to drink a match with the renowned soakers of that thirsty village.

"Odds buddikins," muttered the beforenamed ancient ostler, "were that lunacy varlet, Will Shakspeare, to zay he'd lead un all to Lucifus, not a rogue among 'em would turn him back; he wur married scarce a month ago to master Hathaway's daughter, and I warrant me he hath now her goodly portion of many crowns, in his zievvy pouch—An he return with 'em, happy man be his dole." And hereupon he grinned a huge grin, and rubbed him down his mare.

And now master Sol, that prince of topers, shone forth brighter than before, as if resolved to have some share in the sport; for he threw upon the mad party some of the warmest beams the season would permit him, so that one might think that he communed with himself, somewhat after this fashion:—"Odds life! though I cannot get down and join the rogues, wretch that I am, yet will I aid their cause, for the sake of my young darling, their leader; therefore, if a wholesome heat will increase their thirst, and make them worthy of my warm friendship, they shall smoke in their jackets, ere they see the end of their journey."

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the men of Bidford, as they beheld those of Stratford advancing, our challenge hath been heard, and right valiant foemen do we meet, and hard will be the strife this day; for lo! Will Shakspeare leads them on, and a lustier toper of English beer, and jolly good ale than he, lives not in Britain." And then a loud shouting ensued that rent the air; for the opponents had met, and amidst jesting, laughter, kissing of country wenches, gambollings and curvettings, two noble casks of ale were planted in the largest room of the best house in Bidford, and there tapped.

Each man now paid his share of the reckoning to mine host, while Master Will was seen to extract his portion from an apparently well-filled canvass bag, towards which the eyes of the party were attracted, with strange glances of doubt, as to a long continuance of its besity. Brown earthen jugs were ranged on the table before each man which were soon filled and frothing; and, at a signal given by our Will, the men of Stratford emptied them at a draught, and clapped them again on the table, with the precision of a file of soldiers grounding their matchlocks. Not so the wily men of Bidford (who were termed the

Sippers, from their allowing two draughts to a jug ere they would finish it), they paused in their potations. "Oho!" quoth Master Hall of the Stratford side, "where are the toppers we should meet? by your caution ye should be 'the Sippers.'"

"Truly we are, as ye shall find to your cost," replied a Bidford man. "Our toppers have gone to Evesham fair, to try the strength of weaker heads than thine, and it is left for us, the slow, but no less sure, sippers of Bidford, Pebworth, Marston, and other hamlets around, to lay the flower and chivalry of Stratford in the dust."

"Drain your cups, ye niggardly slaves," shouted mad Will; "and ho! mine host! bring us forth stout quarts, an we do not empty them at a drink, and then wait soberly till these dull snails come up with us, weak boys of water shall we be, no more stout men of ale."

Quarts were now filled and finished, ere the cautious men of Bidford had drained a third jug, thus giving a rest to Will's men, which they turned to merry account by such chirruping and singing, as was spoken of in the village for many a good day after.

Marian Green, the pretty and plump maid of the alehouse, coming in to wait upon the guests, was observed to be whimpering. "Why is this, sweet wench?" said Will. "What cruel mischance hath dimmed thine eyes?" and then he grasped the fingers of the girl, looked at her with such a gaze of pity, and at the same time whispering with such tenderness, that her face instantly brightened.

"Go your ways for a naughty varlet, Master Will," said she, "I am sad for no such villany; 'tis on account of my gossip, Alice Hart, that the tears are in mine eyes; they are now haling her to the church, to wed her to that heartless usurer, John a'Coombe—see, Will, see!—look through yon casement; there she walks, poor lamb, the withered bridegroom passing on amid the scenes of the throng, and she winning all their pity."

"And who is he standing in the shadow of yon poplar, wistfully watching them, his arms wreathed like a melancholy malcontent?"

"'Tis Master Davenant, a good youth and true, but poor; and that hath hindered him in his suit with Alice, though the maiden loves him as the light."

"And is not that the uncle of the wench—he, there, by the side of the crazy bridegroom?"

"It is, and her only kinsman; he cannot return to John a'Coombe some moneys he hath borrowed at high interest, and that is the cause of yon sad sacrifice."

"What is the amount due to the usurer?"

"A hundred crowns and more."

Will thrust his hands into his pouch, produced his luckless bag, which indeed held the little dowery he had received with his wife Anne. He gazed at it wistfully, thrust it again into his pouch, ruminated a moment, drained his jug of ale, glanced at his companions, then rushed to the casement, thrust it open, and shouted in a voice of thunder—

"Ho! John a'Coombe! stand, old ten in the hundred—drop that white hand, ere Apollyon seize thee!"

The wedding group hearing this loud and fierce salutation, turned to look at the spot whence it proceeded. Through the open casement sprang Will with the agility of a hound. Up rose the band of toppers

in astonishment at this sudden evolution, wondering what fiend had so possessed him.

"Oho! quoth John a'Coombe! 'tis that good for naught Will Shakspeare, let him take heed, or my friend, Sir Thomas, shall trounce him soundly for this—a malapert!"

Our Will now came up with the amazed group, who were still more wonderstruck to behold him pluck the sad bride from a'Coombe, clip her round the waist, and press her to his heart, as though he himself were some mad lover of the maid. John a'Coombe's party turned to punish this audacity; but Will, holding forth his doomed bag of money, shouted forth—

"Back, knaves!—I shall defend this deed with neither steel nor cudgel; behold a weapon, against which your master dares not war! Ho! Master Hart! this fair maid is thy niece, thou hast borrowed money of yon usurious crab, who hath affected her—thy bond is uncanceled, and she, poor wench, is the only consideration that can annul it.—Is not this so?"

"Truly it is," replied the kinsman.

"And could the debt be paid, you would not suffer this foul prostitution?"

"I would not."

"There," quoth our Will, flinging down his money at the feet of the usurer, "take thy coin, and let this damsel go in peace."

Master John a'Coombe seeing there was no help for him, took up the bag with excellent grace, and went away into the chancel of the church, not to be married, but to count the money.

"Tell the coin well, old John," cried Will, calling to him up the aisle; "see that not a penny be wanting; and besides the interest thou wilt find there, I will give thee an epitaph gratis, with a hope that thou wilt soon require it. Listen, and note it in thy memory:"

"Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,

'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.

If any man ask, 'Who lies in this tomb?'

'Oh! oho!' says the devil, 'tis my John a'Coombe.'

A loud laugh from the bystanders followed this effusion, all vowing with one accord, that Will was the veriest madcap, and soundest-hearted villain in the world.

"And now," quoth he to a lusty youth, who had approached at the commencement of this interruption to the wedding proceedings, "here is thy mistress; I beheld thy melancholy mood when you thought her lost to thee for ever—take her—love her—marry her, and let the consequence be a boy as soon as the sisters three will so allow it. And harkye, Master Davenant, should ye want a godfather, for this as yet but talked-of trouble, Will Shakspeare will be ready at your wish, even though he take God's name in vain. And think of these words, my friend," added he to the uncle, as he seized the amazed man's hands and looked at him with singular earnestness.

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer—brave;  
Age like winter—bare."

And so he went on improvising with a voluble glee, that won all hearts as he has since gained ours; for are not the whole of the fine lines he then uttered, remembered in his immortal sonnets which we so love to read?"

The happy lover spoke of gratitude, of a return of his kindness, should he meet with better fortune; but Will clapped his hands to his ears, and returned to his drinking-bout, where he found a foaming jug waiting for him. But the fame of Stratford seemed doomed to experience a reverse on that luckless day, for the sippers were still quietly and steadily discussing their potations, and keeping in good pace with their opponents; while they, inheriting something of the life of their leader, put no check upon the exuberance of their spirits, but talked, and halloo'd, and roared forth catches, and belaboured tables in argument, and kicked away sundry impertinent chairs; thereby plainly showing that the fumes of the strong ale had already commenced its work.

"Come, Will, come," cried some half-dozen hiccupping voices, "take off your ale, man, we'll see the dull varlets on the earth yet. Here, Will!—Ho, Will!—How now, Will!—We shall carry you home in triumph, Will!—Drink, Will!" roared all that could speak; and then such a confusion of sounds arose, which nothing could silence but the chanting by our Will, of his "Confession of Faith"—the famous old toping troll from "Gammer Gurton's Needle," and which every man and boy in those days delighted to sing; and, were it not as well known in our time, it should be here fully set forth for our edification. And when they bore their parts in its roistering burden,—

"Back and syde go bare, go bare,  
Both foote and hande go cold:  
But belly, God send thee good ale ynoughe,  
Whether it be new or old,"

it was shouted forth with such true bacchanalian gusto, that the madmen of Stratford commenced rending their doublets, and casting away other of their garments with so much determination, that a pretty bevy of damsels, attracted by Will's silver voice to the doorway to listen, uttered a shriek, pretty to hear, and vanished. But, alas! when the burden came on for the second time, it was bellowed forth with such lustiness and zeal, every man rising to give his voice its loudest tone, that the last note came like a cannon-shot upon the whole party; for at its finish, a dreadful carnage ensued. Five stout yeomen of Stratford bit the dust—five of the sippers also lay prostrate, but still mad Will held on his song to the end.

"Back and syde go bare,"

drowsily sang he for the last time; but, alack, no help had he to bring him fairly through; one solitary Stratford man essayed a sound, that only ended in a fat chuckle and a snore. The battle was done—the sturdy and cautious sippers had gained the day, for there sat four of them still unconquered, and filling a cup to the now silent Will—but, alas! where was he?

The sun had risen again—the lark was singing high in the heavens—but where was Will?—poor Will! Waking from a long and leaden sleep, repentance in his heart, fierce pangs in his brain, emptiness in his

pockets, the turf beneath him, and the boughs of a sheltering crab-tree above his head. His companions were standing around, all woe-begone, unshaven, and begrimed.

"Back with us, Will," said one of them; "let us not return to Stratford with this dishonour: we will try them again."

"Good friends," quoth Will, "leave me here, I pray you; I have much to think of."

"Wilt thou return with us?"

"No! they have fairly conquered us, and I am content to have drank with—

"Piping Pebworth—Dancing Marston,  
Haunted Hilborough, and Hungry Grafton;  
With Dadging Exhall—Papist Wixford—  
Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

Will being now left to himself, bethought of the future with apprehension. Where was his wife's portion? Gone! He sighed wistfully, for Mistress Anne had given proof of a love of domestic dominion; and being some years his senior, Will, with all his ale, was virtuous enough to pay some reverence to his elders.

"Shall I go home?" quoth he. "An I do, what will meet me there? Harsh words and fierce glances—but, why should I fly in fear of woman? Again: Shall I go home? What must I expect? the bailiffs of Sir Thomas, whose deer I killed last week. Again: Shall I go home? Mistress Anne will say, 'Where hast thou slept the night, thou varlet?'—No; I'll to London."

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A thousand blessings on vexatious Anne!

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## MEMOIR OF MRS. TROLLOPE.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

(*With a Portrait.*)

FRANCES MILTON was the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Milton, vicar of Heckfield, Hants—a New College living, of which Society he was for some years a Fellow. He was an able mathematician and mechanic, and was well known among the scientific men of his day.

In 1809 Miss Milton was married at Heckfield, to Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., son of the Rev. Anthony Trollope, and grandson of Sir Thomas Trollope, Bart., of Casewick, Lincolnshire. He lived to witness the decisive success of Mrs. Trollope's first work, and the commencement only of the brilliant literary career, of which that was the opening. He died in 1835.

It was in 1827 that Mrs. Trollope left England for America; and in 1831 that she returned to her native country. In the following year she published her two volumes on the "Domestic Manners of the





*J. J. J. J. J.*



Americans ;" and from that time to the present a rapid succession of popular and successful works has confirmed and extended the reputation which her first book achieved ; and have won for her an undisputed place amid the principal favourites of the public.

Such are the leading facts and general outline of Mrs. Trollope's history. Of the details of her domestic life, which should complete the sketch, we know but little ; but we would make a few remarks on one peculiarity in the reception which her works have met with from the public.

That Mrs. Trollope has, from the first commencement of her career up to the present time, been uniformly and eminently successful as an author, no one can gainsay or doubt. But on the other hand it is equally clear, that scarcely any of her works—the charming "*Widow Barnaby*," perhaps, excepted—have escaped the vehement and angry censure of some portion or other of the press. Certainly no other author of the present day has been at once so much read, so much admired, and so much abused. Now how is this to be accounted for ? Does it not arise from the bold, and uncompromising expression of her own honestly-formed convictions and opinions, on every subject, whatever they may be, on the one hand ; and from the intrinsic talent, and charming style of her works on the other ? We can trace the circumstance to no other cause.

There may be many persons more competent to form an opinion on many subjects than Mrs. Trollope. Her views may be distorted by prejudice—(as whose are not ?)—or she may form a judgment too hastily ; but we confess that we set a very high value on Mrs. Trollope's opinion for this reason : That we are sure that be the subject what it may, and let the opinion she may have conscientiously arrived at be what it may—and displeasing to whom it may—that opinion will be freely, honestly, and boldly expressed. This is, it is true, a course, which must and will make enemies (or opponents rather) ; but we would hold up the example of Mrs. Trollope to all writers, as a proof that in authorship as well as in other crafts, honesty is the best policy ; for we firmly believe, that all the opposition and censure which the free expression of her opinions has drawn down upon her, from those who think differently, has in no degree availed to check the success of her works.

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## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

## THE IDLER IN ITALY.\*

THERE are circumstances under which authors may excuse a critic's differing from what they assert, and even a lady can pardon contradiction, from those who owe her gallantry. Thus must we begin by fault-finding.

*The Idler* ? " We would not hear thine enemies say so,  
Nor shalt thou do our ear that violence,  
To make it truster of thine own report  
Against thyself. We know thou wert no idler !"

Two volumes, recording the occupations of nearly every day, from August 25, 1822, to May or June, 1827, prove that her ladyship was constantly and variously employed; enjoying, observing, exploring, conversing, and setting down the vivid impressions which her fine mind received; with a spirit liberal as just, a tone of blended vivacity and sentiment, which lends a charm to her pages, the more striking as contrasted by evidences of classic and manly erudition, rarely possessed by a lovely and fashionable woman. *En passant*, though the portrait gives us the delicate features, and animal beauty of the Countess, it does not realize the intellectual and aristocratic expression of its original.

That reminds us of the amiable enthusiasm with which she dwells on the graces of her own sex. Nature set her above the power of envying any one. Her ideas are all liberal, unprejudiced, impartial, and breathed with a frankness, free from pretence, display, or affectation.

An intense love of her own country and compatriots, for instance, blinds not her ladyship to the agreeabilities, the occasional superiorities of other lands, and their natives, of all classes.

There is no false humility in the manner of her mentioning her own verses, though we think more highly of them than does their authoress. The power of extemporarily clothing gentle and refined thoughts in measured rhyme, is a talent not to be depreciated, because it may not rank its possessor with our original and creative poets. Nor is an elegant versifier to be responsible for the flatteries of those who know not of what poems should be made.

Our fair Journaliser's versatile pen gracefully flies from Politics to Cookery, from Religion to Scenery, from Fashion to the Fine Arts, including Music and the Drama, from illustrations of national character, in humble life and in the hospitals, to the highest society of the realms through which she passed.

Numerous are her royal personæ, of different orders; the anecdotes

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\* *The Idler in Italy.* By the Countess of Blessington.

of Napoleon's family are deeply interesting, especially that of Madame Mère's saluting the forehead of Lady Blessington—What a picture!

High titles and noble names abound in this agreeable work. Not the least exciting among them, the reader will find those of our British literati; Byron, Moore, Shelly, Gell, Hamilton, Lister, and a host of celebrated beings.

Her ladyship, indeed, beheld the extraordinary mind of Childe Harold unveiled, and most fairly deals she with its peculiarities.

Perhaps the best way of praising this self-styled "Idler" is to extract a few passages from her own diary.

After a minute and sympathy-rousing description of that exhaustless topic, sea-sickness, her ladyship says,

"Self, self alone seemed remembered; but, in all this exhibition of our natural egotism, mothers and mothers alone resisted; they, though half-dead with sickness, could still think of their children, and forget their own sufferings to alleviate those of their offspring."

"They who wish to preserve the illusions of love, would do well to eschew this ordeal; which, like the grave, separates those whom the wily archer has united. It is difficult for a man to believe in the divinity of a beautiful woman after he has seen her"—

"But for a woman who, conscious of her own helplessness, relies for succour on the man she loves, what can restore her confidence in his supposed strength and superiority, when she has beheld him—Oh, degradation of the manly character—and heard him, &c. &c."

We think our belle logician a little 'severe in youthful beauty' here; but, without disputing her dictum, we must congratulate the men and women who, never having taken each other for divinities, are prepared to love on, without illusion, 'in sickness and in health.'

"September 1st. My birthday. I could be *triste* and sentimental were I to give way to the reflections which particular recollections awaken. In England I should experience these doleful feelings, but at Paris *tristesse* and sentimentality would be misplaced; so I must look *couleur de rose*, and receive the congratulations of my friends, on adding another year to my age; a subject far from meriting congratulations, when one has passed thirty."

"I have just returned from a visit to my old friend, the Baron Denon, who was, as all my French acquaintances profess themselves to be, charmed to see me."

The good Denon is a most amusing man, a compound of *savant* and *petit maître*; one moment descanting on Egyptian antiquities, and the next passing eulogiums on the *joli chapeau* or *robe* of his female visitors. He seems equally at home in detailing the perfections of a mummy, or in describing *le mignon pied d'une charmante femme*; and not unfrequently turns from exhibiting some *morceau d'antiquité bien remarquable*, to display the cast of the exquisite hand of Pauline Borghese.

Denon would be nothing without his collection. His house is a perfect museum, and furnishes him with an inexhaustible topic on which to expend his superfluous animation, and scientific discoveries. . . . He is the most obliging of all egotists, and, what is rare, the least tiresome. *L'Empereur et moi* forms the refrain of most of his monologues, and it is evident that he thinks one in no degree inferior to the other. His vanity, always harmless, is frequently very amusing."

There is much said, and well said too, of France and Switzerland, before "the Idler" reaches Italy. A French epigram, on the death, *en couche*, of Voltaire's and St. Lambert's mathematical mistress, is a rich specimen of Gallic levity and humour.

Lady Blessington makes honourable mention of our great tragedian; but, alas! modern Romans *might* have "looked on John Kemble in the Forum, or at the Capitol, as a stranger," unless they had been made known to him; besides, his having "admirably personated Roman characters," might rather have shamed than gratified some of Rome's rising generation. Had he been discovered in his Cato *dress*, among the eternal city's ruins, *then*, indeed—but, *even* then, a beholder would have required an imagination poetical as our authoress's own, in order to have appreciated the spectacle. The healthful exercise of horse-riding helped to sustain the flight of her fancy: like, "Mameluke," it is a high-mettled steed, for a lady's guidance, but managed excellently!

The French lines to Laura's grotto, or rather that in which Petrarch alone "reposed," are truly comic, though we agree with our authoress as to their *gross* injustice. Her exceptions, too, against the proverb of "Sad as a nightcap," have our full concurrence.

"We do not consider the hours allotted to repose as being dull; but then we are a reflecting race, and are not disposed to find fault with aught that tends to make us think, even though it should not make us sleep."

The following fact is curious, and new:

"The mother of Napoleon, on returning from church, was suddenly seized with the pangs of labour, and gave birth to him in her *salon*, before she could be removed to her bedchamber, on a tapestry carpet, on which was represented the heroes of Homer. This circumstance was frequently referred to," &c. Vol. i., p. 283.

The statement is confirmed, Vol. ii., p. 555.

"Count Tiburce Sebastiani, brother to the general of that name, a Corsican by birth, and connected with the Bonaparte family, told me, at Avignon, that Madame Mère's accouchement of Napoleon took place in a *salon*, on a carpet, on which was represented a scene in the Iliad. She had been to church, where she was taken ill, and had only time to be brought back to her house, and placed in the first *salon* on the *rez-de-chaussée*, where she gave birth to a hero, destined to create as much wonder, in modern days, as did any of those of Homer in ancient times."

This mère, no doubt, would have heard unenvyingly of the sleepless "father of twenty-seven children"—seen by the Countess.

Her ladyship proves that "they manage matters better in France," as to waltzing, dressing, or—leaving parts of the form undressed, than we do. That French women wear not easily spoilt *ceintures*, nor *robes* soon to be *chiffonné*, and *fané* by use.

This is "political economy" in them. Our belles can afford to be liberal and confiding.

At Florence, our authoress is very eloquent. She says of the Medicean Venus—

"There is a purity, a modesty in this inimitable work, that precludes the feelings of embarrassment with which women contemplate a nude statue, in the presence of men. It is the personification of ideal loveliness, refined and



spiritualized from every indication of human passion—coldly, chastely beautiful. Not so is the celebrated picture of Venus, by Titian, which is placed immediately behind it, forming a violent contrast to its celestial-looking neighbour. This glowing picture is all of earth, its beauty being wholly voluptuous, unredeemed by any expression of intellectual refinement. Titian should have placed Cupid Anteros by her side, to indicate that her's is the beauty that enchains the senses only. Yet, on reflection, this allegorical indication is not necessary, for the whole picture explains it, breathing an atmosphere of sensuality. The Venus de Medici must always charm women—the Venus of Titian—men."

We coincide with her ladyship's decision against the exuberant *embonpoint* of Reuben's women, who seem fit but to attract the admiration of butchers and graziers; her horror of huge busts, stomachs, and double chins.

Her preference for British over other females is commendable and well-founded; their shrinking timidity, even on the stage, she rightly deems an attraction, not a blemish.

Those who have only seen the *riante* portraits of the Countess, will hardly be prepared for the depth, vigour, novelty, and somewhat sombre hue of her moral reflections. Yet let the gay ponder them well! recommended as they are by a clear and accurate style, they must please while they instruct, and sober while they elevate.

Lady Blessington writes with a devotedly Christian feeling and intent; all her apostrophes on the fleeting enjoyments of life, evince sincere faith and piety; yet we dare not extract the monk's harangue, touching the true and the false Polichinel. In papistical states, such things are common; but on Protestant ground, they would seem rather startling, if we repeated them. Lady Blessington possesses a power of describing the terrible almost cruelly well. Her soldier killed in a duello, her revolutionary heroine, forced to drink human blood, and her account of *the dog at the Grotto de Cani*—his daily-expected, resisted, and repeated temporary death,—these are morsels full of stern lessons, and very agonizing to the physical, the nervous construction of all sensitive readers.

How strangely true it is, that children, who never are to be in any way great or noted, remain babes at an age senior to that at which others, marked by nature for coming glory, were men and women in miniature!

Lady Blessington, when but in her seventh year, was translating Madame de Sevigné's Letters; yet, when education had had more than a quarter of a century's chance of improvement (since *then*), she met in Naples "an English girl, about ten years old," doubtless of rich and high connexions, "who exclaimed, on seeing a Neptune, 'Oh! dear mamma, only fancy—here is a Neptune! a real Neptune, too, with a fork! How strange! I thought that Neptune belonged only to England. I imagined there was but one Neptune!'"

So zealous a patriot as our authoress would, no doubt, tolerate such a blunder. Another Neapolitan, and still more infantine, incident merits our praise.

"The wife of one of the gardeners of Belvedere was confined this morning, and gave birth to a fine little girl. I saw her at work in the court-yard an hour before the event, and in less than an hour after it had occurred, the infant was

brought to me, swathed in the Italian mode, from the chest to the feet, precisely like the drawings of Indian children which I have seen ; the head had no cap, but was profusely powdered ; and, strange to say, the ears were already pierced, and bore gold rings in them. The powdered head formed a curious contrast with the red face of the infant, which presented any thing rather than a pleasing sight. Nevertheless, the relatives and friends of the parents pronounced it to be the most charming *bambino* ever seen, and the mother pressed it rapturously to her breast, as, seated beneath the arcades in the court, within six hours after her accouchement, she exhibited it to her neighbours and visitors, with no small degree of self-complacency and delight. While I write this, a very interesting and picturesque group are assembled beneath my window, consisting of the united families of the two gardeners, the *nouvelle accouchée* and her *bambino*, the grandmother, and some of the neighbours. The children are all touching and kissing the new-born infant, the grandmother cautioning them not to be too rough in their caresses, and the mother, with no symptom of recent illness, *en cheveux*, and dressed *à l'ordinaire*, is partaking of her usual evening repast, an abundant supply of macaroni. All seem in high glee ; and I am told that to-morrow she will resume her customary occupations, as if nothing particular had occurred !”

The St. Januarius's farce is ludicrously described, and how his Saintship's Catholic votaries miscall him, if his phial of blood is tardy in its annual miracle of liquefaction.

This is a relief, after certain coffinless charnel-houses, and museums of anatomical preparations, only too faithfully, too potently depicted.

Favourable tributes are paid to the talents of Charles Matthews, junior, as a mimic. The authoress, speaking of another great man's hope, most truly observes,

“ If a son happens to possess the qualities that distinguished his parent, people say, ‘ Yes, he does remind one of his father, but how different !’ If he has merit of another kind, they shake their heads and say,  
‘ Ah ! how unlike our old friend !’ ”

There is a *naïveté*, a *bonne foi*, about her ladyship's lucubrations, that nor learning, nor travel, nor knowledge of high life, nor experience in the ways of the world generally, can uncreate—a freshness of heart, a simple candour of diction, that seems lending an air of impulse to speculations on which she must have meditated long and often.

Much cant and twaddle has of late been set forth against egotism and personality. The traveller who keeps a diary must rewrite it, ere he or she can escape the first charge ; and we question whether, in giving *self* a false name, one would not be tempted to retrace events so gratifying to self-love, as to be inadmissible while one honestly says “ I” and “ me.”

As to the second count, persons named at full, in such works, are rarely vexed at heart with such notoriety, provided the writer has bestowed on them unqualified praise ; but if (in spite even of exaggerated compliments) a pet phrase, a trick, a habit, a superficial defect, be admitted to mark the identity, the fidelity of the portrait, then the original vapours—“ That is unjustifiably personal !” “ Spy,” “ Informer,” and the like epithets, reward the teller of truth, however kindly that truth may have been told.

Fortune and station prevent the possibility of Lady Blessington's caring what folks say.

For our parts, we think, if her book has a fault, it is that of being

too amiable; yet such weakness becomes her sex. The manners of many lands may need reform—gentle example can effect vast improvements; but whenever we see biting satire, however deserved, however likely to correct the errors it points out, coupled with a lady's name, we are sorry. It is not woman's work; at least, so we venture to opine.

Personages of vast public utility in this line may wear female attire; we may admire and thank their beneficial exertions, but we must wish that they were every way like the lords of the creation, with whom they compete.

Lady Blessington wisely contents herself with the feminine spheres of feeling, fancy, taste, and wit; in these she shines, and long may she shine! With which cordial aspiration we recommend her volumes to our readers, and bid their fair authoress adieu.

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### THE YOUTH OF SHAKSPEARE.\*

If a book may be expected to excite attention, and obtain popularity, in proportion to the number of readers, to whose sympathies and personal feelings it makes appeal, these volumes, portraying as in a fairy mirror "*The Youth of Shakspeare*," may reckon on outstripping all their competitors in the race of fame: for who among the many illustrious heirs of immortality, bearing an English name, was ever so proudly identified with the heart and mind of Englishmen, English women, and even English children, as our own Shakspeare? *our own* peculiarly, because we alone, who speak his tongue, can pretend to appreciate him. The mingled wonder and admiration which foreigners have begun to feel for Shakspeare, may be in some instances sincere; howbeit, in most cases, it is an empty affectation, or an ignorant and unworthy boasting, made at the expense of names that, as regards the boasters, are better worthy their quoting; though, be it an empty boast, or a heartfelt sentiment, it is equally a tribute to the boundless fame of its object. But by his own countrymen *alone* can Shakspeare be duly felt, and understood, and honoured; and to them especially are these highly-pleasing and characteristic volumes addressed.

The previous production of the same agreeable and ingenious writer, entitled "*Shakspeare and his Friends*," was so generally read and estimated, and it is moreover so fresh in the recollection of the reading world, that we are spared the necessity of entering into any lengthened details as to the general character of this sequel to the above-named work; the nature of the subject matter, the writer's mode of treating it, the style of the composition, and the chief character treated of, being identical. It is therefore only necessary for us to refer to the points in

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\* *The Youth of Shakspeare*. By the Author of "*Shakspeare and his Friends*." Three Vols.

which the new production differs from that to which it will form so worthy and so indispensable a companion. We have called it a "sequel" to "Shakspeare and his Friends;" but it is so in a somewhat Irish sense—the vehicle having preceded the steed. In the former work was placed before us the *MANHOOD* of Shakspeare, with all its rich and rare qualities, conditions, and concomitants. We have here the *YOUTH* of the same wondrous being, with its gentle and mysterious growth, from the heaven-sown seed, the fairy-tended root, the passion-nourished plant, up to "the bright consummate flower," which at length burst forth to gladden and glorify mankind, in the immortal "ROMEO and JULIET,"—that most beautiful emanation of the sunbright spirit of youth, that ever testified to the godlike, because the *creative* power of the human imagination. The first of these undertakings was doubtless a bold one, and could only have been ventured on from a wise and worthy confidence in the inspiring nature of the subject. The second we should have been tempted to pronounce a *rash* one, were it not for the sustained wing with which the author has made the flight. In fact, the present volumes are in every respect equal in merit and attraction to their pleasing and popular predecessors; and they will probably obtain a still greater degree of success, from the more inviting nature of the subject matter, and the scope it affords for a freer exercise of the writer's fancy, his feeling, and his imagination. In his former work, the author was tethered in a great degree to the Shakspeare of the theatre—of the town—of the world; the Shakspeare that we know and love, and honour, and wonder at, and almost adore. But here he has to deal with that most inviting, yet most vague, of all intellectual speculations, the Shakspeare "that never was on sea or land"—the Shakspeare who exists as a specific entity in the imagination of every one of us—like in no two imaginations, because in no two seen under the same phase,—differing from and alike in each case, as the stars differ from and are like each other, yet true in all, because seen, like the stars, by its own light, and by no other.

Such being the peculiar and unique nature of the subject of these volumes, the reader must not expect to find the Shakspeare of our author like *his own* Shakspeare, or like any body else's; and yet he must by no means on that account pronounce it other than the true Shakspeare: for though Shakspeare is to be judged by and compared with "himself alone," and his prototype and mistress almighty *Nature*, yet is he "all things to all men," and like Nature herself, the exponent, the container, the harmonizer of all.

The work commences on that ever-famous twenty-third of April, one thousand five hundred and sixty-four, which ushered into being the marvellous subject of it; and, true to its title, it pursues the fertile theme through all the flowery windings of its inviting course, till it fairly launches the bard on the great ocean of his fame, to ride there for ever, the most gallant and glorious bark on which the sun of immortality ever shone. Perhaps nothing has been written of Shakspeare at once more characteristic of its subject, and more deeply imbued with the true spirit in which that subject can alone be treated worthily, than the opening scenes of this book; in which the fairies, who are made to watch over the birth of their favourite, meet together by moonlight in a

fair meadow, on the banks of the Avon, and Titania discloses to Oberon her intention of taking, under her especial care, the child who is about to see the light in the neighbouring town. The fairy king and queen, of course, speak in the measured phrase proper to their poetical tribe; and we must say that, out of Shakspeare himself, there are few things more beautiful than some of the passages in which Titania describes the future destinies and qualities of the object of her favour. Nor does this superhuman opening of the subject interfere at all injuriously with that purely human sympathy on which the general effect of this work must and ought to depend: for it extends no further than to the ante-natal fortunes of the "divine" bard—the more divine that his attributes were so essentially and especially human. Very pretty and pleasing is the way in which the author describes the christening of the favoured infant—his first motives to learning, namely, his instinctive love of fairy lore—his gentle and happy childhood—his bright and blooming boyhood, and the first openings of his flowery "youth." All these, however, are touched rapidly and briefly, in order to afford ample scope for the treatment of that May of the poet's life, on which the writer lavishes all the warmth of his enthusiasm. And seldom has rich seed fallen on a richer and more fitting soil: for to treat of Shakspeare in a spirit in which cold and cautious criticism takes the smallest part—in short, to treat of him in any spirit but that of the burning and abounding enthusiasm which characterizes the present work, is to mistake the purposes of this species of writing, and to mistake still more the means by which those purposes are to be attained.

Brief as our limits are, we must not do this book the injustice to dismiss it without apprizing the reader, that it owes but half its attractions to the main subject on which it turns. The fortunes of Shakspeare are most ingeniously and pleasingly interwoven with a romantic fiction, highly characteristic of the times in which the scenes are laid, and which gives occasion for the introduction of almost all classes and conditions of the English people, at that most important and pregnant period of our history,—from the virgin Queen on her throne, with her favourites and famous courtiers and chivalry about her—her Liecesters, Essexes, Raleighs, Sydneys, and the rest—down through every grade of life, even to the humblest denizens of the way-side cottage, or the village green. Upon the whole, therefore, it will be inferred, as it fairly may, that we have seldom had to introduce to public notice and favour, a book more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of English life at the period in question, or one more deserving of that extensive popularity which it will certainly attain.

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## HORACE VERNON.\*

THOUGH scarcely answering to its second title, of "*Life in the West*"—(for many of its best scenes take place east of Temple Bar)—this novel has considerable merit. It is one of those scarcely exaggerated delineations of the actual "life" of the day, which must, if executed with even a moderate share of skill and knowledge, always prove entertaining to that numerous class of readers who do not like the trouble of observing for themselves; and it can hardly fail to be of some value in the eyes of the future antiquary, who may desire to know how we of this boasted nineteenth century "lived and had our being." The incidents of the story are pretty equally divided between those three great divisions of London life which make up its vast, varied, and mysterious whole, namely, the very highest—the Corinthian capital of the noble pillar (for such, as a whole, it unquestionably is)—the shaft which forms the middle and most important portion, both in power and extent—and the base or pedestal—base, we are constrained to admit, in more than one sense of the word, but, on the other hand, containing the elements of goodness, and even of greatness, in at least an equal degree with the higher compartments of the fabric which supports the vast frame of English society. We hold the chief merit of the work before us to be its excellent sketches of the low life of the metropolis; and *their* chief merit is, that truth of detail which renders them illustrations of the general truth we have just referred to. The scenes between Hunsman and Jack Jeffries, if not equal in humour to those of Dickens in similar departments of London life, are certainly but little inferior to them in truth of character and reality of detail. In the middle-life department, which is chiefly occupied and illustrated by the worthy and wealthy Mr. Hopwood and his family, we also meet with considerable truth and humour, though the scenes are evidently not conceived and set forth with that gusto and spirit which pervade the "sayings and doings" of the Hunsman and Jeffries coterie.

The sketches which bring this work within the category of the "fashionable novel," we like less than any. It is true, many of them are amusing, and none of them are either forced or caricatured; but there wants the evidence of that masterly touch—made so by a whole life passed rather in *feeling* the peculiarities of aristocratic society than in observing and noting them—the want of which nothing can replace. Moreover, in the present instance, the author has most injudiciously hampered himself with the idea—for it is nothing more—of giving sketches which shall be at once like and unlike certain well-known living individuals. He evidently wishes (and we are surprised at the wish in so sensible a man—for it is one as vain as it is weak)—he wishes, we say, to satirize certain known persons whom he deems liable to this treatment, and yet to escape the charge and the odium of

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\* "*Horace Vernon ; or, Life in the West.*" A Novel. 3 vols.



being a personal satirist. And to this contradictory end he makes all the characters he introduces, in connexion with this part of his plan, as far *from* the life in some particulars as they are to it in others. This is something like attempting to embody that figure of speech called by logicians a "contradiction in terms;" and it has been more or less the vice of all the would-be personal satirists of our day; and, assuredly, not the less a vice that they deem it a virtue. The noble individuals who have been (most strangely, as we conceive) pointed at by a popular weekly critic, as being satirized in these volumes, may at once dismiss all fears or hopes on the subject, whichever they may have entertained; for the slight and brief sketches here introduced (with the self-contradictory view we have pointed out above) are in no respect more like their supposed prototypes than a "Protocol" is like a foreign secretary, or a modern "Vauxhall" is like a former "Ranelagh."

As it is no part of our plan even to glance at the plots of works of fiction, we shall only say further of this novel, that it will be much read, and that it is worth the reading.

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### THE DELUGE.\*

HUMAN love is said to be not only more sacred, but more intense, when its object has passed from among the living to the dead: and thus it is, or ought to be, with the love of poetry, in these most unpoetical of all recorded times; for thus alone can the highest places of the human intellect be kept from that contamination which a too prevalent spirit of "utility" tends to fling upon them, at a period at which they require to be preserved in especial purity. At all events, we, for one, are happy when an occasion like the present offers itself, of proving that our love for high poetry is not an ephemeral feeling of the hour, passing away with the "fashion" of its object, but a permanent want and passion of the heart, "growing," not "by what 'tis fed on," but by its inward sense of the salutary nature of the food.

We are sincerely glad once more to meet Mr. Reade on that high and purely imaginative ground on which we first had the pleasure of encountering him, and on which, as it seems to us, it is the peculiar province of his genius to expatiate. It is true, his recent poem on "Italy" fully answered to the large anticipations which his "Cain, the Wanderer," "The Revolt of the Angels," &c., were calculated to excite. But there was that in the subject of his last work, which tethered his imagination too strictly to the earth, keeping it from that pure empyrean which is the only true home and haven of a tempera-

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\* *The Deluge: a Drama in Twelve Scenes.* By J. E. Reade, author of "Italy," &c. &c.

ment so essentially poetical as that of the gifted writer before us. Here, however, among the forms and images of the antediluvian world, our poet is once more in the land of his early poetical love, and he paces it with the firm and assured footsteps of a foregone acquaintance, lightened and made elastic by the presence of that "spirit of youth" which lives nowhere in after life but in the scenes where our youth was spent.

"The Deluge" is rather unfortunate in the period of its publication, since a portion of its subject is almost identical with that which has already been treated by the two most deservedly popular poets of our day—Byron and Moore—in their "Heaven and Earth," and "Loves of the Angels." Necessarily to come into direct comparison with such poets as these, is something dangerous; but to be anticipated by them in point of time, as regards the public, after having anticipated them in design and composition, is a real annoyance. Both of these ills Mr. Reade is destined to suffer; but we doubt if they will affect him much, personally, and in reputation they will touch him little, if at all; for a true poet is not at the mercy of mere circumstance, and especially a poet like Mr. Reade, whose whole being and its aspirations are centred in his high and holy art.

The foregoing remarks, in connexion with its title, will sufficiently indicate the nature and subject of Mr. Reade's new poem,—even the human portion of which partakes of that superhuman character which must ever belong to the topic and the period with which it bases itself. "The Deluge!" what a theme for the thoughts—what a field for the imagination—even of that vast majority to whom the world of daily life and reality must ever offer the most absorbing topics of active interest! The mere phrase conjures up, even to them, a poem in itself, or a picture that includes many poems. What then must it do to one who is of imagination and sensibility "all compact?" Yet nothing can be more staid, sober, and self-possessed, than the whole tone and manner in which the poet has treated his subject, from its serene and pastoral commencement in the solitudes of Mount Hermon, up to its grand and solemn catastrophe on the heaving bosom of the world of waters. This deep and settled serenity of tone, combined with the touching and all-pervading pathos which springs from it, strikes us as being the remarkable and characteristic feature of the work, and of the mind which engendered it. In Byron, had he treated this theme, we should have been carried away by the troublous mystery, the tempestuous passion, the torturing agony of the scene; while other poets (Southey, for instance) would have invested the subject with a superhuman gloom and grandeur, that would, to a certain extent, have removed it from human sympathy. But Mr. Reade clothes his whole theme with a mantle of calm and sacred melancholy, which gives to the entire poem a pathos as touching as it is profound. Even in the closing catastrophe, his gentle and contemplative spirit seems to brood like the prophetic dove over the face of the heaving waters, and to behold, in the receding ark and the upsoaring angel, a recovered Earth, and a future Heaven, where all may still be blessed and blessing.

It is not consistent with our space to enter into details respecting the design and construction of this beautiful poem, nor to furnish many

extracts from its pages. One passage, however, we shall give, to illustrate the pervading tone of the composition. Of the plan generally we need only state, that it confines itself to a very few characters, and that the leading interest arises out of the loves of two superhuman intelligences, for mortal maidens, whose joint guilt hastens the catastrophe,—which, after displaying, with great power and characteristic spirit, the dying agonies of several different classes of the doomed of the earth, closes upon a scene at once the grandest and most touching that mortal imagination ever compassed—that of an entire world of waters, bearing on its heaving bosom one little bark, holding the sole living remnants of the human race.

It would be difficult to find any thing of the same length in our contemporary poetry (to say the least) that is at once more high and holy in feeling, more appropriate in character, more lofty yet pure in style, than the following passage. Irad, the rejected of Astarte—rejected for the superhuman intelligence whose guilty love hastens the catastrophe of the poem—Irad soliloquizes among the solitudes of Mount Hermon, on the day preceding the Deluge.

“ How motionless the time and scene ! Earth lies  
Steeping herself in sunshine ; basked beneath  
The over-arching canopy of Heaven !  
What silent interchange of life exists  
Between her and yon watching sun ! The dews,  
Her mighty respirations, float above her,  
Even as a mantle, folding from the rays  
Of his too-ardent brow ; while, in her trance  
Of deep, and silent, and absorbing gladness,  
She feels his warmth inspiring her with life ;  
Yea, with a living soul.

Thou eye of Heaven !  
Watcher of earth ! all seeing—whom all see :  
Thou fountain of the light ! and visible god  
In glory and in beauty ! thou that foldest  
Thy brow in clouds and storms, which are but moods  
Of thy unvarying love ; for thou dost leave  
Lingering behind thee, o'er each folded scene,  
Rays that are feelings ; hues that tint the heart  
Till it become as beautiful as they :—  
Thou living power ! a world—or what thou art—  
A life and an intelligence like ours  
Thou hast—I feel the truth, and know ; mankind  
Will worship thee upon the mountain-tops,

As God—or God's own symbol—with the love,  
The adoration which thou dost inspire.  
Oh ! had I never known Him—never heard  
That He had walked as man with man in Eden,  
Nor felt His love and mercy speaking in  
The meanest flower that lives beneath my feet,  
To look on thee alone, thou glorious image !  
Rising, or sinking, or when in mid-heaven,  
Thou sittest on thy burning throne, when men  
Turn from thee as the angels from their God :—  
To look on thee and worship were the same.

Circle of glory—fare thee well ! thou wert  
A blessing to my eyes and to my heart,  
Which I have given back to thee ; and made thee  
Confessional to feelings and to hopes  
Rejected here : not vainly offered. I  
Have dwelt upon thy brow till I have felt  
Its own tranquillity ! until absorbed  
In thy majestic presence, I forgot  
*My* wounded spirit, calmed by *thine* to rest.

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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## ODD PEOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

A MONTH or two since, we had the pleasure of exhibiting to our readers the vagaries of an exceedingly eccentric family; who, from the singular way in which they carried on the every-day business of life, were known as the "Odd People" at Avignon, some seventy or eighty years ago.

This month we propose to exhibit the vagaries of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Deveril (or rather one of their vagaries), who had a reputation for eccentricity in the neighbourhood of a flourishing town in a fine mid-land county—and, for all I know, have still—but, certainly not involving murders, fires, abductions, assassinations, slow poisonings, and sudden deaths; but rather all sorts of little mischiefs, and *mauvaise plaisanteries* (no pleasantries at all), in which they contrived, and do contrive as I believe, to entangle and *embrangle* their nearest and dearest friends.

This passion for practical jokes upon a great scale, has long been extremely popular and predominant. A noble earl, not many years dead, in order to divert himself and two or three chosen friends

"At another's expense,"

used sometimes to invite to dine with him some six men, each minus an arm or a leg; on another day, half a dozen worthy personages, who were stone deaf; on another, half a dozen others, whose obliquity of vision happened to be exceedingly remarkable. One day, six bald men were asked: on another, three men six feet four high, with three men scarcely four feet six; on a third occasion, a neat half-dozen of stutterers; and on a fourth, an equal batch of sufferers under some nervous affection, which induced them to keep winking their eyes and twitching their noses at each other, during the whole of the repast, perfectly unconscious themselves of the oddity of the proceeding.

About the middle, or perhaps rather an earlier part of the last century, the then Duke of Montague, was as celebrated for this sort of practical playfulness, as in much later days was the eccentric earl to whom allusion has just been made; but as in the cases—let us hope—of all these "mad wags," there were many redeeming qualities about his Grace.

There is a story on record—which, perhaps, our readers may know as well as ourselves—but still it is a story, and we question whether anecdotes of such a kind do not, like sound wine, get even better by

keeping. Let us hope, as we believe, that the playfulness of buoyant spirits is not incompatible with the strongest feelings of humanity and charity, and that the boisterous ebullitions of youthful extravagance are not to be recorded, in the annals of a man's career, as so many disqualifications from the pursuit of higher and nobler objects in his after life.

For a moment, then, we will postpone Mr. and Mrs. Deveril of Mumble Lodge, for the purpose of exhibiting "a frolic" of one of the most frolicsome Dukes that ever drew breath.

Shortly after the Peace of 1748, and shortly before his own death, the Duke had noticed a man, whose air and dress were military—for in those days, most wisely, did men wear the costume of the profession to which they belonged—the latter having evidently suffered either during the late campaign, or the still later period of tranquillity; walking in the Mall of St. James's Park, which, although now a desert, and devoted to nobody but passengers making a thoroughfare of the domain from one end of it to the other, was then, as every body knows, a place of general resort.

What the change of fashion has done much to achieve, and the change of hours even still more, since the Mall was once the favoured and favourite promenade of the *beau monde*, the vivid and tasteful mind of the late Mr. Nash has completed. With his unfailing eye for the picturesque, with his unabating ardour for the improvement of our metropolis, that ill-used man, to whom London is indebted for Regent-street—a street unrivalled in any European capital—saw in the dirty marsh, tributary in its damps to a stagnant canal, fenced in with unseemly posts, and fed off by dingy cows—an opportunity of forming a beautiful and attractive promenade. Look at it now; let those who recollect what the thing was before—a swamp enclosed by a hideous spiked paling, protected by what ought to have been a dry ditch, but which was filled with filth and dirt too odious to be mentioned—let those, we say, who recollect it as it was, look at what it is;—one of the most beneficial adornments of our town: and this, (we speak it as we have heard the fact,) the result of some two hours' contemplation of the site, and of a sketch made after a deliberation of no longer period.

Well: it was before this alteration by more than seventy years, that the melancholy man, of whom it is now our business to speak, was seen walking up and down the Mall, apparently caring for nobody; in fact, seeing nobody; every body, however, seeing *him*, and as he appeared remarkably depressed in spirits, generously resolved rather to laugh at him than otherwise.

This expression brings to mind the saying of a maid-servant, recorded in Mr. Benson Hill's just published work of "*Home Service at Out and Head Quarters*," which we confess made us—why the editorial plural?—made *me* laugh exceedingly. The story is this, as told by Mr. Hill:

"The servant-maid of the house was one of the civilest creatures possible; we liked her and she soon became attached to us, as what follows will exemplify.

"Letting me in, one evening she said,

" 'I beg pardon, sir; but there has been a man after you—on business.'

" 'Where from?' says Hill.

“ ‘Carey-street, if you please,’ replies Betty.

“ ‘What did he want?’ says the artillery officer.

“ ‘Why, of course,’ says Betty, blushing a little, and dropping a sort of half-respectful, half-affectionate courtesy, ‘I don’t *know*, sir—but—I—was rather frightened about you, sir;’ with another kind-hearted sort of glance—‘because, sir, I—’

“ ‘Because why?’ said Hill.

“ ‘Because, sir,’ said the girl, ‘*he was rather in a red waistcoat than otherwise.*’ ”

Mr. Hill adds in explanation of the poor girl’s notion of the “Little bird with bosom red,” that she had been “in our parts,” which, we believe means Bristol, where the bailiffs, with disinterested benevolence, wear that badge by which debtors may know how to avoid them. However, it turned out that the sweet “Robin,” was the servant of a friend of Mr. Hill’s, who had sent to bid him to supper. The phrase which hits *us*, is Betty’s “rather than otherwise,” which having inadvertently adopted it, with respect to the gentleman in the Mall, has brought upon the reader the pleasure of hearing a bit of a book, which he ought to read from beginning to end.

Well—as the Duke of Montague was full of fun—and as nobody, at least of his day, ever equalled him in practical trickeries; he resolved, having seen this meager-faced, melancholy animal crawling about, to make him a subject for one of his jokes—As the big boy said of the little one at the boarding-school, “hit him again, Bill, he han’t got no friends!”—so the Duke said to himself, “now all my wig-singeing, and nose-blackening exploits, will be completely outdone by the “rig”—that was the favourite word in the year 1739—I shall run upon this unhappy devil with the tarnished lace.”

When a joker wants to joke practically, it adds very much to the point of the jest to select as a victim somebody upon whom the joke will have the most powerful possible effect, and, therefore, the Duke, who was resolved upon his jest, took care to set his emissaries at work, in order to ascertain how he could hit him hardest, and cure him of the Don Quixote like march, which he thought proper to make up and down the park.

His grace’s jackal—and where is there a human lion without one—wriggled and twisted himself about, grinned, showed his teeth, made himself amiable, and at last, got an opportunity of boring himself out a sort of talking acquaintance with the gaunt hero of the Mall. It turned out that the unhappy man had appropriated the small fortune he had secured with his wife to the purchase of a commission in the army, and had behaved, as they say, “uncommon well” upon several occasions. But what was *he* among so many? And after all his unnoticed—and probably unnoticeable—exertions in destroying his fellow-creatures for the good of society, there came a peace—and the unfortunate gentleman with the grizzly wig, tarnished lace, and somewhat thin-kneed inexpressibles, was considerably the worse for the same; inasmuch as besides the infliction of half-pay, he had, out of his pittance, to support, or endeavour to support a wife, and two fine children, all living and thriving as well as they could at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire—the spire of the church of which town, by some malconformation of the lead wherewith

it is covered, would make any man, tee-totaller or not, who looked at it, think that he was not quite right in his vision.

All these embranglements conduced very much to the pleasure which the Duke anticipated in playing his trick upon his new victim—a trick which be it observed, for the exceedingly high military offices he held, the Duke was, perhaps, the man best calculated in the world to execute. The Duke had taken his measures to ascertain all the facts connected with the object of his joke, whose cognomen in the Mall was “Grizzlew-*ig*,” and being too good a soldier to think of springing a mine before the train was securely laid, it was not for some days after he had made up his mind to the frolic, that he sent a confidential member of his household to invite old Grizzlew-*ig* to dinner; but the mere sending the invitation was nothing—the mad-brained Duke could not obtain all the pleasure he desired from the surprise, which Grizzlew-*ig* must inevitably exhibit at the message, unless he himself witnessed the effect; and therefore, this Master-general of the Ordnance, this Knight of the Garter, and Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, who moreover was Master of the Great Wardrobe, and a *Member of the College of Physicians*, took the trouble to watch his envoy in order to behold the result of his mission.

Poor Grizzlew-*ig* was seated, as was his wont after his walk, on one of the now exploded and comfortless seats in the Mall, thinking more of being *in* the King’s Bench than *upon* it, when the messenger of the Duke approached him. He addressed him, but was not noticed—he was prepared for insult, and the word Grizzlew-*ig* was all he expected to hear; but, upon a gentle repetition of an appeal from his confidential man, the Duke, who was at a convenient distance, saw Grizzlew-*ig* start as from a slumber, the moment he understood the nature of the invitation.

The poor gentleman looked astonished—stared about—shook his head as if to rouse himself from a nap, in which he had been favoured with too sweet a dream. But, when awakened to a consciousness of the real state of affairs, his spirits sunk as much as on the first blush of the thing they had risen. “The Duke of Montague,” thought he, “is a joker—I am selected to be his victim.” Still, for a park-fed gentleman on half-pay, the opportunity of dining with a nobleman so highly connected and with such power in the army was not to be lost. “Laughed at or not laughed at,” said poor Grizzlew-*ig*, “I must go;” and although the Duke had, *à la distance*, seen the effect the invitation produced, all that he heard from his messenger was, that the gentleman would be too proud and too happy to dine with his grace the next day, as invited.

Then came a difficulty with our poor friend as to his dress: in these times that point is by no means distressing. The servants who wait upon a company, nowadays, are generally better dressed than the company themselves; and if rank and talent are to give the tone, the higher one looks the worse it is: we see our greatest men in rank wearing clothes, which their “own men” would not condescend to, and talent in the most exalted degree, wrapped in rags, which till now have been appropriated to the scarecrows, whose “danglings” out of doors at night, have been more serviceable to agriculture, than those of their present wearers appear to have been to *husbandry*, within.

In those days, however, Monmouth-street now lost to society and history, afforded the temporary means of shining in temporary splen-

dour on the shortest notice. Whether the invited of the Duke availed himself of the opportunity of thus burnishing up for the occasion, we know not, or whether he made a glorious effort at the renovation of his well-known wig,

“ Which smart when fate was kind,  
Toupeed before and bagg'd behind,  
Now, spoil'd of all its jaunty pride,  
Hangs loose and lank on every side,”

history does not record ; but what we do know is, that at about three o'clock—late hours for those days—our hero arrived at the Duke of Montague's, and was ushered into his grace's presence, till which moment, I believe, he never was fully satisfied of the reality of the invitation.

Nothing could equal the warmth and amenity of the Duke's reception ; in short, it went beyond the ordinary courtesy and graciousness of a great man to a small one ; but in a very few minutes, to poor Grizzlewig's astonishment, the Duke, leaving a much more aristocratic visiter, took him aside, and with an *empressement* which was extremely staggering, said,

“ You will, I am sure, excuse me ; but—I know it is rather an impertinent question—are you—forgive me—are you conscious of having created a sensation in the heart of any lady who has seen you occasionally, and—”

“ Sir ?” said the visiter.

“ Come, come, come,” said the Duke, “ don't deny it. No man is blind enough, or dull enough, not to know when and where he has planted his blow ; you *must* remember.”

“ Upon my word, sir,” replied the guest, who began to think that his suspicions as to having been invited only to be laughed at were correct, “ I know of no such thing !”

“ Well,” said the Duke, “ then *I* must let you into the secret. There is a lady—a married woman—I like to be frank—and with a family ; but she *has*—you'll say, as I might perhaps, there is no accounting for tastes—she has set her heart upon meeting you. And I will at once tell you what may, perhaps, diminish your surprise at having received an invitation from a stranger—your accepting which gives me the greatest pleasure—that it was to gratify *her* wish, I sent to beg of you to come to me to-day.

“ Sir,” said the overwhelmed half-pay officer, “ I am confident that your grace would do nothing either to wound my feelings, or degrade me in my own estimation. I, sir, have a wife, and family, dependent on me, to whom I am devotedly attached ; the thoughts which your grace's observations would naturally inspire, never enter my mind ; I have but one hope, one wish, in the world, and that is centred in my family. I have—”

“ Ay, ay,” interrupted the Duke, “ I admire your feelings. I respect your affection for your family ; but this introduction, this acquaintance, need not at all interfere with those, now we are in London.”

“ Yes, sir,” said the half-pay captain, “ I am—in hopes of getting employed—else—”

“ Ah,” said the Duke, “ I never talk of business here ; as for *that* we must take some other time to discuss it. I merely speak of this

*affaire de cœur*, and you must let me have my way; if the lady is exceedingly disagreeable, turn her off and break her heart; but I do assure you, upon my honour, that her attachment to you is something so romantic, that I could not resist the opportunity of bringing you together.

"Sir," said the officer, "I—really—but—"

"I tell you nothing but truth," said the Duke, "wait and see how much it will be for your advantage."

Dinner was announced: no lady appeared, but when the *battants* were thrown open and the Duke, and our poor friend Grizzlewig, of the park, entered the dining-room, judge the half-pay officer's surprise, when he beheld his own wife and his two darling children.

"There!" said his Grace, "that is the lady who has the extraordinary prepossession in your favour, and two younger ones, not much behind her in affection."

It is impossible to describe the feelings of the little party.

"Come," said the Duke, "sit down, sit down, and let us dine; you shall talk afterwards, and explain all this to each other, and whatever may be wanting in the narrative I hope to be able to furnish."

The officer's wife, although prepared for what was to happen, and therefore not so completely taken aback as her husband, could scarcely support herself, while the two children, unfettered and unrestrained by the laws of etiquette, ran to their astonished father, and clung round him, in all the warmth of youthful affection.

The course of the Duke's proceeding had been, as soon as he had ascertained the merits and claims of his guest, to trace out the residence of his lady and the children, and to send a trusty person down to her, for the purpose of bringing them up to town; at the same time preventing the possibility of her communicating the history to her husband.

To describe the astonishment, the anxiety, the agitation, of poor dear Grizzlewig, when he found himself all at once thus domesticated, as it were, in the house of one of the magnates of the land, would be impossible. The Duke had invited but two friends to witness the scene, which was heightened in its effect, by his placing the children one on either side of him, and treating them with every kindness and attention.

"Come," said his Grace, "let us drink wine together; let us be happy; take no thought of yesterday, my good sir, nor of to-morrow; suffice it to say, that here we are met, and may meet again."

All these attempts to compose and assure his grace's visitors were unavailing, except as far as the younger ones were concerned, who appeared exceedingly well satisfied to take "the goods the gods provide;" and, without comprehending the extent of the kindness with which they found themselves treated, naturally followed the advice which the noble lord had offered to their parents.

While dinner was in progress the Duke got on with his guests tolerably well; but he anticipated the awkwardness which must ensue after the servants had left the room and the party was left as it were to itself, although the presence of the two guests, gentlemen who were in the habit of partaking of his grace's hospitality, was purposely secured, in order to prevent the expression of surprise and gratitude of the strangers, which, however much excited and created by what had already passed, were destined to receive a new stimulus by a sequel to the frolic extant, as far as it had already gone.



Dinner was scarcely ended, and nothing like the possibility of inquiry or explanation had been permitted to occur, when the Duke's attorney—his *homme d'affaires*, the defender of his rights, and the champion of his wrongs—was announced: a nice, good, smug-looking "gent," who was welcomed by the Duke, and placed next to the elder daughter of poor dear Grizzlewig, who was, to all appearance, still in a state, not exactly of somnambulism, for he seemed rivetted to his seat by astonishment, but of somnolency; feeling and thinking, even up to the last moment, that all the passing events were the mere fancies of a vision; being himself constantly hindered from saying any thing upon the subject, by the admirable tact of the Duke, who kept his retainers always ready to start some new topic of conversation, so as to baffle any effort of the astonished half-pay officer to lead to the point by which his whole mind was occupied.

The joke, however, as we have just hinted, was not at its height; for after some preliminary observations from the noble host, his grace addressing himself to the attorney, inquired whether he had "brought it with him;" an inquiry which was very respectfully answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the Duke, "we had better send for pen and ink, and proceed to business without delay."

Whereupon, the half-pay officer gave his wife a family look, as much as to say, that he thought they ought to retire; but the diffidence of the lady prevented her taking any decisive step, and she preferred risking the passive impropriety of staying where she was, to the active measure of quitting the room, ignorant as she was of the ways of the house, not only in the moral, but in the literal and mechanical sense of the words, and wholly at a loss whither she was to go if she ventured to move from where she was.

The Duke was too much a man of the world not to see how extremely uncomfortable his guests were becoming, and how well his frolic was "progressing"—it pleased him mightily, and his pleasure was considerably heightened, when the attorney, going close to his chair, began in a low voice, reciting some part of the bond or deed, or whatever it was, which his noble client was about to execute; during which ceremony, his grace kept his eyes so constantly fixed upon his embarrassed visitors, as to make them exactly as he hoped and wished, perfectly miserable.

"You had better read it out," said the Duke; "it is by no means a mark of good-breeding to whisper before one's visitors—people always take things to themselves; and as they *are* here—"

"My Lord Duke," said the officer, in a perfect agony of confusion, "pray permit us to quit the room—I am quite conscious of the intrusion, but really—I—my love—let us retire," added he to his wife.

"Stay where you are, my good sir," said the Duke; "you have often heard of my frolics—I like a joke, and I mean to enjoy one to-day, and at your expense."

The unfortunate gentleman began to think that the Duke was a most barbarous and unprincipled person, who could take such pains as he evidently had done, to put him and his family in a most unpleasant position. His wife, however, seemed better contented with the course affairs were taking, and made no effort to obey her lord and master's mandate for retreat.

"Read, sir, read," said the Duke to the attorney, who accordingly began in an audible voice, and with good emphasis, to recite the contents and conditions of the deed which he held in his hand, and which, in its recital, caused the most extraordinary emotions on the part of the half-pay officer and his wife that can be imagined, until, by the time it was concluded, they were both drowned in tears. The husband, supporting his wife's head upon his palpitating breast, and the two children clinging round them, crying with all their hearts and souls without knowing why, except that their fond parents had set them the example.

By the deed, which they had just heard with such surprise and emotion, the Duke settled upon the worthy distressed persons before him, an annuity which afforded them a competency; and so secured, as regarded survivorship, that the two children who were yet unconscious of their change of fortune, must eventually reap the benefit thus munificently bestowed on their father and mother.

The scene which followed is one which cannot be described, and which was so embarrassing to the noble donor, that he broke it up by announcing, himself, that coffee was ready, and in return for the acknowledgments and fervent expressions of gratitude on the part of the recipients, merely entreated them to say nothing about it; declaring upon his honour, that if he could have found a more agreeable or satisfactory way of employing either his time or his money, he should not have played them such a trick.

We presume there scarcely exists a human being so squeamish or fastidious as to find fault with a practical joke, qualified and characterized as this was. Every man has a right to do good after his own fancy; and if he can so contrive as to make his benevolence to others, produce amusement to himself, nobody surely ought to object to the *modus operandi*.\*

\* The Duke's propensity for blending fun with philanthropy became so notorious, that even his military inferiors had, on many occasions, resort to measures likely to provoke his laughter, in order to carry their serious points.

A story is told of him, that being one day at Woolwich, in his capacity of Master-general of the Ordnance, a corporal who had long borne a high character in the Royal Artillery, but who had been, for some convivial indiscretion, reduced to his previous "private station" in that gallant and distinguished corps, made humble petition to his grace that he would restore him.

"Not a bit of it," said his grace; "I cannot overlook your misconduct. After your behaviour, I should as soon think of making the tin gunner on the weathercock there, a corporal as you," pointing to the vane on the dome of the foundery, which represents an artilleryman in the act of firing a cannon.

The man of course drew back, and said no more. About three months afterwards the Duke paid another visit to Woolwich, and again the disgraced private made his application to be restored.

"How dare you ask me, sir!" said the Master-general; "didn't I tell you when I was last here, that I would as soon see the gunner on the weathercock made a corporal as you?"

When casting his eye upon the object to which he referred, he beheld, to his utter amazement, the little figure in question, decked out with the ribbons on its arm, which, in those days, were the distinctive marks of the corporal's uniform.

"Why, by Jove!" said the Duke, at once seeing the point of the joke, and comprehending in a moment that his unhappy applicant had so promoted the little tin figure, "he is a corporal. You are a sharp fellow, my lad; his time is come, and so is yours—you are a corporal, too."

Now, as to the Deverils of Mumjumble Lodge—they were people who having no right whatever by birth, or any thing else except an excellent disposition to do no harm, enjoyed the greatest possible satisfaction in placing people in the most unsatisfactory positions; always keeping to themselves the consolatory consciousness that the temporary embarrassments of their guests would, like our dear Duke of Montague's last frolic, turn out eventually well.

Mumjumble Lodge, or Hall—it was called both—was one of the most charming chintz houses in England: there was neither silk nor satin, nor velvet nor gold to be found in its whole construction, composition, or adornment; there were no splendid couches taboo'd against the reception of wearied feet; no costly curtains that required cottoning up no gorgeous chairs with high backs and hard bottoms: all was ease and comfort. The large and downy sofas and ottomans seemed to ask to be lounged or lolled upon; tables of all sorts and sizes, covered with books, drawings, prints, and ten thousand little useless necessities of life, which it would perhaps tire the reader to enumerate, crowded the rooms; all, in fact, conspired to give the visiter the most perfect idea, that every thing in and about the hall or the lodge (as the case might be) was snug and comfortable in the highest degree.

As far as regarded the diurnal and nocturnal proceedings, it was literally Liberty Hall. Breakfast waited for nobody, nor did any body wait for breakfast. The first three or four who came down, commenced operations, which were continued as long as any yet lingered lazily behind; a dozen small equipages graced the board, so that the new comers, as they appeared, established their own independent little tea-manufactories, "all hot," or, if any of them preferred it, they might breakfast in their own apartment. After breakfast every body was left to follow his own inclinations. Luncheon for those who took it, reassembled the community, which afterwards spread and scattered itself in parties, or *têtes-à-têtes*, in walks, or drives, or rides. There was good shooting for the sportsman, admirable fishing for the angler, a lovely country for excursions; old castles and high rocks to be surveyed, and a gay watering-place, within five miles, where the *fa niente* portion of the party might lounge in bazaars, or pace the pier, inhaling the fresh breezes from the ocean and laugh immoderately at the pallid passengers "just arrived from London" by the steam-packets. In fact, the *agrémens* were innumerable; and to crown all, Deveril's cook was a *cordón bleu*, and such a *chef*, as seldom falls to the lot of a commoner, who is not a *millionaire*, and who neither apes the manners of his superiors, nor aims at being their associate. In fact, Deveril was a fine specimen of a breed unknown out of our own dear happy England, a healthy, wealthy, honourable, middle-class gentleman, rich in the proceeds of his late father's mercantile success, achieved by unwearying industry, and incorruptible honesty.

Deveril had been solicited to stand for the county in which he lived, and must have succeeded had he stood; but no, "I can do no good in Parliament," said he, "except by my vote; any other man of our party can do that business as well as myself. If I could aid the cause by my eloquence, I would sacrifice every thing to be of service—I can't; choose an abler man, and I will support you in your

efforts; but for the mere sake of crying aye, or no, or walking out or staying in, I cannot consent to forego my home and all its charms, and exchange the society of a family I love, and friends I esteem, for the murky atmosphere of the House of Commons; for which, being able neither to speak like an orator, roar like a bull, nor crow like a cock, I do not think I have any one earthly qualification, except," added he, "a 'shocking bad hat'" — a saying founded most likely upon an observation made by a noble duke, who shall be nameless, who, after visiting for the first time the House of Commons first returned after the passing of the Reform Bill, said that he never had seen such a collection of bad hats in any one place, at any one time before.

Mrs. Deveril was a fit help-meet for her good-natured ever-laughing spouse. He laughed incessantly—she only periodically; but when any thing amused them particularly their sympathy was absolutely boisterous; and this invariably happened whenever any of the curiously-contrived embarrassments for which they were so famous, turned out to their entire satisfaction.

The last feat they undertook to perform, it must be owned, appeared even to themselves a somewhat hazardous enterprise, although they called into council a constant visiter at their house, who was considered not only by themselves, but by the establishment generally, as one of the family, possessing a disposition exceedingly like those of his intimate friends. *He* even shook his head doubtingly, but Mrs. Deveril, who, perhaps considering the nature of the experiment, was the best judge of the three persons concerned, gave it as her decided opinion that they should succeed.

It must be known that amongst the regular periodical guests at Mumjumble Hall, there was a certain Mr. Blazenton, a gentleman of some sixty years of age, who, having in early life run the round of the gay world, and launched into every fashionable and unfashionable dissipation, led his wife, a lady of considerable beauty and various accomplishments, what may be called a "catanddogical" kind of life, which was terminated by a separation mutually agreed to, on the ground of incompatibility of temper.

This severment had occurred some twenty years before the annual visit of Mr. Blazenton to the Deverils, which is here recorded; and to see and hear that respectable gentleman at that period, to listen to his misanthropic denunciations of the world's vices and follies, in which he had so long and extensively revelled, nobody certainly would have imagined him to have been the person whom he then so very little resembled.

"Why," said he one day to Captain Gossamer, the friend of the family in question, "you seem to be always here, eh? Strange infatuation on both sides!—what—never knew a family bodkin turn out well, eh?—juxtaposition—constant intercourse—however Deveril may do as he likes, eh? and so he does, and the consequence is, his house is full of folly and frivolity all the year, eh?—what—don't you see?"

"I see nothing, my dear sir," said the Captain, "but what is particularly agreeable; and the more agreeable to *me*, because the mode of living and passing our time here, is quite out of the ordinary jog-trot routine of society.—Mumjumble Hall is proverbially the receptacle and rendezvous of genius and talent."

"Genius and talent, eh!" said Blazenton. "Oh, that's it!—what?"

"The best painters, the first musicians, the leading singers," said Gossamer, "are alternately, and sometimes altogether, among the guests, blended with sound lawyers, orthodox divines, eminent physicians, men of letters, and men of science."

"And a pretty hash it is," said Blazenton, "eh? The

" 'Priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
The lawyer beknaves the divine.' "

The artists hate one another; the singers detest the players; and the men of science despise them all—what? The combination produces all sorts of ill-feeling; and while they are gobbling up Deveril's dinner, and grinning to make believe they are delighted, they are, one and all of them, collecting materials for the purpose of ridiculing and laughing at him the moment they leave the house. What? eh! don't I know the world? eh! I think I do."

"Still it is exceedingly gay," said the Captain.

"Gaiety!" said Blazenton, "which reminds me of the proverbial constitution of Dover Court in Essex, made up of all talkers and no hearers. I am sure, in the drawing-room in the evening, the clatter is worse than the rattletaps of a cotton-mill—what? eh! every body gabble, gabble, gabble, and not a soul amongst them listening—what?"

"But as far as *that* goes," said Captain Gossamer, "society has been always much the same."

"No—no," said Blazenton, "it was better in my earlier days, eh! don't you see?—what?—quite as gay—gayer intellectually speaking, but not so noisy."

"Was there more sincerity at that period?" said Gossamer.

"Why," said Blazenton, "no; much the same for *that*, eh! but the style of things is changed—the world is over-educated—the present race of men, women, and children are all smatterers—every body wants to be somebody—every body you meet, has written a book—the women are all philosophers, and the little children are all wonders—pigs with six legs, eh! what? They ought to be born like so many Cerberuses, with three heads apiece, to bear the cramming their poor little noddles are destined to undergo. Eh! what?"

"Still," said the Captain, "whatever may be the faults of society generally, I think the *mélange* which one finds here extremely agreeable."

"*Mélange*," said Blazenton, with a look of scorn, "a badly-assorted well-dressed mob, eh!"

"That is just what our host and hostess like," replied the Captain.

"Well," said the old gentlemen, "my day is past for all this racket and hubbub. I have, however, one consolation, I can always shut myself up in my own room, eh! what? That is fortunately out of squalling-distance; so when the concert begins, up I go—"

"Not just now, my dear sir," said Deveril, who at that moment joined the disputing parties in the flower-garden, where the debate was passing. "We have got a capital joke on the *tapis* for to-day: an elderly lady has just arrived to stay with us for a fortnight, who has been

separated from her husband for many years ; we also expect *him*, the indiscretions and singularities of whose youth, were the causes of the division of their interests ; they have not met for nearly a quarter of a century, and Mrs. Deveril and I mean to bring them into each other's company, the moment the opportunity presents itself.

"A somewhat desperate undertaking," said Gossamer, "oil and vinegar in the same bottle—a match in a powder-magazine."

"Oh, never mind," said Deveril, "I shall leave my better half to manage matters ; women understand each other, and it will be capital fun ; because, if the scheme fails, the parted turtles will be no worse off than they are now ; and if it succeeds—"

"Ah," said Blazenton, "you are very droll creatures you and your wife. Odd people, as the world calls you."

"No, my dear sir," said Deveril, "our expected guests are at present the *odd* people, and *we* wish to unite them."

"Well, said Blazenton, "as I have no turn for that sort of amusement, and have lived long enough to know that meddling or mischief-making between men and their wives are seldom successful, and never satisfactory, I shall retire ; eh—what—don't you see—I'm off."

"Stay five minutes," said Gossamer."

"No, no," replied Blazenton, "you are very comical, entertaining gentlemen, and I dare say you will be very much diverted, but I shall take a walk and leave you to your own inventions."

Saying which, the veteran *roué* struck into one of the clematis-covered *tonnelles*, and speedily disappeared.

"And a pretty business you have made of it, my dear Harry," said Mrs. Deveril, who had in approaching heard her husband confiding the nature of their new scheme to Blazenton.

"Pretty business—how, Mrs. Deveril—how?" said the enthusiastic master of the revels.

"Why," said the fun-loving Fanny, "you have been telling him that his wife has actually arrived."

"*His* wife," said the gallant Bodkin—an appellation we have adopted from Blazenton's reading, for the third person in a domestic party, whereof two are males."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Deveril, "didn't you know that Blazenton and his long-lost spouse are the couple whom we mean to bring together before dinner by way of a joke."

"Don't you see?" said Deveril.

"I do," replied Gossamer, "but I never had an idea that he—nevertheless not a syllable has escaped either of us, that could give him a notion that *he* was to be victimised."

"So much the better," said the lady.

"And I am sure," said Deveril, "the little I said upon the subject never awakened the slightest suspicion that he was to act a part in the play."

"Now then," said the lively Mrs. Deveril, "*your* business will be to take care of the man—to watch your opportunities, and, as Deveril says about horse-racing, bring him to the post in time. *I* will take charge of the lady, who is now coming towards us. I will keep her in a little



interesting conversation, till you have secured the other performer in this most extraordinary *scena*.

"And I," said Deveril, "had better be off, in accordance with your proposition;—so come along Gossamer."

"Yes," said the Captain, "I am too happy; and when we get them together we must hide ourselves behind those shrubs, and listen to what passes between them."

"Delightful!" said Deveril. "There is nothing like a practical joke after all—come, come along."

And so away went these two mischief-makers, leaving Mrs. Deveril to encounter her unsuspecting friend, Mrs. Blazenton.

Mrs. Blazenton was about—nobody knows exactly a lady's age, and as a noble lady once told us, with a gravity which was charmingly set off by her own beauty, "the peerage (the only authentic record of such events as the births, deaths, and marriages of the *élite*) is always wrong as to women—but Mrs. Blazenton was what was called a lady of a certain time of life; which, as we have already hinted, is an extremely uncertain one. She might, perhaps, if ladies ever live so long (which we doubt), be about fifty-two or three; but she was very handsome; her eyes were sparkling bright; her cheeks like roses, and her lips like cherries. Her figure looked perfect; and, according to the testimony of an Irish maid, whom she retained in her service, and who made no secret of her mistress's perfections, was most symmetrical.

Blazenton and she had married, they scarcely knew why. Reason, perhaps, has little to do with that sort of passionate affection, which, in the days of real love, governed and controlled the juvenile branches of society; but which, according to Blazenton's present doctrine, was latterly exploded, or rather converted by a most degrading process, into the cold calculation of "ways and means." We have just seen that the "roseate bands," which sound so harmoniously and so hymeneally, had not been sufficiently strong to confine the once-devoted husband within the matrimonial tether; and that dissipation—not, however, more than venial—had so unsettled the establishment, that they parted; Mrs. Blazenton being, at the moment at which she joined Mrs. Deveril in the garden, as agreeable and as handsome—barring just merely the bloom of youth—as ever she had been in her life.

"Dear Mrs. Deveril," said the bright-eyed lady, "do you know that amongst the many people here, I know so few, from having lived abroad so long, that I really have hunted you down in order to find an agreeable companion."

"I am too happy," said Mrs. Deveril, "to find you driven to a measure so agreeable to me."

"Ah, Mrs. Deveril," said the lady, "you are too kind—too good, even to seem pleased with the society of a person of my time of life."

"Time of life!" said Mrs. Deveril, "my dear friend, with wit and charms like yours—with manners so fascinating, and a mind so well stored, there is no difference in times of life."

"Ah," replied Mrs. Blazenton, "you know how to flatter; but to tell you the truth, however 'pleasing 'tis to please,' I am quite weary of what is called the world; and I should have been ten times happier when

I arrived here, to have found you and Mr. Deveril alone, or but one or two dear and affectionate friends. Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Deveril, every thing seems changed since I was a girl. In those days, there was a respectful attention on the part of the men one met in society—something like a devotion; but now—no—they look at one coldly, almost scornfully, and, absorbed either in gambling, smoking, steeple-hunting, or politics, give themselves no trouble about us. Look at their dancing! I remember when, in the buoyancy of my young spirits, I loved a ball, not only for the agreeable associations of the re-union, but for the mere practical pleasure of dancing. Look at the listless pale-faced creatures who now seem as if they were absolutely conferring a favour upon their partners, not by dancing with them, but by walking through the figures of a quadrille, the man who really does dance being an object of universal ridicule. Now this I hate—it is a falling off.”

“Ah,” said Mrs. Deveril, “I agree with you there—but this evening, perhaps, we may find you some sprightlier *cavaliers*.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Blazenton, “that is all past with me; of course I never dance now. No, I prefer that, which I know, when I become familiarized with you I can always have here—I mean the conversation of the *beaux esprits*, and the advantage of an intercourse with the most distinguished men of the day in their various ways.”

“I hope you will not find yourself disappointed,” said Mrs. Deveril, “for besides some singers and musicians, some artists, and a lawyer or two, we have eight or nine *ologists* of different sorts staying with us at present.”

“I know I shall be happier here than any where else,” said Mrs. Blazenton. “I feel that a kind of sympathy exists between us—I am so much obliged by your invitation—any thing like a home is so delightful, after a wandering continental life. Ah! Mrs. Deveril,” added she, “if I had fortunately married a man who could have appreciated my sentiments, and understood my feelings, we both might have been happy; but fate decreed it otherwise, and, without any serious fault on either side, I hope—as you know, we have been separated for four-and-twenty years. I went to live with a most amiable and excellent aunt of mine, who loved me as if I had been her daughter, but six years since she died; and, I assure you, the loss of her, so completely changed my character, that all those worldly pleasures as they are called, with which I was formerly enchanted, fail in their attractions for me, and all I seek is a peaceable and quiet intercourse with people of sense and talent.”

“I am delighted to think,” said Mrs. Deveril, “that we are likely to be able to gratify your wishes; you will here find a constant opportunity of conversing with men of the world—men who think—men who, in fact, if the word did not sound too fine for the nineteenth century, are really and truly philosophers.”

“Those *are* the people with whom I *do* like to converse,” said Mrs. Blazenton.

“Especially,” continued Mrs. Deveril, “one who, having known the gay world, and lived in it, perhaps not profitably, has learned by experience to appreciate properly its follies and vanities—”

“Exactly,” said Mrs. Blazenton; “for there, and upon those

points, we must agree ; and do you know, my dear Mrs. Deveril, no sort of argument delights me so much as one in which there is no difference of opinion."

"I see one of our *savans*," said Mrs. Deveril, "coming up the next walk, who I am sure will suit you ; you had better meet without any formal introduction—so I shall run away."

And run away the fair practical joker did—and walk into the presence of his long-separated wife did Mr. Blazenton."

"Gracious mercy !" said Mrs. Blazenton. "This philosopher must be my husband !—he is certainly grown older. Where are the curls that clustered over his forehead ?—his hair is gray—he stoops a little. Oh dear ! and look at the furrows in his cheeks !—What does it mean ?—it is—Mr. Blazenton ?"

"I know that voice," said Blazenton, putting his hand verandah-wise over his eyelids. "Why Mrs. Blazenton ! is that *you* ?"

And here, *à propos de bottes*, I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true (and old into the bargain), but which I am not sure has ever been printed ; if it have, it cannot be helped—if it have not, so much the better ; it is a story of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race, not of the illustrious, but the clownish race of the Grimaldis ; the father of that Grimaldi who certainly was the Garrick of pantomime :—which story is simply this :

Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally, as is the case in the best-regulated families, in the habit of quarrelling ; and during the paroxysms of domestic turmoils—civil wars they could scarcely be called—matters ran very high indeed, until at length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect ; and after communing together upon their miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," like that of Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton, they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only means of relieving themselves from their most miserable condition.

In accordance with this most extraordinary resolution Mr. Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic, "to poison de rats." The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and made up the little packet with a dexterity almost marvellous to the uninitiated ; and then with a twist of the twine and a little "snick" upon something which is invariably to be found in shops of all sorts, for the purpose of cutting the connexion between the outgoing parcel and a rolling thing overhead, delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills.

Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bedroom, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-room—both rooms communicating—the door between them being left open.

The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes ; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard—all was still as night. At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice called out,

"Mrs. Grimaldi, are *you* dead, my love ?"

Upon which, Mrs. Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied,  
 "No, Mr. Grimaldi."

The rejoinder sounded something like "Dom;" what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply.

At the end of another half-hour, it became Mrs. Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and *she*, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak,

"Mr. Grimaldi, my dear, are *you* dead?"

To which the gruff reply was,

"No, Mrs. Grimaldi."

And for two hours these questions and answers went on periodically; till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the inquiry in a somewhat more excited and exalted tone, and almost screamed out,

"Mr. Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead?"

"No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not; nor do I tink I can die to-night onless it be of starvation, Mistress Grimaldi; get op out of de bed and see for some supper, for I am dom hongry."

So ended this else fatal performance. The apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickerings of Punch and Judy in their *ménage*, having prudentially given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.

Who that had seen that poor man, working his legs and arms, his mouth and nose, and every limb, joint, and member, to be comical the night before, would have supposed that at home he was so wretched? But so goes the world, and even the serious Punches and Judies of Tragedy,

"Who strut and fret their hour on the stage,"

are all liable to the same domestic miseries, the same irritations and altercations; always, however, observing, that theatrical men who are funniest before the public, are generally the most wretched and unhappy in their domestic lives, as we may shortly have occasion to prove.

However, *revenons à nos moutons*, the extraordinarily brought-together Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton.

"Is that *you*, Mr. Blazenton?" said the lady. "Ah! what can bring you here? don't you recognise me?"

"Yes," said Blazenton; "eh! what?—don't you see?—yes, it is you; but what on earth brings *you* here?"

"Chance," said the lady; "for I certainly did not expect to find *you*; but, upon my word, Mr. Blazenton, however much surprised, I am not otherwise moved by the meeting. They tell me, for I hear of you sometimes, that you have turned philosopher and cynic, and all that sort of thing."

"Why," said Blazenton, considerably staggered by the appearance of what it was generally considered he did *not* think his better half, "I—eh! don't you see?—don't you know, eh! what?—I don't know what you mean by cynic and philosopher; but, ma'am, if you mean to say I think ill of the world, having gained knowledge by experience, and look back with regret upon the time which I have so ill employed, I am both."

"How do you mean ill-employed?" said Mrs. Blazenton; and the extraordinary part of this meeting was, that which really and truly in-

volved the philosophical manner in which it was conducted ; for even the sudden surprise of the *rencontre*, which might naturally have been supposed to upset both parties, seemed to have no kind of effect whatever upon them, but on the contrary, appeared to be no surprise at all.

" Ill-employed ! " said Blazenton ; " look to your own conduct, ma'am."

" Oh ! " said the lady, " you are going to scold ; we have met oddly, unexpectedly, and accidentally, do not let us make a scene for the amusement of these ' Odd People,' who I have no doubt have brought us together for the purpose of making fun for somebody."

" Ah ! " said Blazenton, not looking at her, " I believe, ma'am, you are right, eh ! what ?—don't you see ?—yes, right,—our meeting is odd ; premeditated ; we will beat them at their own game, ma'am, we will *not* make a scene, no ; we will speak only of the amusements of the House that are going on ; don't let us refer to past grievances."

" Grievances ! " said Mrs. Blazenton. " No ; I have no wish to recur to those ; but still, as we *are* here, and have met so strangely, tell me plainly, what good did you ever get by frittering away your money amongst those women of fashion, when gambling was in vogue, and when Lady—"

" Stop, stop," said Blazenton ; " name no names."

" Did you ever get paid ? " said Mrs. Blazenton.

" Not mercenarily, in money, ma'am," said Blazenton.

" Don't pique yourself on that," said the lady. " As the priest said to the culprit, who on his way to the Place de Grève, in company with a party of traitors, endeavoured to establish a reputation quite of another character, '*Ce n'est pas le moment pour la vanité.*'"

" Vanity ! No," said Blazenton ; " but look at yourself. What do you think of those dukes, and marquises, and earls, and viscounts, all the way down to the last and lowest of the modern pitchforks ; what would they have cared for you, if it hadn't been for your agreeable *cercle*, your *petites soupers*, and all the rest of it ; what do *you* mean by vanity ? do you think that *you* were the object of their admiration."

" Come, come, Mr. Blazenton," said the lady, getting more and more animated ; " when was you ever so happy as when a great long-legged lordling did you the honour to borrow enough money without security, to buy a troop in a hussar regiment, because you were sure of having him always at dinner whenever you chose, in order to astonish your city friends ?"

" Ah ! " said Blazenton, " that would never have succeeded if we had known in those days that the ' cracks ' were to be sent to India ; but that's nothing."

" And then think of the way, Mr. Blazenton, in which you used to abandon my society for that of other women," said the lady, who, from at first not meaning to say a word about any thing connected with old reminiscences, felt the spirit stirring within her to recur to all her former wrongs.

" Other women ? " said Blazenton.

" Yes—yes," sobbed Mrs. Blazenton, " and are still—still devoted to—"

" Me ? " said Blazenton. " No—no—all those follies are over now. I live calmly, quietly, and under the advice of my worthy physician, an Irish practitioner, look after my health and stick to that, eh !—don't you see ?"

"And," said Mrs. Blazenton; "—indeed, indeed and in truth, Mr. Blazenton; how strange it seems that we should meet in this way. Do you know that you are looking wonderfully well?"

"Do you think so?" said Blazenton; "eh—ah—well—umph—upon my life—Maria, I mean—yes—Mrs. Blazenton—umph—eh—I think—eh—you are very little altered—eh?—"

"Me!" said the lady. "My dear Mr. Blazenton, I am so changed that I am absolutely afraid to look in my glass."

"Ah, I don't see that," said Blazenton. "My course of life is all altered. People come to dine with me, but they fly away either to the House of Commons, or to the Opera, or to parties—my old friends have all died off, my new friends are of another school; suppers are out of fashion—eh, well. I don't care for clubs, I stay at home, and then—what?—eh; I am alone—I try to read, but I can't, and I go to sleep. What? as I say to myself—I have outlived my compeers; I have made no new friends. Now what is life worth under such circumstances, eh? It is *that*, I suppose, which has made me a cynic."

"Why," said Mrs. Blazenton, "life under such circumstances, certainly is a burden; and what is *my* life, Mr. Blazenton? There I was with a crowd of devoted *cavaliers* at my feet; I treated them like slaves and they obeyed; my suppers after the Opera were perfect; my excursions up the river were puffed and praised in the papers; my balls were charming, and here,—what am I *now*?"

"Ah," said Blazenton; "eh—what—that's all; what a couple of fools we have been. If we had lived as we ought to have lived, and not been so uncommonly squeamish—eh—what?—both of us in the wrong, we need not have been wandering about alone, and shut out—eh, don't you see?—for the last twenty years."

"Ah," said Mrs. Blazenton; "and if we could have felt *that*, ten or fifteen years ago, how much more does it tell upon us as we are now!"

"Yes, Mrs. Blazenton," said the husband; "it is painful to have no real home."

"And really," said Mrs. Blazenton; "having nobody who cares for one."

"I might as well be an old batchelor," said Blazenton.

"And I," said the lady, "an old maid."

"We might have had a family," said Blazenton, half-crying.

"Dear children, who would have engrossed our cares, and repaid our toils for their good," said Mrs. Blazenton, crying outright.

"Yes, dear little children, who would have handed us down to posterity, Mrs. Blazenton," said he; "instead of which, we have nobody; a human being interested about us. I declare to you our sufferings are great, Mrs. Blazenton."

"Yes, Mr. Blazenton," said Mrs. Blazenton; "and very much alike in their character."

"Ma'am," said Mr. Blazenton; "eh, what?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Blazenton.

"Ought we not to try," said he, "to alleviate our sufferings by sharing them—eh? don't ye see?"

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Blazenton?" said the lady.

"Perhaps we are—eh—older we know we are, than when we parted,—eh—what?" said Blazenton; perhaps we are—eh—"



"—— Wiser, Mr. Blazenton," said his wife. "If we are, why shouldn't we forget the past, and consider all the injuries we have inflicted on each other as mere weaknesses."

"Yes," said Blazenton, "weaknesses incidental to humanity."

"If we do *that*," said Mrs. Blazenton, "we must endeavour, if possible, to render ourselves worthy of each other's esteem for the future."

"With all my soul, Maria," said Blazenton, his eyes becoming somewhat suffused with tears, called up, perhaps, by recollections of other days of folly, or by the anticipation of those of atonement. "Yes, with all my soul; by affection, by tenderness, and mutual love, which we ought always to have borne each other."

"And by regarding," said Mrs. Blazenton, "all the errors and follies of our earlier life, as so many dreams from which we have been awakened to happiness."

"Agreed," said he; "and laugh at them as if they had not been our own, but merely subjects for ridicule and amusement."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Blazenton, "how strangely, but how strongly does truth work! My dear husband, this is the moment for which, for the last ten years of the last twenty, I have been longing—my heart yearned for it—it formed the subject of my dreams by night, my thoughts by day; but my spirit was high, my heart was proud, and I could not break the ice."

"That's it," said Blazenton; "I—felt, eh? what—don't you see?—never mind—there's no use in talking now—thank Heaven, we have met—eh—this Deveril."

"We will never part!" said the agitated lady; "perhaps, my dear George, we may again rally round us, such of our old and real friends as are living."

"Yes, yes," said he, hiding his face in his hands; "and I shall again have a home—I shall again have comforts—it is woman only that can concentrate the happiness of domestic life."

"Thank Heaven this has happened," said Mrs. Blazenton, falling into her husband's arms.

"Ah!" said Blazenton, shaking his head, "this affair will make these funny people here laugh, and we shall be the town talk for a week; but never mind, never mind—eh—what—I'm above *that*. It is never too late to repent; I admit the faults of my younger days, and I shall be satisfied with the approval of those I esteem."

At which part of the dialogue Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton fell out of each other's arms; and Deveril, his wife, and Captain Gossamer, rushed from the *bosquet*, in which they had been literally ambushed to witness the proceedings.

"There!" said the master of the house, "what we meant at first as an innocent joke, has turned out a permanent good. Nothing can be more delightful to us—nothing, we think, can contribute more to your happiness and benefit, my dear friends. I and Mrs. Deveril, therefore, hope and trust you will think that the gaieties of Mumjumble Lodge are not without some beneficial results, ODD PEOPLE as we are."

A T A R A X I A.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

COME o'er the green hills to the sunny sea !

The boundless sea that washeth many lands,  
Where shells unknown to England, fair and free,  
Lie brightly scatter'd on the gleaming sands.  
There, 'midst the hush of slumbering ocean's roar,  
We'll sit and watch the silver-tissued waves  
Creep languidly along the basking shore,  
And kiss thy gentle feet, like Eastern slaves.

And we will take some volume of our choice,  
Full of a quiet poetry of thought ;  
And thou shalt read me, with thy plaintive voice,  
Lines which some gifted mind hath sweetly wrought.  
And I will listen, gazing on thy face,  
(Pale as some cameo on the Italian shell !)  
Or looking out across the far blue space,  
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell.

Come forth ! The sun hath flung on Thetis' breast  
The glittering tresses of his golden hair ;  
All things are heavy with a noonday rest,  
And floating sea-birds leave the stirless air.  
Against the sky, in outlines clear and rude,  
The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant between ;  
And lulling winds are murmuring thro' the wood,  
Which skirts the bright bay with its fringe of green,

Come forth ! All motion is so gentle now,  
It seems *thy* step alone should walk the earth,—  
*Thy* voice alone, the “ ever soft and low,”  
Wake the far-haunting echoes into birth.

Too wild would be Love's passionate store of hope,  
Unmeet the influence of his changeful power,—  
Ours be Companionship, whose gentle scope  
Hath charm enough for such a tranquil hour.

In *that*, no jealousy, no wild regret,  
Lies like deep poison in a flower's bright cup,  
Which thirsty lips for ever seek—and yet  
For ever murmur as they drink it up !  
The memory of *thy* beauty ne'er can rise  
With haunting bitterness in days to come ;  
*Thy* name can never choke my heart with sighs,  
Nor leave the vex'd tongue faltering, faint, and dumb.

Therefore come forth, oh ! gentle friend, and roam  
Where the high cliffs shall give us ample shade,  
And see how glassy lie the waves, whose foam  
Hath power to make the seaman's heart afraid.  
Seek thou no veil to shroud thy soft brown hair,—  
Wrap thou no mantle round thy graceful form ;  
The cloudless sky smiles forth as still and fair,  
As though earth ne'er could know another storm.

Come ! Let not listless sadness make delay,—  
Beneath Heaven's light that sadness will depart ;  
And as we wander on our shoreward way,  
A strange, sweet peace shall enter in thine heart.  
We will not weep, nor talk of vanish'd years,  
When, link by link, Hope's glittering chain was riven :  
Those who are dead shall claim from love no tears,—  
Those who have injured us, shall be forgiven.

Few have my summers been, and fewer thine ;—  
Youth ruin'd, is the weary lot of both :  
To both, all lonely shows our life's decline,  
Both with old friends and ties have waxed wroth.

But yet we will not weep ! The breathless calm  
Which lulls the golden earth, and wide blue sea,  
Shall pour into our souls mysterious balm,  
And fill us with its own tranquillity.

We will not mar the scene,—we will not look  
To the veil'd future, or the shadowy past :  
Seal'd up shall be sad Memory's open book,  
And Childhood's idleness return at last !  
Joy, with his restless, ever-fluttering wings,  
And Hope, his gentle brother,—all shall cease :  
Like weary hinds that seek the desert springs,  
Our one sole feeling shall be peace,—deep peace !

Then come ! Come o'er the green hills to the sea,  
The boundless sea that washeth many lands ;  
And with thy plaintive voice, oh ! read to me,  
As we two sit upon the golden sands.  
And I will listen, gazing on that face,  
Pale as some cameo on th' Italian shell ;  
Or looking out across the far blue space  
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell !

*Isle of Wight, September, 1888.*

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## A SUMMER IN BAVARIA.—NO. II.\*

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

*Kissingen—Classification of Company—a Bavarian Fair—Rustic Dresses—An old Dandy—Scrambling for Dinner—Arrangements for Health—Slaves of the Bath—Gusty billows at the bottom of a well—Bathing in Boots—Characters at Kissingen—Gratuitous public Balls—Prejudice removed—Departure for Bruckenaau.*

KISSINGEN, at which we had now established our quarters for what is called "*la petite cure*," or a three weeks' stay, is, from its near neighbourhood to the great commercial towns of Francfort, Wurzburg, Bamberg, and Leipsic, much frequented by the mercantile classes, as well as the more fashionable visitors who come from a greater distance. We were unlucky in the weather, on our first arrival, which was excessively cold, with constant heavy showers; and were therefore unable to form any opinion of the ordinary out-door arrangements of the place. In default of this, we were furnished with much amusement, while sitting at our windows, by the quarterly fair, which happened to be going on the second day of our arrival. Before our house were booths for the sale of ropes and cords, which seemed, strange to say, one of the grand objects of attraction to the peasants, both male and female; whether despairing lovers looking for halters or hardworking rustics requiring harness, I know not. One old woman in particular appeared to engage all customers; what with coaxing, scolding, and wheedling by turns, she managed to dispose of nearly the whole of her stock, to the great mortification of her rivals in the cord line.

This successful old lady thus brought in review before us, the young and the old of both sexes, all in their gay holiday garbs, some bringing already into use their newly-purchased finery in the shape of red, blue, or many-coloured parasols, now raised to keep off the pelting rain, which, contrasted with the rustic appearance of those who bore them, had a very ridiculous effect.

The dresses of the women were particularly striking: the fullest of all full petticoats, and I may add, in many instances, the shortest of all short petticoats, plaited fanlike, either of crimson, green, or lilac, edged with satin ribbons—bodices fitting tight to the shape, with flat falling frills round their necks, and gaudy coloured handkerchiefs wound and re-wound about their throats like neckcloths—quantities of amber necklaces, crosses, &c.; and to complete the whole, a head-dress composed of broad black ribbons, made into as nearly the form of a fool's cap as possible, with long bows and ends from the back of it, which, when blown on one side, displayed the hair beautifully plaited down the nape of the neck. Their *chaussure*, too, was most picturesque: white stockings, with embroidered green or crimson clocks (something like the clown's in a pantomime), with very well fitting shoes.

The dress of the young men was as smart as the materials would allow: red waistcoats, numberless silver buttons down the sides of their legs, and gold fringes in their broad-brimmed hats, serving to enliven their costumes. The old peasants wore long brown cloaks, which,

like an Irishman's great-coat, seemed intended to conceal all the wretchedness within. We were much amused at seeing one shrivelled old man with his broad-brimmed hat turned up, with a rose coquetishly placed on one side.

It may easily be fancied what picturesque groups were formed, by the peasants passing and repassing, or stopping to make their bargains.

Among the English here was General — and a large family party, or as Dr. Maas described him, “Un General anglais qui arrivait en six voitures!!!” These, with about a dozen others of the same rank of life, formed a limited but agreeable society.

The amusements are not very varied, and the days glide away in a sort of easy, quiet, health-procuring regularity. In the morning at the hour of six the band parades the streets, playing the most appropriate tune, though not a very welcome one, “Reveillez vous belle dormeuse.” At this call every body is supposed to rush from their beds, and within half an hour afterwards, the whole population come forth in such guise as they are enabled to assume in that time, and then with the greatest pertinacity they continue to drink the water every ten minutes, to the extent of five or six glasses, and in the interval walk pretty briskly up and down. After they have drunk their last glass, they have still not earned their breakfast, as half an hour more must elapse before they may go home and sip their cocoa, which is the permitted beverage, devouring at the same time, with what appetite they may, sundry little rolls in the shape of half-moons made with butter. From this time till a one o'clock dinner, for such are the early hours here, the intervening period is filled up with home occupations. I cannot say much for the dinner arrangements here, as the only hotel, at which it is considered possible to dine, is generally so full to overflowing, that both waiters and food are sadly deficient in quantity and quality. The food, such as it is, is thrown down by the breathless waiter, as if he were feeding a parcel of dogs, after which he rushes off to procure a further supply for those lower down the table. Before he has accomplished this, a desperate cry is often heard of “Mehr fleisch! mehr fleisch!” (more meat, more meat) from the first party, whom he has only half satisfied. As pastry and fruit are both forbidden to the water-drinkers, the less scrupulous patients are kept in order by those articles never appearing; dessert is entirely omitted. Notwithstanding this, dinner occupies the space of *two hours*, which often induced us to prefer a nice little tête-à-tête dinner at home. This is easily accomplished, as they have dishes made for the purpose, which fit into one another, and are furnished with a groove, through which a strap is passed, which keeps all together. The whole pyramid can then be carried through the streets, without spilling or getting cold. In this way, *one person* may have a dinner at his own house, sufficient in quantity for two moderate appetites, consisting of soup, beef, cutlets, vegetables, chevreuil, pudding, stewed cherries, and bread, for a shilling!

As there are three mineral springs all differing in taste and medical properties, the doctor has divided the day, so as to make use of each by turns. The Ragozzi is used in the morning as before mentioned; the Maxbrunnen, otherwise called the Sauerbrunnen, from its taste, is to be imbibed in the quantity of three quarters of a glass after dinner; and the Pandur, which is the one also made use of for baths, is



taken at six. The latter is so unpleasant to the taste, that we generally contented ourselves with the six glasses of water already taken, without drawing on the Pandur for two more. Tea (or rather some substitute for it, for tea is forbidden) succeeds, and then to bed by nine o'clock, and so ends a day at Kissingen, with very slight accidental alterations.

The baths, for which I have already mentioned the water of the Pandur spring is used, are generally taken at home, each lodging-house being provided with wooden boxes (something in the shape of coffins), which they leave in a spare room, if there is one in the suite of apartments, and which sundry wretched-looking old women, who follow the calling of water-carriers, fill with water, which they bring from the baths. In order to do this, they have, strapped on their backs, a deep pail, something in the shape of a churn, and they may be seen about the time of bathing, wending their way along the streets, bowed down by the weight of their pails full of water. When they reach the bath, it is only making a still lower bow, and the water is poured from their backs, just clearing their heads, into the wooden troughs in which the unfortunate bather is shortly after to immerse himself. When they come with the pails of hot water which are necessary to bring it to the requisite temperature, they know from habit almost to a degree how low a bow will make it acquire the proper point of warmth. I should think there are few more industrious and hardworking, and at the same time worse paid classes, than these poor creatures. It is said they get little more than a penny for each pail which they have to bring a weary distance, and that their health is sure to suffer, sooner or later, from the laborious exercise, in a constrained position, they have to go through. We took care that the parting gratuity should afford some compensation for all this.

About a week after our arrival we set off to see the Salines, or salt springs, at the distance of a mile from Kissingen. One of these is what is called a tidal spring; that is, ebbs and flows, like the sea, though at shorter intervals. Some, indeed, add that at the full and new moon, an excessive flow, analagous to a spring tide may be observed; but this must be, I fancy, a little aided by imagination, in order to complete the parallel.

From the various salt-springs here, an immense quantity of water is collected and conveyed in conduits to the top of a large building, where it is allowed to filter through bushes, laid one on another, the whole height of the building.- In passing through these the water deposits all impurities, and is then collected in a reservoir at the bottom, from which it is conveyed to the boiling-houses to crystallize.

The tidal spring which we now visited is situated in a small house by itself. On entering, we saw what appeared to be a deep well, surrounded with railings. We went within these, but the water seemed so low, that in the dark depths of the well we could not distinguish it. After a little while, however, when the eye got more accustomed to the light, we began to discover it, at the depth of about fifteen feet. It got still lower, as it was evidently *ebb tide*. After a period of twenty minutes, it began to rise again, and continued to do so for about three quarters of an hour. The fact that it was rising, was made evident by a noise in the depth of the well, resembling the waves of the sea. This was

caused by the water bubbling up in the centre, and thus spreading itself like a wave in every direction against the sides, from which it rebounded like the sea from a pier or rock. The higher it got, the more violent became the commotion, bubbling, hissing, and foaming in a most troubled state. The gas escapes from the surface in such large quantities, that by dipping a hat into the air just above the water, when it is high tide, it may be filled with gas and poured from one to another. An old gentleman who was present, applied his hat to his face, to test its strength, and gave ample testimony to that by a violent sputtering that made every body laugh *aux éclats*.

As we heard there were baths, we opened one of the doors to look at them, and there we saw an elderly gentleman already in one, and strange to say, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, who were looking on. We concluded that they were relations, but no, they were visitors like ourselves. Presently up he got, and came out of the bath. This will seem less strange when I mention that he had got in in his clothes, boots, spurs and all; and the wonder will cease when I add, that the baths are gas baths, the gas being collected in a receiver, which is let down on the surface of the water, while in the violent state of ebullition I have described, and then conveyed in pipes to the respective baths. That in which the gentleman was reclining is just like a common portable bath, being provided with an oilskin covering, to keep the gas from reaching the face. While we were looking at the tidal spring, some young ladies addressed us in very good English, and their mother joined in the conversation in French. They were a very agreeable family from Berlin, and we were quite sorry that their departure, a few days afterwards, prevented our improving their acquaintance.

There are several curious characters here; first in rank, and therefore worthy of first mention, is the Princess ——. It is difficult to describe the feeling of awe with which she (unconsciously no doubt) struck the humbler visitors, when the day after her arrival she appeared on the parade: her lofty bearing, and distinguished figure, clad withal in a white hat and sky-blue feathers, a pink silk cloak, and green dress, made her the observed of all observers. In the distance might be seen the gentleman of the bedchamber, bearing a large Bohemian glass goblet of divers colours, out of which she was to quaff from the health-inspiring fount.

Another character is a German professor, with a small white cap on the top of his head, under which may be seen a large skull, from which the stiff black locks jut out in every direction. He is very tall and fat, and wears a light green coat, which falls below his knees, his hands clasped behind him, and thus he strides along “like a Colossus.”

We noticed several times two nursery-maids, with infants in their arms, their shawls very fancifully arranged around their shoulders. A German, to whom we remarked this, and whose niece had married a Russian, told us that these children were *padlocked to their nurses*, by their mothers, who are Russians, to prevent their selling them; which is a common practice among the nurses at these watering-places, and they often get from twenty to thirty louis d'ors for them. We were horrified when we heard this, and could scarcely believe it possible, but he again and again assured us it was the case, and that they arranged their shawls

to prevent its being seen. Whatever credit may be given to this wonderful history,

“ I tell the tale as it was told to me !”

I must not omit to mention the picturesque beauties of Kissingen. In addition to numerous walks carried through the woods, which clothe a hill opposite the town, there is a ruined castle, on a mountain, within a mile, to which frequent expeditions are arranged. On one fine night it was made the scene of a midnight banquet, by a party of Russian Princesses, with attendant Princes, who went here by torchlight, thus realizing the old Eastern fictions, only that instead of an enchanted horse, they went on humdrum donkeys : with this exception, the old ruins, now lighted by the uncertain moon, now by the dancing gleam of the flambeaus, while gay music, and still gayer bursts of laughter rung within its walls, and resounded in the distance, gave full play to the romantic imaginations of those who viewed it from below, and knew not the cause of this unwonted movement. It seemed as if the ancient inhabitants of this oft beleaguered fort had agreed to reassemble, and hold yet one more revel in the scene of their former triumphs.

The society here is upon a very easy footing. The balls begin at five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and after their glass of pandur, they walk into the Kursaal (which is a very handsome building), in their morning dresses, and see the ladies spinning round in a valse, every now and then taking another turn in the arcades, and then resuming their places in the ball-room. There seems no restriction as to entrance, nor is any money paid, though a capital band is furnished for the dancers. Persons of all grades, provided they are well dressed, are allowed to come in, taking their places higher or lower in the room, according to their probable rank.

For the last fortnight of our stay here, we quite gave up dining at the rooms of the Great Bath Hotel ; the discomforts of which have already been described. General —, made the discovery of a restaurateur named Schuschlach where we could get the midday meal in comfort, nay, almost in luxury ; and thither did we, in common with the rest of the English party, betake ourselves, and had every reason to be satisfied with him, and to recommend him to others ; indeed, we afterwards heard that he became all the fashion among the English.

On Monday we left Kissingen, having stayed exactly three weeks, and found reason to dismiss all our prejudices against our landlord, Herr Streit. The lodgings are spacious, and, *for the place*, well furnished ; the attendants prompt and willing, and the charge less than at some houses, though more than at others—about a fair medium. The only objection to them was, that the passages were not so redolent of frankincense as we could have wished ; a fault, I fear, common to most German houses.

Amidst the heartily expressed wishes of the whole assembled household, including a merry little maiden, our host's daughter, who had attended us with all the simple kindness of a German girl of her class in life, we set off for Bruckenuau, the King of Bavaria's pet watering-place, built and inhabited by himself, where, from all we had heard, we were led to expect much of interest and amusement.

## FALKENSTEIN.

THE old Castle of Falkenstein, crowning the summit of an all but inaccessible rock, like an eagle's eyrie, and frowning on the fair fields beneath, presented a meet emblem of the churlish spirit of its lord. Sowered by disappointment, and by more than one bitter pang that had entered into his soul, he indulged in misanthropic retirement; and, if any hardy wight dared to face the forbidding aspect of the place, and climbed the narrow craggy footway that crept up the rock, looking at a distance like a gigantic wounded snake creeping to its lair, till it ended opposite the barred and nailed postern, he had no sooner demanded admission, and felt fully committed, than he wished himself down again. Those who had been bold enough to cross that iron-bound threshold, returned with such awful accounts of the terrible old Baron, as made their hearers tremble; till at last no one, unless absolutely compelled by business, ventured to intrude on his privacy.

But if the Lord of Falkenstein was rude even to coarseness towards those who were unfortunate enough to gain access to his presence, this rugged casket of a castle of his contained a jewel of great price. His only child, the charming Irmengarde, was all that poets have sung, and painters realized. Fair as the fairest of the daughters of the Saxon, her high forehead, dazzling complexion, dark blue eyes, and golden hair, might have been chosen as a model for a Madonna by Raphael himself; though it is doubtful whether even his pencil could have portrayed the bewitching smile that played round her ripe lips, or have conveyed to the spectator the seraphic intelligence, married to purity and goodness of heart, that beamed in her lovely face. The silver tones of her voice produced upon her rough sire, the same effect that the music of the harp did upon Saul: the demon fled before those sweet sounds and that heavenly aspect, and the old man would press her to his bosom with that fulness of fondness, that fathers only feel. He seemed to live in constant dread of losing her, and nothing so much roused the violence of his angry temper, as the slightest intimation from any cavalier, however noble, powerful, rich, and good, that he should be proud to form an alliance with the house of Falkenstein.

Affairs connected with the neighbouring mines, which were his property, brought the young and gallant Kuno von Sayn to the castle. He saw Irmengarde, their eyes met, their hearts were penetrated. This, believe us, gentle reader, is the only true animal magnetism; and Kuno, though the sire had treated him very much as though he had been no better than a dog, determined within his secret soul that she should be his; and that he would, come what come might, return and demand her hand.

He did return. He was admitted.

The Lord of Falkenstein and his daughter were sitting in an oriel window, that looked out upon the surpassingly beautiful champaign beneath, rich with its verdure and its clustering orchards, and its shining river. Irmengarde rose as he entered. The father kept his seat, and appeared not to take the slightest notice of him. He felt more than embarrassed; the blood gave back upon his heart, and the surrounding

objects whirled before his darkening eyes—suddenly it rushed back to his face, and he stammered out,

“No castle in the world is so well situated as yours; what a pity that it is so difficult of access!”

“Who forced you to come hither?” growled the Baron.

“Irmengarde.”

“Irmengarde! Speak, girl—say that he lies.”

Irmengarde blushed till her face and snowy neck were one glow of crimson; and the young knight—what will not love endure—who had staggered as if he had received a blow, without marking the brutality, that from any other man’s lips would have been the harbinger of death to one or both, recovered himself and said, “I come to demand your daughter’s hand.”

The Lord of Falkenstein smiled—a bad omen with him—and there stood the two young lovers in the sunshine, their pulses beating thick; and there sat the grim old father in the shadow, with his grizzled beard and hair all disordered, and no one spoke word.

At length the Baron broke the silence that weighed upon the bosoms of Irmengarde and Kuno like lead.

“Knight,” said he, “thou shalt have my daughter, but on one condition.”

“Name it, only name it!” and the young man wept.

“You accept it—very well. Cause a road to be cut through the rock on which this castle stands, so that I may pass from the plain to my courtyard on horseback, and Irmengarde is yours;—but it must be finished to-night.”

“To-night?”

“Yes, to-night.”

Another interval of silence, broken by the father with, “Well—why don’t you go? you will have enough to do.”

The poor knight’s soul was exceeding sorrowful, as, after one parting look at Irmengarde, he quitted that inhospitable roof.

He felt almost stunned; still a gleam of hope seemed to struggle through the gloom, and he went directly to his mines.

“Send Fritz hither,” said he to one of his leather-clad labourers; and in a few moments, his faithful master-miner, with his soil-stained garments, his intelligent pale face, and large owl-like eyes, stood before him.

“Fritz,” said Kuno, with some little hesitation, “we have many strong hands here, and I have undertaken to make a horse-road up to the castle yonder, can it not be done?”

The large owl-like eyes opened wider; for, in truth, an idea crossed the mind of Fritz, that his young master had gone suddenly mad; and, indeed, the traces that the interview had left on his visage did not go far to contradict the notion that his question had engendered. After reflecting for about half a minute, Fritz said, “Yes.”

“My brave Fritz! call the men together—it must be finished to night.” Nothing seems impossible to love.

“Mad, mad!” thought Fritz; but he only said, “My dear young master, three hundred miners, were they to work night and day, could not make such a road to that accursed nest on the rock in eight days!”

and casting a glance of mingled affection, respect, and regret at Kuno, he turned slowly away, and descended the gallery at the mouth of which the conversation had passed.

Kuno, sick at heart, sat down on a stone at the entrance of the gallery, his eye fixed on vacancy: hour after hour passed away, but he remarked not the lapse of time; the broad red disc of the sinking sun threw the shadow of the castellated rock far across the plain, as if it had been the gnomon of a huge dial telling of the declining day, and his dying hope; but Kuno heeded it not. The mist began to curl up from the low grounds, till it rose like a sea of fog-smoke, over the eddying surface of which forests and groups of trees showed like islands and islets in the pale light of the rising moon; but Kuno heeded it not, though it chilled all nature like a shroud, and the flowers folded up their petals as they shrank from its deadly influence.

Suddenly a voice uttered words.

"Sir Knight," so spake the voice, "I heard what you said to Fritz: he is a fine old fellow, but I know more of the matter than he does."

Kuno looked, and saw shimmering through the mist right opposite to him, the figure of a very little old man with snowy beard and hair, clad in a miniature chief-miner's dress, which was richly ornamented. A sable cock's feather waved over his cap, and he held what seemed to be a bundle of twigs resting on one arm.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed Kuno.

"Your good folks are polite enough to call me the goblin of the mine—never heed that—it does not make them better nor me worse. We are not, indeed, quite so big as they are; but we are masters of our craft, and a trifle more active. *We* should not think it a very great feat to make such a road as you want to the castle of Falkenstein in an hour."

"Can you—will you?" cried the knight.

"We both can and will; for, to tell you the truth, I have taken a liking to you. You have not troubled us with *hands of glory* and exorcisms, to wring from us the secret of the best lodes; but you must be aware that *we* do nothing for nothing, and I have a trifling affair of business to talk over with you. Command your workmen to cease driving in the direction where they are now employed. They are coming inconveniently near the dark abodes of my people, whom I cannot always keep in order on such occasions, and if they go much further, we shall be driven out of the mountain altogether: as it is, we get no rest by day, and all night we are busy. Only give up working the 'Saint Margaret mine'—you will lose nothing by your forbearance, for there are richer veins running from west to east, and you may well leave us, who lie to the north, in peace. Grant this, and the road shall be made by midnight: here are the rods to show you where the rich eastern veins run."

"I grant it," said Kuno.

"The compact is complete," said the figure, "and to-morrow your wishes shall be gratified."

At this moment, the ghastly cry of the great horned owl broke on the startled ear of Kuno; he looked round mechanically, and when he turned his head again towards the spot where his visitant had stood, he



was gone, and in his place lay the divining rods, wet with dew and glittering in the cold moonshine. The knight gathered them up and departed, full of hope, to his dwelling.

Irmengarde had no such comfort. Sleep fled from her; and whilst her father, rocked by deep draughts of Rhenish, slumbered heavily, she left her chamber, and with tearful eyes sought the oriel where she had last seen Kuno, and then turned sadly away to seek her couch again, there to watch and weep.

The clock struck eleven.

Instantly the air was filled with the din of pickaxes, crowbars, sledge-hammers, and stone-chisels, as if all the miners in the world were at work, tearing the very entrails of the rock to pieces. Irmengarde's heart fluttered as if it would burst through its lovely prison; but she dared not approach the window.

The Lord of Falkenstein, awakened by the uproar, descended into his great hall, which he paced in an absolute fury. "That madman," cried he, "is positively at work; he will do just enough utterly to break up my pathway, and we shall have no egress or ingress but by basket and pulley."

He strode to the window and opened it.

This seemed to be the signal for letting loose the elements. The winds blew from the four points of Heaven, as if the general doom were near, shaking the ancient beeches to their very roots, and bending the lofty heads of the other forest trees, till they creaked and groaned again. The windows and doors were blown open and clapped to; the lightning shot in a flood of splendour through the hall, lighting up the armour for a moment only, but so vividly, that every device upon every shield, was seen more clearly than at noonday. The thunder crashed; shouts of unearthly laughter were heard even above its reverberations. Irmengarde, who had rushed in terror to the hall, clung to her father, murmuring her "aves" and her prayers, and making the holy sign.

The clock struck twelve. Presently the thunder rolled more distantly, the gusts were less violent, the shouts of laughter more faint; the moon again shone forth, and a calm, hardly interrupted by the balmy zephyr, reigned throughout nature.

The Lord of Falkenstein breathed more freely, and endeavoured to calm his agitated daughter. "'Twas but the wild huntsman," said he, "sweeping by with his doomed train." Irmengarde was pacified; for she remembered the promise of Kuno, and love believeth all things: she went to her bower, and slept the sleep of innocence and hope.

Not so the father: he tossed on an anxious bed, without closing his eyes, till the song of birds, and the ruddy streaks of light, told him that the blessed sun was rising. Scarcely had its first rays gilded the turrets, when the tramp of a steed was heard. The Baron started up, and from the window beheld on the drawbridge the gallant knight, mounted on his good charger, as if he had dropped from the skies.

"Well, sire of Falkenstein," said the youth gaily, "your castle is not very difficult of access *now*; I never travelled a pleasanter road in my life."

"Is it possible? Am I awake?" exclaimed the Baron, as he caught a glimpse of the broad, well-beaten way that wound up the rock.

Kuno entered the hall where stood the trembling Irmengarde. The

Lord of Falkenstein led her to the joyous knight. "Take her," said the Baron; "I will keep faith—so do you; may you be happy, my children."

Right pleasant were the lives of Kuno and Irmengarde, and soon did the old halls echo with the merry voices of their little ones, whose winning ways charmed away all moroseness from their grandsire's heart, and the Castle of Falkenstein was long the abode of the happy family, and of their children's children.

But families, like states, must have their rise and fall. Kuno's compact with the little old man of the mine had been faithfully kept; and the eastern and western veins yielded wealth beyond the hopes of the lords of the castle.

At length came he who was destined to be the last of the Barons of Falkenstein. By a reckless course of gaming and vice, he exhausted the richest parts of the eastern and western veins. Then some *Douster-swivel* of a fellow, in an evil hour, was introduced into the castle. The adept soon declared that the best of the mines lay to the north, and put the whole strength of the establishment to work in that direction. From that moment all went wrong. Strange sights were seen, dreadful sounds were heard—miners were buried in scores by the falling earth. It was found impossible to work on the forbidden ground; and, indeed, after a while, no one could be found to venture. At last the owner returned in his despair to the great western vein, which, to the astonishment of all, was apparently as rich as it ever had been. One day's work, however, brought the miners to a fault, nor did they ever recover the ore.

The last Lord of Falkenstein now left the home of his ancestors a ruined man. The walls which had so long rung with the voice of mirth, the song and dance, were desolate. Time and nature did their work; and whilst his impoverished descendants languished in a foreign land,

"The grass grew in their father's hall,  
The thistle in their mother's bower."

The traveller still pauses to view the remains of this feudal abode, now only haunted by the *steindrossel* or rock-thrush, as it crumbles on its high eminence above the fertile gardens of Kronenberg, near Alt-koenig. The way to the castle is called "The Goblin's Road" by the peasants to this day.

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## THE PHANTOM SHIP.\*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

## CHAP. XXVII.

THE raft was found to answer well ; and although her progress through the water was not very rapid, she obeyed the helm and was under command. Both Philip and Krantz were very careful in taking such marks and observations of the island as should enable them, if necessary, to find it again. With the current to assist them, they now proceeded rapidly to the southward, in order that they might examine a large island which lay in that direction. Their object, after seeking for Amine, was to find out the direction of Ternate : the king of which they knew to be at variance with the Portuguese, who had a fort and factory at Tidore, not very far distant from it ; and from thence to obtain a passage in one of the Chinese junks, which, on their way to Bantam, called at that island.

Towards evening they had neared the large island, and they soon ran down it close to the beach. Philip's eyes wandered in every direction to ascertain whether any thing on the shore indicated the presence of Amine's raft, but he could perceive nothing of the kind, nor did he see any inhabitants.

That they might not pass the object of their search during the night, they ran their raft on shore in a small cove, where the waters were quite smooth, and remained there till the next morning, when they again made sail and prosecuted their voyage. Krantz was steering with the long sweep they had fitted for the purpose, when he observed Philip, who had been for some time silent, take from his breast the relic which he wore, and gaze attentively upon it.

"Is that your picture, Philip?" observed Krantz.

"Alas ! No, it is my destiny," replied Philip, answering without reflection.

"Your destiny ! What mean you ?"

"Did I say my destiny ? I hardly know what I said," replied Philip, replacing the relic in his bosom.

"I rather think you said more than you intended," replied Krantz ; "but at the same time, something near the truth. I have often perceived you with that trinket in your hand, and I have not forgotten how anxious Schrieter was to obtain it, and the consequences of his attempt upon it. Is there not some secret—some mystery attached to it ? Surely, if so, you must now sufficiently know me as your friend, to feel me worthy of your confidence."

"That you are my friend, Krantz, I feel—my sincere and much valued friend, for we have shared much danger together, and that is sufficient to make us friends—that I could trust you, I believe, but I feel as if I dare not trust any one. There is a mystery attached to this relic (for a relic it is), which as yet has been confided to my wife and holy men alone."

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\* Continued from No. ccxix., page 340.

"And if trusted to holy men, surely it may be trusted to sincere friendship, than which nothing is more holy."

"But I have a presentiment that the knowledge of my secret would prove fatal to you. Why I feel such a presentiment I know not; but I feel it, Krantz; and I cannot afford to lose you, my valued friend."

"You will not, then, make use of my friendship, it appears," replied Krantz. "I have risked my life with you before now, and I am not to be deterred from the duties of friendship by a childish foreboding on your part, the result of an agitated mind and a weakened body. Can any thing be more absurd than to suppose, that a secret confided to me can be pregnant with danger, unless it be, indeed, that my zeal to assist you may lead me into difficulties. I am not of a prying disposition; but we have been so long connected together, and are now so isolated from the rest of the world, that it appears to me it would be a solace to you—were you to confide in one whom you can trust, what evidently has long pressed upon your mind. The consolation and advice of a friend, Philip, are not to be despised, and you will feel relieved, if able to talk over with him, a subject which evidently oppresses you. If, therefore, you value my friendship, let me share with you in your sorrows."

There are few who have passed through life so quietly, as not to recollect how much grief has been assuaged by confiding its cause to, and listening to the counsels and consolations of, some dear friend. It must not therefore appear surprising, that, situated as he was, and oppressed with the loss of Amine, Philip should regard Krantz as one to whom he might venture to confide his important secret. He commenced his narrative with no injunctions, for he felt that if Krantz could not respect his secret for his secret's sake, or from good will towards him, he was not likely to be bound by any promise; and as, during the day, the raft passed by the various small capes and headlands of the island, he poured into Krantz's ear the history which the reader is acquainted with. "Now you know all," said Philip, with a deep sigh, as the narrative was concluded. "What think you? Do you credit my strange tale, or do you imagine as some well would, that it is a mere phantom of a disordered brain?"

"That it is not so, Philip, I believe," replied Krantz; "for I too have had ocular proof of the correctness of a part of your history. Remember how often I have seen this Phantom Ship—and if your father is permitted to range over the seas, why should you not be selected and permitted to reverse his doom. I fully believe every word that you have told me, and since you have told me this, I can comprehend much that in your behaviour at times appeared unaccountable, there are many who would pity you, Philip, but I envy you."

"Envy me?" cried Philip.

"Yes! envy you; and gladly would I take the burden of your doom on my own shoulders, were it only possible. Is it not a splendid thought that you are summoned to so great a purpose,—that instead of roaming through the world as we all do in pursuit of a wealth, which possibly we may lose after years of cost and hardship, by the venture of a day, and which at all events, we must leave behind us,—you are selected to fulfil a great and glorious work—the work of angels, I may say—that of redeeming the soul of a Father, *suffering* indeed, for his human frailties, but not doomed to perish for eternity? You have, indeed, an object of

pursuit, worthy of all the hardships and dangers of a maritime life. If it ends in your death, what then? Where else ends our futile cravings our continual toil, after nothing? We all must die—but how few—who indeed besides yourself—was ever permitted before his death to ransom the soul of the author of his existence? Yes, Philip, I envy you!”

“You think and speak like Amine. She too is of a wild and ardent soul, that would mingle with the beings of the other world, and hold intelligence with disembodied spirits.”

“She is right,” replied Krantz; “there are events in my life or rather connected with my family, which have often fully convinced me that this is not only possible but permitted. Your story has only corroborated—what I already believed.”

“Indeed! Krantz?”

“Indeed, yes; but of that hereafter: the night is closing in; we must again put our little bark in safety for the night, and there is a cove which I think appears suited for the purpose.”

Before morning, a strong breeze right on shore had sprung up and the surf became so high as to endanger the raft—to continue their course was impossible—they could only haul up their raft to prevent its being dashed to pieces by the force of the waves, as the seas broke on the shore. Philip’s thoughts were as usual upon Amine, and as he watched the tossing waters, as the sunbeams lightened up their crests, he exclaimed “Ocean! hast thou my Amine? If so, give up thy dead! What is that!” continued he, pointing to a speck on the horizon.

“The sail of a small craft of some description or another,” replied Krantz; “and apparently coming down before the wind to shelter herself in the very nook we have selected.”

“You are right; it is the sail of a vessel, of one of those peroquas which skim over these seas—how she rises on the swell!—she is full of men, apparently.”

The peroqua rapidly approached, and was soon close to the beach; the sail was lowered, and she was backed in through the surf.

“Resistance is useless, should they prove enemies,” observed Philip. “We shall soon know our fate.”

The people in the peroqua took no notice of them, until the craft had been hauled up and secured—three of them then advanced towards Philip and Krantz, with spears in their hands, but evidently with no hostile intentions. One addressed them in Portuguese, asking them “who they were?”

“We are Hollanders,” replied Philip.

“A part of the crew of the vessel which was wrecked?” inquired he.

“Yes!”

“You have nothing to fear—you are enemies to the Portuguese, and so are we. We belong to the island of Ternate—our king is at war with the Portuguese, who are villains. Where are your companions? on which island?”

“They are all dead,” replied Philip; “may I ask you whether you have fallen in with a woman, who was adrift on a part of the raft by herself? or have you heard of her?”

"We have heard that a woman was picked up on the beach to the southward, and carried away by the Tidore people to the Portuguese settlement, on the supposition that she was a Portuguese."

"Then, Heaven be thanked, she is saved!" cried Philip. "Merciful Heaven! accept my thanks. To Tidore you said?"

"Yes; we are at war with the Portuguese; we cannot take you there."

"No! but we shall meet again."

The person who accosted them was evidently of some consequence. His dress was, to a certain degree, Mahometan, but mixed up with Malay—he carried arms in his girdle and a spear in his hand; his turban was of printed chintz; and his deportment, like most persons of rank in that country, was courteous and dignified.

"We are now returning to Ternate, and will take you with us. Our king will be pleased to receive any Hollanders, especially as you are enemies to the Portuguese dogs. I forgot to tell you that we have one of your companions with us in the boat; we picked him up at sea, much exhausted, but he is now doing well."

"Who can it be?" observed Krantz, "it must be some one belonging to some other vessel."

"No," replied Philip shuddering, "it must be Schrifster."

"Then my eyes must behold him before I believe it," replied Krantz.

"Then believe your eyes," replied Philip, pointing to the form of Schrifster, who was now walking towards them.

"Mynheer Vanderdecken, glad to see you. Mynheer Krantz I hope you are well. How lucky that we should be all saved. He! he!"

"The ocean has then, indeed, given up its dead, as I requested," thought Philip.

In the mean time, Schrifster, without making any reference to the way in which they had so unceremoniously parted company, addressed Krantz with apparent good-humour, and some slight tinge of sarcasm. It was some time before Krantz could rid himself of him.

"What think you of him, Krantz?"

"That he is a part of the whole, and has his destiny to fulfil as well as you. He has his part to play in this wondrous mystery, and will remain until it is finished. Think not of him. Recollect, your Amine is safe."

"True," replied Philip, "the wretch is not worth a thought; we have now nothing to do but to embark with these people; hereafter we may rid ourselves of him, and then strive to rejoin my dearest Amine."

## CHAP. XXVIII.

WHEN Amine again came to her senses, she found herself lying on the leaves of the Palmetto, in a small hut. A hideous black child sat by her brushing off the flies. Where was she?

The raft had been tossed about for two days, during which Amine



remained in a state of alternate delirium and stupor. Driven by the current and the gale it had been thrown on shore, on the eastern end of the coast of New Guinea. She had been discovered by some of the natives, who happened to be on the beach trafficking with some of the Tidore people. At first, they hastened to rid her of her garments, although they perceived that she was not dead; but before they had left her as naked as themselves, a diamond of great value, which had been given to her by Philip, attracted the attention of one of the savages; failing in his attempt to pull it off, he pulled out a rusty, blunt knife, and was busily sawing at the finger, when an old woman of authority interfered and bade him desist. The Tidore people, also, who were friends with the Portuguese, pointed out, that to save one of that nation would ensure a reward; they stated moreover, that they would, on their return, inform the people of the factory establishment that one of their countrywomen had been thrown on shore on a raft. To this Amine owed the care and attention that was paid to her; that part of New Guinea being somewhat civilized by occasional intercourse with the Tidore people, who came there to exchange European finery and trash for the more useful productions of the island.

The Papoose woman carried Amine into her hut, and there she lay for many days, wavering between life and death, carefully attended, but requiring little, except the moistening of her parched lips with water, and the brushing off of the musquitoes and flies.

When Amine opened her eyes, the little Papoos ran out to acquaint the woman, who followed her into the hut. She was of large size, very corpulent and unwieldy, with little covering on her body; her hair, which was woolly in its texture, was partly plaited, partly frizzled; a cloth round her waist, and a piece of faded yellow silk on her shoulders, was all her dress. A few silver rings on her fat fingers, and a necklace of mother-of-pearl, were her ornaments. Her teeth were jetty black from the use of the beetle-nut, and her whole appearance was such as to excite disgust in the breast of Amine.

She addressed Amine, but her words were unintelligible: and the sufferer, exhausted with the slight effort she had made, fell back into her former position and closed her eyes. But if the woman was disgusting, she was kind, and by her attention and care Amine was able, in the course of three weeks, to crawl out of the hut and enjoy the evening breeze. The natives of the island would at times surround her, but they treated her with respect, from fear of the old woman. Their woolly hair was frizzled or plaited, sometimes powdered white with Chinam. A few Palmetto leaves round their waist, and descending to the knee was their only attire; rings through the nose and ears, and feathers of birds, particularly the bird of paradise, were their ornaments, but their language was wholly unintelligible. Amine felt grateful for life; she sat under the shade of the trees, and watched the swift peroquas as they skimmed the blue sea, which was expanded before her, but her thoughts were elsewhere, they were on Philip.

One morning Amine came out of the hut, with joy on her countenance and took her usual seat under the trees. "Yes, mother, dearest mother, I thank thee; thou hast appeared to me; thou hast recalled to me thy arts, which I had forgotten, and had I but the means of con-

- versing with these people, even now would I know where my Philip might be."

For two months did Amine remain under the care of the Papoos woman. When the Tidore people returned, they had an order to bring the white woman who had been cast on shore to the factory, and repay those who had taken charge of her. They made signs to Amine, who had now quite recovered her beauty, that she was to go with them. Any change was preferable to staying where she was, and Amine followed them down to a peroqua, on which she was securely fixed, and was soon darting across the waters with her new companions ; and, as they flew along the smooth seas, Amine thought of Philip's dream, and the mermaid's shell.

By the evening they had arrived at the southern point of Galolo, where they landed for the night ; the next day they gained the place of their destination, and Amine was led up to the Portuguese factory.

That the curiosity of those who were stationed there was roused, is not to be wondered at, the history given by the natives of her escape appeared so miraculous. From the commandant to the lowest servant, every one was waiting to receive her ; the beauty of Amine, her perfect form, astonished them. The commandant addressed a long compliment to her in Portuguese, and was astonished that she did not make a suitable reply, but as Amine did not understand a word that he said, it would have been more surprising if she had.

As Amine made signs that she could not understand the language, it was presumed that she was either English or Dutch, and an interpreter was sent for. She then explained that she was the wife of a Dutch captain, whose vessel had been wrecked, and that she did not know whether the crew had been saved or not. The Portuguese were very glad to hear that a Dutch vessel had been wrecked, and very glad that so lovely a creature as Amine had been saved. She was informed by the commandant that she was welcome, and that during her stay there every thing should be done to make her comfortable ; that in three months they expected a vessel from the Chinese seas, proceeding to Goa, and that if inclined, she should have a passage to Goa in that vessel, and from that city, she would easily find other vessels to take her wherever she might please to go ; she was then conducted to an apartment and left with a little negress to attend upon her.

The Portuguese commandant was a small, meager, little man, dried up to a chip, from long sojourning under a tropical sun. He had very large whiskers, and a very long sword. These were the two most remarkable features in his person and dress.

His attentions could not be misinterpreted, and Amine would have laughed at him, had she not been fearful that she might be detained. In a few weeks, by due attention, she gained the Portuguese language so far as to ask for what she required, and before she quitted the Island of Tidore she could converse fluently. But her anxiety to leave, and to ascertain what had become of Philip, was greater every day ; and at the expiration of the three months, her eyes were continually bent to seaward, to catch the first glimpse of the vessel which was expected. At last it appeared, and as Amine watched the approach of the canvass from the west, the commandant fell on his knees, and declaring his

passion, requested her not to think of departure, but to unite her fate with his.

Amine was cautious in her reply, for she knew that she was in his power. "She must first receive intelligence of her husband's death, which was not yet certain; she would proceed to Goa, and if she discovered that she was single, she would write to him."

This answer, as it will be discovered, was the cause of great suffering to Philip; the commandant fully assured that he could compass Philip's death, was satisfied—declared, that as soon as he had any positive intelligence, he would bring it to Goa himself, and made a thousand protestations of truth and fidelity.

"Fool!" thought Amine, as she watched the ship, which was now close to the anchorage.

In half an hour the vessel had anchored, and the people had landed. Amine observed a priest with them, as they walked up to the fort. She shuddered—she knew not why; when they arrived, she found herself in the presence of Father Mathias.

#### CHAP. XXIX.

BOTH Amine and Father Mathias started, and drew back with surprise at this unexpected meeting. Amine was the first to extend her hand, she had almost forgotten at the moment how they had parted, in the pleasure she experienced in meeting with a well-known face.

Father Mathias coldly took her hand, and laying his own upon her head, said, "May God bless thee, and forgive thee, my daughter, as I have long done." Then the recollection of what had passed, rushed into Amine's mind, and she coloured deeply.

Had Father Mathias forgiven her? The event will show; but this is certain, that he now treated her as an old friend; listened to her history of the wreck with interest, and agreed with her upon the propriety of her accompanying him to Goa.

In a few days the vessel sailed, and Amine quitted the factory and its enamoured commandant. They ran through the Archipelago in safety, and were crossing the mouth of the Bay of Bengal, without having had any interruption to fine weather.

Father Mathias had returned to Lisbon, when he quitted Ternicore, and tired of idleness, had again volunteered to proceed as a missionary to India. He had arrived at Formosa, and shortly after his arrival, had received directions from his superior to return on important business to Goa, and thus it was that he fell in with Amine at Tidore.

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings of Father Mathias towards Amine—they varied so often. At one moment, he would call to mind the kindness shown to him by her and Philip—the regard he had for the husband, and the many good qualities which he acknowledged that she possessed—and *now* he would recollect the disgrace, the unmerited disgrace, he had suffered through her means; and he would then canvass, whether she really did believe him an intruder in her chamber for other motives than those which had actuated him, or whether she had taken advantage of his indiscretion. These accounts were nearly balanced in his mind—he could have forgiven all—if he had thought

that Amine was a sincere convert to the church; but his strong conviction that she was not only an unbeliever, but that she practised forbidden arts, turned the scale against her. He watched her narrowly, and when, in her conversation, she showed any religious feeling, his heart warmed towards her; but when, on the contrary, any words escaped her lips which seemed to show that she thought lightly of his creed, then the full tide of indignation and vengeance poured into his bosom.

It was in crossing the Bay of Bengal, to pass round the southern cape of Ceylon that they first met with bad weather; and when the storm increased, the superstitious seamen lighted candles before the small image of the saint—which was shrined on deck. Amine observed it, and smiled with scorn; and as she did so, almost unwittingly, she perceived that the eye of Father Mathias was earnestly fixed upon her.

“The Papooses I have just left do no worse than worship their idols, and are termed idolaters,” muttered Amine. “What then are these Christians?”

“Would you not be better below?” said Father Mathias, coming over to Amine; “this is no time for women to be on deck—they were better employed in offering up prayers for safety.”

“Nay, father, I can pray better here; I like this conflict of the elements; and as I view I bow down in admiration of the Deity who rules the storm; who sends the winds forth in their wrath, or soothes them into peace.”

“It is well said, my child,” replied Father Mathias; “but the Deity is not only to be worshipped in his works, but in the closet with meditation, self-examination, and faith. Hast thou followed up the precepts which thou hast been taught? hast thou revered the sublime mysteries which have been unfolded to thee?”

“I have done my best, father,” replied Amine, turning away her head, and watching the rolling wave.

“Who believes not every thing, believes nothing, young woman. I thought as much! I saw thee smile with scorn just now; why didst thou smile?”

“At my own thoughts, good father.”

“Say, rather, at the true faith shown by others.”

Amine made no answer.

“Thou art still an unbeliever, and a heretic. Beware, young woman! beware!”

“Beware of what, good father? why should I beware? Are there not millions in these climes more unbelieving, and more heretic, perhaps, than I? How many have you converted to your faith? What trouble, what toil, what dangers have you not undergone to propagate that creed—and why do you succeed so ill? shall I tell you, father? It is because the people have already had a creed of their own; a creed taught to them from their infancy, and acknowledged by all who live about them. Am I not in the same position? I was brought up in another creed; and can you expect that that can be dismissed and the prejudices of early years at once eradicated? I have thought much of what you have told me—have felt that much is true—that the tenets of your creed are god-like; is not that much? and yet you are not content. You would have blind acknowledgment, blind obedience—I were then an unworthy

convert. We shall soon be in port, then teach me and convince me, if you will; I am ready to examine and to confess, but on conviction only.

"You speak boldly; but you speak as you feel, my child," replied Father Mathias after a pause. "We will, when we arrive at Goa, talk over these things, and with the blessing of Providence, the new faith shall be made manifest to you."

"So be it," replied Amine.

Little did the priest imagine that Amine's thoughts were at that moment upon a dream she had at New Guinea, in which her mother appeared, and revealed to her her magic arts—and that Amine was longing to arrive at Goa that she might practise them.

Every hour the gale increased, and the vessel laboured and leaked; the Portuguese sailors were frightened, and invoked their saints. Father Mathias, and the other passengers, gave themselves up for lost, for the pumps could not keep the vessel free; and their cheeks blanched as the waves washed furiously over the vessel—they prayed and trembled. Father Mathias gave them absolution; some cried like children, some tore their hair, some cursed, and cursed the saints they had invoked but the day before—and Amine stood unmoved; and as she heard them curse, she smiled in scorn.

"My child," said Father Mathias, checking his tremulous voice that he might not appear agitated before one, whom he saw so calm and unmoved amidst the roaring of the elements—"My child, let not this hour of peril pass away. Before thou art summoned, let me receive thee into the bosom of our church—give thee pardon for thy sins, and certainty of bliss hereafter."

"Good Father, Amine is not to be frightened into belief, even if she feared the storm," replied she; "nor will she credit your power to forgive her sins, merely because she says in fear, that which in her calm reason she might reject. If ever fear could have subjected me, it was when I was alone upon the raft—that was indeed a trial of my strength of mind, the bare recollection of which is at this moment, more dreadful than the storm now raging, and the death which may await us."

"Die not, my child, in unbelief!"

"Father," replied Amine, pointing to the passengers and seamen who were on the deck crying and wailing; "these are Christians—these men have been promised by you, but now, the inheritance of perfect bliss. What is their faith that it does not give them strength to die like men? Why is it that a woman quails not, while they lie grovelling on the deck!"

"Life is sweet, my child—they leave their wives, their children, and they dread hereafter—who is prepared to die?"

"I am," replied Amine. "I have no husband—at least I fear I have no husband. For me life has no sweets—one little hope remains; a straw to the sinking wretch. I fear not death—for I have nought to live for. Were Philip here, then indeed—but he is gone before me, and now to follow him is all I ask."

"He died in the faith, my child—if you would meet him, do the same."

"He never died like these," replied Amine, looking with scorn at the passengers. ;

"Perhaps he lived not as they have lived," replied Father Mathias. "A good man dies in peace, and hath no fear."

"So die the good men of all creeds, father," replied Amine; "and in all creeds death is equally terrible to the wicked."

"I will pray for thee, my child," said Father Mathias, sinking on his knees.

"Many thanks—thy prayers will be heard, even though offered for one like me," replied Amine, who, clinging to the man-ropes, made her way up to the ladder, and gained the deck.

"Lost! signora, lost!" exclaimed the captain, wringing his hands, as he crouched under the bulwark.

"No!" replied Amine, who had gained the weather side, and held on by a rope; "not lost this time."

"How say you, signora?" replied the captain, looking at Amine's calm and composed countenance with admiration. "How say you, signora?"

"Something tells me, good captain, that you will not be lost, if you exert yourselves—something tells it me here," and Amine laid her hand to her heart. Amine had a conviction that the vessel would not be lost, for it had not escaped her observation that the storm was less violent, although, in their terror, this had been unnoticed by the sailors.

The coolness of Amine, her beauty perhaps, the unusual sight of a woman so young, calm and confiding, when all others were in despair, had its due effect upon the captain and seamen. Supposing her to be a Catholic, they imagined that she had had some warrant for her assertion. Credulity and superstition are close friends. They looked upon Amine with admiration and respect, recovered their energies, and applied to their duties. The pumps were again worked—the storm abated during the night, and the vessel was, as Amine had predicted, saved.

The crew and passengers looked upon her almost as a saint and talked of her to Father Mathias, who was sadly puzzled. The courage which she had displayed, was extraordinary; even when he trembled, she showed no sign of fear. He made not reply, but communed with his own mind, and the result was unfavourable to Amine. What had given her such coolness? what had given her the spirit of prophecy? Not Christianity, for she was no believer. What then? and Father Mathias thought of her chamber at Terneuse, and he shook his head.

### CHAP. XXX.

WE must now again return to Philip and Krantz, who had a long conversation upon the strange reappearance of Schrifter. All that they could agree upon was, that he should be carefully watched, and that they should dispense with his company as soon as possible. Krantz had interrogated him as to his escape, and Schrifter had informed him, in his usual sneering manner, that one of the sweeps of the raft had been allowed to get adrift during the scuffle, and that he had floated on it, until he had gained a small island; that on seeing the peroqua, he had once more launched it and supported himself by



it, until he was perceived and picked up. As there was nothing impossible, although much of the improbable in this account, Krantz asked no more questions. The next morning the wind having abated, they launched the *peroqua*, and made sail for the island of Ternate.

It was four days before they arrived : as every night they landed and hauled up their craft on the sandy beach. Philip's heart was relieved at the knowledge of Amine's safety, and he could have been happy at the prospect of again meeting her, had he not been so constantly fretted by the company of Schrifter.

There was something so strange, so contrary to human nature, that the little man—diabolical as he appeared to be in his disposition—should never hint or complain of Philip's attempts upon his life. Had he complained—had he accused Philip of murder—had he vowed vengeance and demanded justice on his return to the authorities, it had been different ; but no—there he was, making his uncalled for and impertinent observations, with his eternal chuckle and sarcasm, as if he had not the least cause of anger or ill will.

As soon as they arrived at the principal port and town of Ternate they were conducted to a large cabin, built of Palmetto leaves and Bamboo, and requested not to leave it until their arrival had been announced to the king. The peculiar courtesy and good breeding of these islanders, was the constant remark of Philip and Krantz ; their religion as well as their dress, appeared to be a compound of the Mahometan and Malayan creeds.

After a few hours, they were summoned to attend the audience of the king, held in the open air. The king was seated in a portico, attended by a numerous concourse of priests and soldiers. There was much company, but little splendour. All who were about the king, were robed in white, with white turbans, but he was himself without ornament. The first idea that struck Philip and Krantz when they were ushered into the presence of the king, was the beautiful cleanliness which was every where apparent, every dress was spotless and white, as the sun could bleach it.

Having followed the example of those who introduced them, and saluted the king after the Mahomedan custom, they were requested to be seated ; and through the Portuguese interpreters—for the former communication of the islanders with the Portuguese, who had been driven from the place, made the Portuguese language well known by many—a few questions were put by the king, who bade them welcome, and then requested to know how they had been wrecked.

Philip entered into a short detail, in which he stated that his wife had been separated from him, and was, he understood, in the hands of the Portuguese factory at Tidore ; he requested to know if his majesty could not assist him in obtaining her release, or in going to join her.

"It is well said," replied the king ; "Let refreshments be brought in for the strangers, and the audience be broken up."

In a few minutes none remained but two or three of the king's confidential friends and advisers ; and a collation of curries, fish, and a variety of dishes was served up. After it was over, the king then said, "The Portuguese are dogs, they are our enemies—will you assist us to fight them ? We have large guns, but do not understand the use of

them as well as you do. I will send a fleet against the Portuguese at Tidore, if you will assist me—say, Hollanders, will you fight? You will then recover your wife.”

“I will give an answer to you to-morrow,” replied Philip; “I must consult with my friend. As I told you before, I was the captain of the ship, and this was my second in command—we will consult together.” Schrifter, who Philip had represented as a common seaman, had not been brought up into the presence of the king.

“It is good,” replied the king; “To-morrow we will wait for your reply.”

Philip and Krantz took their leave, and, on their return to the cabin, found that the king had sent them as a present, two complete Mahomedan dresses with turbans. These were welcome, for their own garments were sadly tattered, and very unfit for exposure to the burning sun of those climes. Their peaked hats too, collected the rays of heat, which were intolerable, and they gladly exchanged them for the white turban. Secreting their money in the Malayan sash, which formed a part of the attire, they soon robed themselves in the native garments, the comfort of which was immediately acknowledged. After a long consultation, it was decided that they should accept the terms offered by the king, as this was the only feasible way by which Philip could hope to reobtain possession of Amine; their consent was communicated to the king on the following day, and every preparation was made for the expedition.

And now was to be beheld a scene of bustle and activity. Hundreds and hundreds of peroquas, of every dimension, floating close to the beach, side by side, formed a raft extending nearly half a mile on the smooth water of the bay, teeming with men, who were equipping them for the service,—some were fitting the sails, others were carpentering where required, the major portion were sharpening their swords, and preparing the deadly poison of the pine-apple for their creezes,—the beach was a scene of confusion—water in jars, bags of rice, vegetables, salt-fish, fowls in coups—were every where strewed about among the armed natives who were obeying the orders of the chiefs, who themselves walked up and down, dressed in their gayest apparel, glittering in their arms and ornaments. The king had six long brass four-pounders, a present from an Indian captain; these, with a proportionate quantity of shot and cartridges, were under the direction of Philip and Krantz, fitted on some of the largest peroquas, and some of the natives instructed how to use them. At first the king, who fully expected the reduction of the Portuguese fort, stated his determination to go in person; but in this he was overruled by his confidential advisers and by the request of Philip, who could not allow him to expose his valuable life. In ten days all was ready, and the fleet, manned by seven thousand men, made sail for the island of Tidore.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the blue rippling sea, covered with nearly six hundred sail of these picturesque craft, all under sail, and darting through the water like dolphins, and all crowded with natives, whose white dresses formed such a lively contrast with the deep blue of the water. The large peroquas, in which were Philip and Krantz with the native commanders, were gaily decorated with streamers and pennons of all colours, that flowed out and snapped with the fresh

breeze. It appeared rather to be an expedition of mirth and merriment, than one which was proceeding to slaughter and bloodshed.

On the evening of the second day, they had made the island of Tidore, and ran down to within a few miles of the Portuguese factory and fort. The natives of the country, who disliked, though they feared to disobey Portuguese, had quitted their huts near the beach and retired into the woods. The fleet, therefore, anchored and lay near the beach without molestation during the night. The next morning Philip and Krantz proceeded to reconnoitre.

The fort and factory of Tidore were built upon the same principle as almost all of the Portuguese defences in those seas—an outer fortification, consisting of a ditch, with strong palisades embedded in masonry, surrounded the factory and all the houses of the establishment. The gates of the outer wall were open all day for ingress and egress, and closed only at night. On the seaward side of this enclosure was, what may be termed the citadel or real fortification, it was built of solid masonry with parapets, and was surrounded by a deep ditch, and only accessible by a drawbridge, mounted with cannon on every side. Its real strength, however, could not well be perceived, as it was hidden by the high palisading which surrounded the whole establishment. After a careful survey, Philip recommended that the large peroquas with the cannon should attack by sea, while the men of the small vessels should land and surround the fort, taking advantage of every shelter which was afforded them, to cover themselves while they harassed the enemy with their matchlocks, arrows, and spears. This plan having been approved of, one hundred and fifty peroquas made sail; the others were hauled on the beach, and the men belonging to them proceeded by land.

But the Portuguese had been warned of their approach, and were fully prepared to receive them; the guns mounted to the seaward were of heavy caliber and well served. The guns of the peroquas, though rendered as effectual as they could be, under the direction of Philip, were small, and did little damage to the thick stone front of the fort; after an engagement of four hours, during which the Ternate people lost a great number of men, the peroquas, by the advice of Philip and Krantz, hauled off, and returned to where the remainder of the fleet was stationed; and another council of war was held. The force which had surrounded the fort on the land side was, however, withdrawn, as it cut off any supplies or assistance, and at the same time, occasionally brought down any of the Portuguese, who might expose themselves, a point of no small importance, as Philip well knew, with a garrison so small, as that in the fort.

That they could not take the fort by means of their cannon was evident; on the sea-side, it was for them impregnable; their efforts must now be directed to the land. Krantz, after the native chiefs had done speaking, advised that they should wait until dark, and then proceed to the attack in the following way: When the breeze set along shore, which it would do in the evening, he proposed that the men should prepare large bundles of dry Palmetto and cocoa-nut leaves; that they should carry their bundles, and stack them against the pali-

sadoes to windward, and then set fire to them. They would thus burn down the palisades, and gain an entrance into the outer fortification ; after which they could ascertain in what manner they should next proceed. This advice was too judicious not to be followed. All the men who had not matchlocks, were set to collect fagots ; a large quantity of dry wood was soon got together, and before night they were ready for the second attack.

The white dresses of the Ternates were laid aside, with nothing on them but their belts, and scimetars, and creezes, and blue under drawers, they silently crept up to the palisades, there deposited their fagots and then again returned, again to perform the same journey. As the breastwork of fagots increased, so did they more boldly walk up, until the pile was completed ; they then, with a loud shout, fired it in several places. The flames mounted, the cannon of the fort roared, and many fell under the discharges of grape and handgrenade. But stifled by the smoke, which poured in volumes upon them, the people in the fort were soon compelled to quit the ramparts to avoid suffocation. The palisades were on fire, and the flames mounted in the air and swept over, and began to attack the factory and houses. No resistance was now offered, and the Ternates tore down the burning palisades, and forced their way into the intrenchment, and with their scimetars and creezes, put to death all who had been unfortunate not to take refuge in the citadel. These were chiefly native servants, whom the attack had surprised, and for whose lives the Portuguese seemed to care but little, for they paid no attention to their cries to lower the drawbridge, and admit them into the fort.

The factory, built of stone, and all the other houses, were on fire, and the island was lighted up for miles. The smoke had cleared away, and the defences of the fort were now plainly visible in the broad glare of the flames. "If we had scaling-ladders," cried Philip, "the fort would be ours, there is not a soul on the ramparts."

"True, true," replied Krantz ; "but even as it is, the factory walls will prove an advantageous post for us after the fire is extinguished ; if we occupy it we can prevent them showing themselves while the ladders are constructing. To-morrow night we may have them ready, and having first smoked the fort with a few more fagots, we may afterwards mount the walls, and carry the place."

"That will do," replied Philip, as he walked away. He then joined the native chiefs, who were collected together outside of the intrenchment, and communicated to them his plans. When he had made known his views and the chiefs had assented to them, Schrifster, who had come with the expedition unknown to Philip, made his appearance.

"That won't do ; you'll never take that fort, Philip Vanderdecken. He! he!" cried Schrifster.

Hardly had he said the words, when a tremendous explosion took place, and the air was filled with large stones, which flew and fell in every direction, killing and maiming hundreds. It was the factory which had blown up, for in its vaults there was a large quantity of gunpowder, to which the fire had communicated.

"So ends that scheme, Mynheer Vanderdecken. He! he!" screamed Schrifster, "you'll never take that fort."

The loss of life and confusion caused by this unexpected result, occasioned a panic, and all the Ternate people fled down to the beach where their peroquas were lying.

It was in vain that Philip and their chiefs attempted to rally them. Unaccustomed to the terrible effects of gunpowder in any large quantities, they believed that something supernatural had occurred, and many of them jumped into the peroquas and made sail, while the remainder were confused, trembling, and panting, huddled together, on the beach.

"You'll never take that fort, Mynheer Vanderdecken," screamed the well-known voice.

Philip raised his sword to cleave the little man in two, but he let it fall again. "I fear he tells an unwelcome truth," thought Philip; "why should I take his life for that?"

Some few of the Ternate chiefs still kept up their courage, but the major part were as much alarmed as their people. After some consultation, it was agreed that the army should remain where it was till the next morning, when they should finally decide what to do.

When the day dawned, they perceived that the Portuguese fort, now that it was no longer surrounded by the other buildings, was more formidable than they had at first supposed. The ramparts were filled with men, and they were bringing cannon to bear on the Ternate forces. Philip had a consultation with Krantz, and both acknowledged, that with the present panic nothing more could be done. The chiefs were of the same opinion, and orders were given for the return of the expedition: indeed, the Ternate chiefs were fully satisfied with their success; they had destroyed the large fort, the factory, and all the Portuguese buildings, a small fortification, only was uninjured, that was built of stone, and inaccessible, and they knew that the report of what had been done, would be taken and acknowledged by the king as a great victory. The order was therefore given for embarkation, and in two hours the whole fleet after a loss of about seven hundred men, was again on its way to Ternate. Krantz and Philip this time embarked in the same peroqua, that they might have the pleasure of each other's conversation. They had not, however, sailed above three hours, when it fell calm, and, towards the evening, there was every prospect of bad weather. When the breeze again sprung up, it was from an adverse quarter, but these vessels steer so close to the wind, that this was disregarded: by midnight, however, the wind had increased to a gale, and before they were clear of the N.E. headland of Tidore, it blew a hurricane, and many were washed off into the sea from the different craft, and those who could not swim, sank, and were drowned. The sails were lowered, and the vessels lay at the mercy of the wind and waves, every sea washing over them. The fleet was drifting fast on the shore, and before morning dawned, the vessel in which were Philip and Krantz was among the rollers on the beach off the northern end of the island. In a short time she was dashed to pieces, and every one had to look out for himself. Philip and Krantz laid hold of one fragment, and were supported by it till they gained the shore, here they found about thirty more of their companions, who had suffered the same fate as themselves. When the day dawned they perceived that the major part of the fleet had weathered the point,

and that those who had not, would in all probability escape, as the wind had moderated.

The Ternate people proposed, that as they were well armed they should, as soon as the weather moderated, launch some of the craft belonging to the islanders, and join the fleet; but Philip, who had been consulting with Krantz, considered this a good opportunity for ascertaining the fate of Amine. As the Portuguese could prove nothing against them, they could either deny that they had been among the assailants, or might plead that they had been forced to join them. At all risks Philip was determined to remain, and Krantz agreed to share his fate. And seeming to agree with them, they allowed the Ternate people to walk to the Tidore peroquas, and while they were launching them, Philip and Krantz fell back into the jungle and disappeared. The Portuguese had perceived the wreck of their enemies, and, irritated by the loss, they had ordered the people of the island to go out and capture all who were driven on shore. Now that they were no longer assailed the Tidore people obeyed them, and very soon fell in with Philip and Krantz, who had quietly sat down under the shade of a large tree, waiting the issue. They were led away to the fort, where they arrived by nightfall. They were ushered into the presence of the commandant, the same little man who had made love to Amine, and as they were dressed in Mussulman's attire, he was about to order them to be hung, when Philip told him that they were Dutchmen, who had been wrecked, and forced by the King of Ternate to join his expedition; that they had taken the earliest opportunity of escaping, was very evident, since those who had been thrown on shore with them had got off in the island boats, while they chose to remain. Whereupon the little Portuguese commandant, struck his sword firm down on the pavement of the ramparts, *looked* very big, and then ordered them to prison for further examination.

#### CHAP. XXXI.

"As every one descants upon the want of comfort in a prison, it is to be presumed that there are no comfortable ones. Certainly that to which Philip and Krantz were ushered, had any thing rather than the air of an agreeable residence. It was under the fort, with a very small aperture looking towards the sea, for light and air. It was very hot and, moreover, destitute of all those little conveniences, which add so much to one's happiness, in modern houses and hotels. In fact, it consisted of four bare walls, and a stone floor, and that was all.

Philip, who wished to make some inquiries relative to Amine, addressed, in Portuguese, the soldier who brought them down.

"My good friend, I beg your pardon—"

"I beg yours," replied the soldier going out of the door, and locking them in.

Philip leant gloomily against the wall; Krantz, more mercurial, walked up and down three steps each way and turn.

"Do you know what I am thinking of?" observed Krantz, after a pause in his walk. "It's very fortunate that (lowering his voice) we



have all our doubloons about us ; if they don't search us, we may yet get away by bribing."

"And I was thinking," rejoined Philip, "that I would sooner be here than in company with that wretch Schrifter, whose sight is poison to me."

"I did not much admire the appearance of the commandant, but I suppose we shall know more to-morrow."

Here they were interrupted by the turning of the key, and the entrance of a soldier with a chatty of water, and a large dish of boiled rice. He was not the man who had brought them to the dungeon, and Philip accosted him.

"You have had hard work within these last two days?"

"Yes, indeed ! signor."

"The natives forced us to join the expedition, and we escaped."

"So I heard you say, signor."

"They lost nearly a thousand men," said Krantz.

"Holy St. Francis ! I am glad of it."

"They will be careful how they attack Portuguese in a hurry," I expect," rejoined Krantz.

"I think so," replied the soldier.

"Did *you* lose many men?" ventured Philip, perceiving that the man was loquacious.

"Not ten of our own people. In the Factory, there were about a hundred of the natives, with some women and children ; but that is of no consequence."

"You had a young European woman here, I understand," said Philip with anxiety ; "one who was wrecked in a vessel—was she among those who were lost?"

"Young woman !—Holy St. Francis ! Yes, now I recollect. Why, the fact is—"

"Pedro !" called a voice from above ; the man stopped, put his finger to his lips, went out, and locked the door.

"Heaven give me patience !" cried Philip ; "but this is too trying."

"He will be down here again to-morrow morning," observed Krantz.

"Yes ! to-morrow morning ; but what an endless time will suspense make of the intervening hours !"

"I feel for you," replied Krantz ; "but what can be done ? The hours must pass, though suspense draws them out into interminable years—but I hear footsteps."

Again the door was unlocked, and the first soldier made his appearance. "Follow me—the commandant would speak with you."

This unexpected summons was cheerfully complied with by Philip and his companion. They walked up the narrow stone steps, and at last found themselves in a small room, in presence of the commandant, with whom our readers have been already made acquainted. He was lolling on a small sofa, his long sword lay on the table before him, and two young native women were fanning him ; one at his head, and the other at his feet.

"Where did you get those dresses ?" was the first interrogatory.

"The natives, when they brought us prisoners from the island on which we had saved ourselves, took away our clothes, and gave us these as a present from their king."

"And engaged you to serve in their fleet, in the attack on this fort?"

"They forced us," replied Krantz; "for, as there was no war between our nations, we objected to this service; notwithstanding which, they put us on board, to make the common people believe that they were assisted by Europeans."

"How am I to know the truth of this?"

"You have our word in the first place, and our escape from them in the second."

"You belonged to a Dutch East-Indiaman. Are you officers or common seamen?"

Krantz, who considered that they were less likely to be detained if they concealed their rank on board, gave Philip a slight touch with his finger as he replied,

"We are inferior officers; I was third mate, and this man was pilot."

"And your captain—where is he?"

"I—I cannot say, whether he is alive or dead."

"Had you no woman on board?"

"Yes! the captain had his wife."

"What has become of her?"

"She is supposed to have perished on a portion of the raft which broke adrift."

"Ha!" replied the commandant, who remained silent for some time.

Philip looked at Krantz, as much as to say, "Why all this subterfuge?" but Krantz gave him a sign to leave him to speak.

"You say you don't know whether your captain is alive or dead?"

"I do."

"Now, suppose I was to give you your liberty, would you have any objection to sign a paper, stating his death, and swearing to the truth of it?"

Philip stared at the commandant, and then at Krantz.

"I see no objection, exactly; except that if it were sent home to Holland we might get into trouble. May I ask, signor commandant, why you wish for such a paper?"

"No!" roared the little man in a voice like thunder; "I will give no reason, but that I wish it, that is enough; take your choice, the dungeon, or liberty and a passage by the first vessel which calls."

"I don't doubt—in fact—I'm sure he must be dead by this time," replied Krantz, drawing out the words in a musing manner. "Commandant, will you give us till to-morrow morning to make our calculations?"

"Yes! you may go."

"But not to the dungeon, commandant," replied Krantz; "we are not prisoners, certainly; and if you wish us to do you a favour, surely you will not ill-treat us?"

"By your own acknowledgment you have taken up arms against the most Christian king; however, you may remain at liberty for the night—to-morrow morning will decide whether or no you are prisoners."

Philip and Krantz thanked the little commandant for his kindness, and then hastened away to the ramparts. It was now dark, and the moon

had not yet made her appearance. They sat there, on the parapet, enjoying the breeze, and feeling the delight of liberty, even after their short incarceration; but, near to them, soldiers were either standing or lying, and they spoke but in whispers.

"What could he mean by requiring us to give a certificate of the captain's death; and why did you answer as you did?"

"Philip Vanderdecken, that I have often thought of the fate of your beautiful wife, you may imagine; and when I heard that she was brought here, I then trembled for her. What must she appear, lovely as she is, when placed in comparison with the women of this country? And that little commandant—is he not the very person who would be taken with her charms? I denied our condition, because I thought he would be more likely to allow us our liberty as humble individuals, than as captain and first mate; particularly as he suspects that we led on the Ternate people to the attack; and when he asked for a certificate of your death, I immediately imagined that he wanted it, in order to induce Amine to marry him. But where is she is the question? If we could only find out that soldier, we might gain some information."

"Depend upon it, she is here," replied Philip, clenching his hands.

"I am inclined to think so," said Krantz; "that she is alive, I feel assured."

The conversation was continued until the moon rose, and threw her beams over the tumbling waters. Philip and Krantz turned their faces towards the sea, and leant over the battlements in silence. After some time, their reveries were disturbed by a person coming up to them with a "Buenos noctes, signor."

Krantz immediately recognised the Portuguese soldier, whose conversation with them had been interrupted.

"Good night, my friend! we thank Heaven that you have no longer to turn the key upon us."

"Yes, I'm surprised!" replied the soldier in a low tone. "Our commandant is fond of exercising his power: he rules here without appeal, I can tell you."

"He is far away," replied Krantz; "it is a lovely spot this to live in! How long have you been in this country?"

"Now, thirteen years, signor, and I'm tired of it. I have a wife and children in Oporto—that is, I *had*—but whether they are alive or not, who can tell?"

"Do you not expect to return and see them?"

"Return—signor! no Portuguese soldier like me, ever returns. We are enlisted for five years, and we lay our bones here."

"That is hard indeed."

"Hard, signor," replied the soldier in a low whisper. "It is cruel and treacherous. I have often thought of putting the muzzle of my arquebuse to my head; but while there's life, there's hope."

"I pity you, my good fellow," rejoined Krantz; "look you, I have two gold pieces left—take one; you may be able to send it home to your poor wife."

"And here is one of mine, too, my good fellow," added Philip, putting another in his hand.

"Now may all the saints preserve you, signors!" replied the soldier,

"for it is the first act of kindness shown to me for many years—not that my wife and children have much chance of ever receiving it."

"You were speaking about a young European woman when we were in the dungeon," observed Krantz after a pause.

"Yes, signor, she was a very beautiful creature. Our commandant was very much in love with her."

"Where is she now?"

"She went away to Goa, in company with a priest who knew her. Father Mathias, a good old man; he gave me absolution when he was here."

"Father Mathias!" exclaimed Philip; but a touch from Krantz checked him.

"You say the commandant loved her!"

"Oh, yes; the little man was quite mad about her; and had it not been for the arrival of Father Mathias, he would never have let her go, that I'm sure of, although she was another man's wife."

"Sailed for Goa, you said?"

"Yes, in a ship which called here. She must have been very glad to have got away, for our little commandant persecuted her all day long, and she evidently was grieving for her husband. Do you know, signors, if her husband is alive?"

"No, we do not; we have heard nothing of him."

"Well, if he is, I hope he will not come here; for should the commandant have him in his power, it would go hard with him. He is a man who sticks at nothing. He is a brave little fellow, *that* cannot be denied; but to get possession of that lady, he would remove all obstacles, at any risk—and a husband is a very serious one, signors. Well, signors," continued the soldier, after a pause, "I had better not be seen here too long; you may command me if you want any thing; recollect, my name is Pedro—good night to you, and a thousand thanks." And the soldier walked away.

"We have made one friend, at all events," said Krantz, "and we have gained information of no little importance."

"Most important," replied Philip. "Amine then has sailed for Goa with Father Mathias. I feel that she is safe, and in good hands. He is an excellent man, that Father Mathias—my mind is much relieved."

"Yes; but recollect you are in the power of your enemy. We must leave this as quick as we can—to-morrow we must sign the paper. It is of little consequence, as we shall probably be at Goa before it arrives; and even if we are not, the news of your death would not occasion Amine to marry this little withered piece of mortality."

"That I feel assured of; but it may cause her great suffering."

"Not worse than her present suspense, believe me, Philip; but it is useless canvassing the past—it must be done. I shall sign as Cornelius Richter, our third mate; you, as Jacob Vantreat—recollect that."

"Agreed," replied Philip, who then turned away, as if willing to be left to his own thoughts. Krantz perceived it, and laid down under the embrasure, and was soon fast asleep.

*(To be continued.)*

## MORE LEAVES FROM MR. KEELEY'S JOURNAL.

*Niagara, Thursday, June 29th.*—When one is at a celebrated spot, of course one goes through all the ceremonies of the locality. I should as soon think of going to Cheltenham or Leamington without drinking the waters, or to the sea-side without bathing in the sea, as of quitting Niagara without having passed “behind the great falling sheet of water,” as the card (which is handed to you as a certificate of your having performed the feat) expresses it. By the way, while I am on this subject, I may as well say that the value of these certificates underwent considerable deterioration in my estimation, when I found they were attainable, upon payment of a dollar, by persons who had not earned the enviable distinction of having “passed behind the sheet,” but who remained high and dry on the rock, grinning at the costume of the peril-seeking adventurers, who brave the “peltings of the pitiless” fall. The descent is made on the Canadian side; there is a house of refreshment, and a cabinet of minerals, and rooms wherein you change your own clothes for a suit which can take no harm; the clammy dampness of its lining as it clings to your skin, gives you a foreboding of the sprinkling you have to encounter; though certainly upon this occasion, my anticipations were considerably more than realized. The dress that you don for the exploit, consists of a jacket that buttons up close to the neck, trousers, frieze stockings, and thick shoes; the whole being crowned by a hat such as sailors call a nor'-wester, which has strings to fasten it under your chin, and which completes this highly picturesque costume. In the room in which I made my toilet, was a young fellow from Pittsburgh, who, while he was also dressing for the scene, was endeavouring to persuade his father to accompany us. The old boy's reply was rather 'tarnation shrewd. “No, no, Tom,” said he, “it's all mighty well for *you*, but I am old, and have no relish for these sort o' things. After all, it'll only be a thing to talk about, and I ain't got long to stay here to talk about it; so you see, it doesn't pay me for the risk.”

When we left our room, we found our guides waiting for us, and my wife dressed to accompany us, in a costume that gave her a striking resemblance, in miniature, to those delicate creatures, well known at our watering-places, who live on the sea-side at the back of bathing machines, and half smother gasping children for the good of their healths; varying their employment occasionally, by lugging a full-grown woman into the water and ducking her, and holding her under for such a healthy space of time, that nothing but the repeated gulps of salt water which she swallows every time she opens her mouth, prevents her shrieking out “murder.”

We started: our way lay along a shelf of rock—in many parts not two feet wide, with a fearful abyss below—the wind blew from a quarter which sent the spray upon us thickly: we had a guide to each person, but as we approached the roaring cataract, the sound of the human voice was lost in its thunder; so that, as well as we could see through the spray which beat in our faces, we had only to obey their telegraphic directions. To give some idea of one's undergoings during the early part of this passage, I must venture on a familiar mode of illustration;

for, as according to Sterne, the declaration of the English barber, that you might dip a peruke "in a pail of water," would have been more practicable and available, than the magniloquent assertion of the French friseur, that you might "immerge it in the ocean;" so I cannot better describe my personal endurance than by simply saying, it was that of a shower-bath for three minutes; and this will serve to convey to those who know what a shock of less than half a minute is, a pretty accurate notion of our enjoyment. The annoyance ceased as we passed behind the grand part of the Fall, and found our way by the green light conveyed to us through a watery prism from sixteen to twenty feet thick, for such is the depth of the water that pours itself over this part of the Falls. I kept my eye on my guide until we reached the end of all further possible progress, and stood on "Termination Rock." Then, for the first time, looking round for my wife, I discovered that neither she nor her guide were with us. In a state of great alarm, I hurried back; and as I emerged from behind the Fall, was much relieved by seeing her in the distance, clambering along the narrow shelf of rock with her guide after her. The shower-bath had been too much for her: after enduring it till she could no longer breathe, she pulled herself from her guide's hand, and explored her way back by herself; thus undergoing considerably more real danger than if she had passed through with us—one slip of her foot and she was gone for ever: they gave her a ticket, however, "To certify that Mrs. Mary Ann Keeley had passed behind the great falling sheet of water to Termination Rock," when in truth they should have written, "That having achieved the only difficult part of the passage with the assistance of a guide, she had returned without one, to show her superiority to all such unnecessary attendance."

The usual variety of "sights" are created in the neighbourhood of "The Falls," to relieve the *ennui* of sated pleasure-seekers: objects are thrust into importance, which, but for their neighbourhood, would have remained quietly in their insignificance; but I suppose it is in sight-seeing as it is in trade; according to the doctrine of the commercial economists, wherever there is a demand there will be a supply: so here we have the "Burning Spring," the "Mineral Spring," the "Whirlpool," the "Devil's Hole," &c. &c. &c.

In the afternoon we went to the "BURNING SPRING,"—"a stream of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which quickly ignites on the touch of a candle, and burns with a brilliant flame." Our principal inducement to this visit was, that it took us along the bank of the river above the Falls, where the multitude of little Falls or "Rapids," as they are called, for nearly a mile above the cataract, seem to urge on the angry waters to their terrific leap.

Near the site of the battle of Lundy's Lane, by the village of Drummond's-dale, mingled feelings of curiosity and interest led me into the grave-yard: three epitaphs, only, arrested my attention; they were those of military men who had fallen gallantly in their country's service—a colonel and two lieutenants. The memory of the superior officer was preserved on stone; those of the humble subs on wood—now fast decaying. I copied the epitaphs; at this distance of time (indifferent as they may be to the general reader), they may meet the



eye of some friend—some relative—or some companion of their early days, and awaken a feeling in their hearts that may afford them a melancholy pleasure.

In stone, and in good preservation, was this short epitaph :

“ Colonel Cecil Bisshopp,  
16th July, 1813,  
Died of wounds received at Black Rock.”

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In a remote nook, under a small hillock, covered with wild flowers :

“ Lieut. Thomas Andrew, 6th regiment,  
who died in consequence of a wound he received when gallantly  
leading on his company before Fort Erie. Sept. 17th, 1814.  
Aged 26.”

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Poor youth !

The last memento was but just legible, and was mingling rapidly with the earth it was intended to commemorate :

“ Sacred to the memory,  
Wm. Hemphill, Royal Scots,  
Who bravely fell in the memorable battle of Lundy's Lane,  
25th July, 1814.”

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Ah ! this is melancholy work ; let me turn to something more cheering, and where the interests of humanity are “ looking up.”

*June 30th.*—About eight miles down the river, and on the other (the American) side, is a settlement of Tuscarora Indians. As these people are under the care and superintendence of the “ American Board for Foreign Missions,” a part of them had settled down into trades and farming ; I felt curious to see how habits of civilization would sit upon the descendants of the wild hunters of North Carolina, from which State the Tuscaroras came, rather more than a century ago. We took coach, and crossing at the ferry, were driven about three miles along a most villanous up-hill road, until we came within sight of the village and its little chapel, when we alighted. The door of the chapel was on the latch only : and inferring from this, that our entrance would not be considered an intrusion, we walked in without ceremony. The benches were of plain deal wood, and all the appointments were on a scale of cleanly but strict economy. Beneath the pulpit was attached an *affiche*, which contained a few plain directions for the guidance of the people, and their behaviour in chapel hours. I think I have seen congregations of much higher pretensions than these poor simple Indians, which would have been greatly improved and benefited by an attention to the directions for propriety and decorum, which are given in the following

“ RULES

“ *Given by the Chiefs, for the assembling of the Congregation and their behaviour during divine Service.*

“ 1st. When the time appointed for public worship is come, let the people enter the church, and take their seats in a decent, grave, and reverent manner.

“ 2d. In the time of public worship, let all the people attend with

gravity and reverence, forbearing to read any thing except what the minister is preaching or citing; abstaining from all whisperings, from salutations of persons present or coming in, and from gazing about, sleeping, smiling, and all indecent behaviour."

As we left the chapel, I addressed a man whom I saw leaning over a little gate, reading a newspaper in the English language. He was dressed in corduroy trousers, striped waistcoat, and blue coat with metal buttons; he wore a common felt hat, and had suffered his black hair to be shortened and trimmed into the style of "the man civilized;" but his dusky skin, his high cheek-bone, his quick and restless eye, needed no interpreter to explain he was an Indian.

"Good day, sir," I said to him; for I had been told that these people had felt themselves annoyed sometimes with the eager curiosity of strangers, so I gave him a "sir," and he returned my salutation very courteously. "Good day, sir,—any news?"

"No," he said in very fair English. "This is old newspaper—nothing here news for you, dare say. You stranger here?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What State?"

"I am not American," I said, "I am an Englishman."

"English!—Hy! hy! hy!—My father told me, that great many years ago, long afore our people come to this place, one of his ancestors was Englishman."

"Indeed! then, if that's the case, you and I may turn out to be cousins at a great distance."

He seemed to consider this an excellent joke, and laughed very heartily. I saw I was on a good footing with him, and improved it considerably by answering a number of questions which he asked me relative to England, and corroborating many facts about which his reading had made him competent to inquire.

"Are you happy here?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, in a drawling tone of indifference. "Yes, very well. Hope this year harvest will be good—last year bad; and of course, you know, like all the rest of the world, we feel the pressure of the times."

There was something irresistibly ludicrous in hearing a Tuscarora Indian assert with the most business-like air, that he felt "the pressure of the times." The words were at this time a cuckoo-note throughout the Union; it was during the period of the suspension of specie payment by the banks, and almost every man you met was suffering from the "pressure of the times." After a little more friendly conversation, in which my new acquaintance informed me in answer to my question, "Why the village seemed so silent and empty?" that the people had gone to a meeting at the "settlement," about a mile and a half from the village, we parted. As we passed on towards our coach, we saw an Indian woman come from her little cottage into her neat paled-off garden, with a basket of clothes she had been washing. Things that under our noses at home are as familiar as household words, at such a distance and in such a place, from their very similarity are startling: think what an incongruous jumble it must create in the brain, to see an Indian woman of the Tuscarora tribe, dressed in a Manchester cotton print gown, hanging a Spitalfields silk handkerchief, washed with soap of Anglo-American manufacture *on a line in her garden.*

## THE MAYOR OF HOLE-CUM-CORNER.

## A LEGEND.

**"Pure innocence hath never studied how  
To cloak offences."—SHAKESPEARE.**

**BY DOUGLAS JERROLD, ESQ.**

**"AND pray, sir, in what reign did this happen?"** asked a modern master of the dramatic robes, when required to furnish dresses for the valorous Saint George and his companions.

**"Reign!"** echoed the master of the revels, with a laughing, wondering look.—**"Reign!"**

**"Yes, sir: as it has ever been with me a point of reputation to attend to the minutest details of historical costume, I am desirous of learning the reign in which Saint George fought the dragon, in order that—you perceive, sir—fidelity in these matters—"**

**"Let's look at the rags,"** interrupted the master of the forthcoming pageant; **"and, ha! ha! never mind the reign!"**

We narrate this little anecdote, in the hope that it may serve at once as preface and apology to the legend we are about to recount—a legend to which we are totally unable to ascribe a date, and for which questionable advantage we earnestly trust the reader cares no more than the master of the revels above cited, in the more important case of our national saint. The trials of Tobias, albeit unsung, unsaid, may be no less true than the victories of Saint George, who still slays his dragon on sovereigns and crown-pieces, and thereby affords to the least imaginative of her majesty's subjects a consolatory assurance, that he who possesses many records of his glory is, in proportion to the number possessed, charmed from the assaults of many ills; whilst the trials of Tobias, though probably of high moral value, may not so unequivocally manifest their sterling worth. Notwithstanding this conviction, we are induced to bring our hero on the page, confessing that the time of his life and acts is equally uncertain as the date of the knight of fairy-land, and hoping to meet with readers to whom it is equally indifferent.

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Since Babylon is but a name—since jackals haunt where learned Thebans studied and disputed, it will hardly amaze the philosophic reader, when he shall learn that Hole-cum-Corner was once a flourishing township, though there is not to be found any map of England, where even its site is indicated; nor will the mind, disciplined by the contemplation of worldly mutability and its consequent injustice, refuse belief to the historical fact—too long unknown—that Banbury, at present, and for many years celebrated for its toothsome cakes, usurps the glory due to Hole-cum-Corner—the invention of those savoury delicacies making the rightful renown of the mayor of that most ancient human dwelling-place; of the very mayor, succeeded by our hero, Tobias Aconite, maltster and ale-brewer. We have gleaned this golden news from original records, quite at the service of the reader; from documents that prove how time, in its revolutions, confounds the little with

the great—robbing one to heap upon another—with cakes no less capricious than with mayors.

When Hole-cum-Corner flourished, it was the glorious ambition of those enviable men elected to the chief place of the magistracy, to mark their mayoralty, either by some inestimable invention, or by the correction of a crying abuse. Thus, every mayor put the impress of his genius on his twelvemonth's rule; mayoralties being computed by the townsfolk of Hole-cum-Corner, not by dates, but by things. As thus:

The Mayoralty of the Nutmeg-grater!  
 The Mayoralty of the Whipping-post!  
 The Mayoralty of the Pottle-pots!  
 The Mayoralty of the Ass's Side-saddle!  
 The Mayoralty of the Sucking-pigs!  
 The Mayoralty of the Cakes!

AND

(which brings us to the Mayoralty of Tobias Aconite)  
 The Mayoralty of the Stolen Gander!

We will not even insinuate such an injustice upon the reader, as to suppose him incapable of rightly applying the abovenamed commodities or things. No; he at once perceives that the inhabitants of Hole-cum-Corner owed the origin of that most domestic and most genial instrument, the nutmeg-grater, to the intelligence of a posset-loving mayor—that the whipping-post was erected by a sterner, but no less public-spirited functionary—that the execrable crime of lessening the pottle-pot, was terribly avenged under another magistrate—and that the asses of Hole-cum-Corner, until the mayoralty of Roger Littlebeau, in a lamentable state of darkness on the matter, were apprized of the sex of their load by the difference of the saddle, and thereby taught to gently amble, when otherwise they might have kicked. Sucking-pigs had been long on the advance, the price sent up by the unprincipled machinations of certain boar-monopolists; but in the mayoralty of Saviourpork, they were, by the unassisted energy of his character, reduced to the good old standard, it being thenceforth made an affair of the gallows to demand for a month-pig one farthing more than a groat. Of the mayoralty of the cakes, we have already spoken; and with a brief expression of admiration of these men, we shall proceed with our immediate history.

We cannot, however, refrain from holding up as an example to all mayors present and to come, the worthy deeds of the Mayors of Hole-cum-Corner. They knew the true substance of glory, nor lost it for a shadow—a sound. Alack! what are the passing triumphs of the mayoralty revel?—of what avail the blasting clarions—the caracoling steeds—the collar of SS—the sheriff's chain—the gown of violet and minever? What is all this but stuff for an apprentice's holiday—an empty pageant, passing away like the triumphs of the Cæsars? A magnificence beginning at Westminster and ending at Guildhall? The memory of such things goes out and dies, even with the torches, leaving no fragrance behind. But the mayor who writes his history in the enlarged pottle-pot—who indissolubly links his name with a sucking-pig for fourpence! the yearly magistrate who associates himself with cupboard-

comforts—his renown shall be heard at ten thousand hearths, when the fame of other mayors shall be voiceless—dumb as a dead trumpeter ! And now to the history of Tobias.

Gaffer Nimmington, of Alderclump, stood charged before the Mayor with having basely, maliciously, and inhumanly carried off the gray gander of Farmer Dock, the said gander being of venerable age and surpassing merits. There was no evidence against the prisoner ; but the accused having once stood in the pillory, and on two occasions having suffered the pain and ignominy of public whipping, there was, in the breast of Farmer Dock, not the shadow of a doubt of the guilt of the said Gaffer.

Gaffer Nimmington raised his eyes, lifted his hands, and protested his innocence. He was not ashamed to confess the whippings, such discipline having done him a world of good—he was a reformed man, and would scorn to lay his finger on the ganders of his neighbours.

Tobias, the Mayor, looking sternly at the prisoner, said, he feared that appearances were much against him. A whipped man must, to the end of the chapter, be a man suspected.

Farmer Dock humbly yet earnestly prayed for a third scourging of the accused.

The mayor, passing the tips of his four fingers along each eyebrow, remarked, that public morals cried loudly for an example.

Hereupon, Gaffer Nimmington, falling on his knees, roared like any bull.

The heart of Tobias was softened ; and, with a humanity that ennobled his office, he resolved, ere he passed sentence of the stocks and the beadle's whip, to rigidly question the accused. Heaven forbid that he, the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, should hastily inflict wrong upon the innocent ! With these exalted thoughts, Tobias cleared his throat, and proceeded to examine the prisoner. He had been twice whipped ?—Twice ; but hoped he might claim the benefit conferred by such punishment. What was the use of whipping, if no good was to come of it ? What were Gaffer's means of livelihood ?—Very poor ; for he was lame of one hand, and was not quite recovered from the jaundice. Where had Gaffer passed the three last nights ?—One in a dry ditch, and two under a haystack !

"I never saw a clearer case," crowed forth the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner. "If, my man, appearances are worth any thing, it is plain that you have stolen Dock's gray gander."

"Your worship wouldn't whip a man upon appearance?" humbly questioned Gaffer.

The impertinence of the query was too much for Tobias ; and the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, slapping his hand upon a volume of the statutes, cried with an oath, that "with the greatest pleasure in life, he would !"

Whereupon, Gaffer Nimmington was handed over to the beadle, who straightway locked him in the stocks, and then proceeded to make every necessary arrangement for the supplementary punishment of whipping. The ceremony was appointed to take place at noon next day ; and loud and many were the praises of the townsfolk, touching the wisdom and the stern sense of justice displayed by the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner. He was, to them, the paragon of magistrates—a very Solomon in the

chair. With such a functionary, honest folks might go safely to sleep with the door on the latch : under his protecting wing, even geese were sacred !

The day of Gaffer's whipping was a holiday throughout Hole-cum-Corner. The shops were closed, and men and women pranked themselves in their best ;

“ The babe leaped up in its mother's arms ; ”

and it was said, that the church bells, of their own accord, rang out a merry peal. All prepared themselves for a holiday, save and except Gaffer Nimmington.

We have too much respect for the natural tenderness of our readers, to inflict upon them a description of the execution. We will not dilate upon the sinewy arm of the beadle—the shameless fortitude of the culprit—the elevated serenity of the mayor himself, and the general good-humour, enhanced by very many quips and jokes, of the attending mob. Let it suffice the reader to know that every thing passed off with the greatest satisfaction to all parties concerned, taking no account of Gaffer.

Justice had asserted her injured dignity—the proper sacrifice had been offered up to the popular idol—appearance ; when, to the annoyance of the mayor, the astonishment of the multitude, and the honour of the scourged Nimmington, farmer Dock's gray gander suddenly appeared, as it was supposed, on its way home to its ancient dwelling-place. Whether love or business had caused its long absence from the farm-yard, was never rightly understood. It was, however, plain that Gaffer Nimmington had been precipitately whipped, and great was the common indignation against Mr. Mayor !

Gaffer was immediately liberated, when, falling upon his knees, with a scowling look at Tobias, he muttered to the fiends, devoting the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, the victim to that arch-demon, Appearance ! From that moment, as our future history will show, Tobias Aconite was a doomed man and a lost mayor.

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Soft, sweet, and balmy was the evening, when the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, feeling the meditative fit come on, walked forth into the fields. The air was fragrant with new-mown hay—the lark carolled in the sky—the west glowed with ten thousand glories—the hour, the scene was favourable to the sweetest emotions ; and Tobias, seating himself in the midst of a haycock, looked about him with that deep tranquillity of heart, so rarely the fate of mayors to know. Now, his fingers played among the hay—now, they gently tapped his dexter leg—now, he whistled softly—and now there rose within him a thought of pastoral song. His heart was steeped—melted in the balm of evening ; not, at a most prosperous brewing, had he felt serener bliss. Forgetting he was a mayor, he felt a love for all the world. In this delicious mood, he turned his head, and beheld within—say a span—of his left arm, a rustic maiden seated in the hay. She blushed, but stirred not. Here was a situation for the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner ! At any other time, Tobias would have called to his immediate aid all the terrors of his official nature ; but there was enchantment in the place and



hour, and when Tobias should have stormed, he gently coughed. The maiden, with eyes downcast upon earth, sighed. "It is plain," thought Tobias, "that the damsel is a stranger, and knows me not;" and as this conviction of her ignorance came upon our hero, his face glowed, and his looks brightened. She knew him not! To her he was not the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner; nor, such was his benign determination, would he suddenly confound her simplicity with the dread intelligence. For a time he would be merely a mortal—simply a man, and nought beyond. In that moment, Hole-cum-Corner was to all intents and purposes, without a mayor. Tobias looked around, above—listened; and then he cast his eyes upon the maid, and coughed a little louder than before. As he gazed, the maiden, never venturing to raise her looks, suddenly began to weep; then to wring her hands; and then, ere Tobias could draw his breath, with a shrill hysterical laugh, she fell into his open arms! This circumstance, for a man of Aconite's dignity, was sufficiently distressing; but it was rendered less tolerable by another unfortunate occurrence,—it happened to be seen! Yes, crossing the distant stile, were two of the most sober denizens of Hole-cum-Corner—two discreet, two pattern men,—astounded at the appalling evidence of their own eyes. It was Tobias Aconite—it could be no other than the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner! Tobias attempted to rise, but suddenly felt as if all his limbs were lead; he was about to chide the girl for the boldness of her bearing, but his tongue was cold as jelly. What spirit of mischief could have made him sit among the hay? His friends, with indignant strides, crossed the field, and in a twinkling, turned a hedge. Here was a dilemma! They would immediately trumpet the news through the streets of Hole-cum-Corner—the Mayor was a lost dignitary. The vehemence of this feeling gave him speech and motion: with a loud oath, he jumped to his legs, and with more than official wrath, began to inquire, "why such a baggage had had the face to faint in the arms of a mayor?" This said, Tobias paused for a satisfactory reply; resolving, however, to oppose a breast of steel to the feminine weapons of the penitent. The damsel rose, and turning her face upon Tobias, in the exuberance of her animal spirits, skipped half-a-dozen times from the ground—snapped her fingers—whistled—and then, calling to her face a look that paralyzed poor Aconite, immediately slapped him on the shoulder, and without a word, took to her legs. Legs!—wings! She was gone—flown—vanished,—how and whither Tobias knew not. He stood bewildered—looked aghast—for, either he was in a day-dream, or the wench laughed and leered at him with the mouth and eyes of Gaffer Nimmington.

After much pondering, Tobias felt that there was more in this than could be readily divined, even by a Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner. Thrusting his hands in his breeches-pockets, his hat pulled over his brow, his head somewhat inclined to his left shoulder, Tobias, in a deep study, wended his way homeward. Possibly, he had arrived at his threshold without further perturbation, had not his road lain by the barn of Farmer Dock: of this, however, he was at the time unconscious, but was speedily roused to the fact by a most vehement hissing. Looking about him, he saw the old gray gander, its neck crooked like

a serpent, its wings extended, and its eyes, to the startled conscience of Tobias, like sparks of flame, making at his legs. "Possibly I was wrong to whip upon appearance!" Such was the thought that flashed through the brain of the Mayor, as, betaking himself to flight, he, with great difficulty, distanced the angry bird. Then did the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner pause, and then, considering the meanness of his assailant, did blushes stain the face of Tobias Aconite. Wherefore blush, O silly Tobias? Greater men than the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, even before the hatching of the geese of the capitol, have been put to their legs by insolent ganders,—though time, plucking the assailants bare, hath in after season used their spoils to the glorification of the mighty hissed. Nathless, Tobias ran.

The Mayor had determined to seek his own fireside; but the gander having disturbed the current of his thoughts, sent him—and here a metaphysician might tell us the why and the wherefore—to the public-house. The "Red Mug," be it known, was the principal hostelry of Hole-cum-Corner. There was the arm-chair that—we know not for how many centuries—had received the demi-sacred person of the mayor for the year being. Tobias Aconite crossed the threshold of the "Red Mug," and—

Certain we are, if slander be a snake, it is a winged one; it flies as well as creeps, or it had never preceded the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner to the alehouse. That it had outstripped him was made sufficiently plain by the looks of the hostess: she was wont to begin to simper and courtesy very low at the sound of the Mayor's foot; and now, when Tobias stood revealed before her, she could hardly pull her lips into a smile, with difficulty kept her virtuous nose from that instinctive curl to which exceedingly good folks treat very naughty ones, and for courtesying, as she afterwards declared to her husband, "she could no more do it than an elephant" (for at the time whereof we write, be it understood, elephants had not come to their joints). Tobias wisely suffered his sense of dignity to blind him to the frozen civility of the hostess, and passed on. Happy was it for Tobias that he did so; for thus, he saw not the two maids, the man and the boy, all peeping from several corners at the libertine Mayor. Strange! but Tobias might have entered the "Red Mug" twenty times a day, and neither Prudence, nor Maude, nor Sampson, nor Bob, would have moved one of their most insignificant muscles to look at him; and yet within an hour had the Mayor become a curiosity, a marvel to stare and shudder at.

"I always thought so well of him!" cried Maude. "I'd have been sworn for him!" exclaimed Prudence. "Such a downright steady one, I thought," said Sampson; whilst Bob, with a grin, gave it as his opinion, "that nobody was to be trusted after he!"

How often does it happen that a man learns that he had a good name, only when he ceases to possess it! If a man would know what his friends thought of him, let it be given out that he is dead, or has unfortunately picked a pocket. Then mute opinion finds a tongue: he was the best of fellows, or, in the words of Bob, "nobody is to be trusted after he."

Tobias took his appointed seat; many denizens of Hole-cum-

Corner were at their jugs; some tittered, some laughed outright, and one of the boldest begged to know of his worship what he thought of the crops?

"Crops?" cried Tobias, with feverish lips.

"Yes, your worship, the hay they say is getting mighty for'ard."

Tobias called upon his dignity, but it came not to his aid. For half an hour he sat on thistles, and then, amidst a very shower of laughter, quitted the "Red Mug."

The next morning, and for days afterwards, wherever Tobias Aconite moved in the town of Hole-cum-Corner, he met no urchin that, grinning, carried not in his belt or cap a whisp of hay.

The Mayor was a libertine—a doomed man.

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Face it as he might, Tobias could not but feel that his reputation was lost in Hole-cum-Corner. In vain did he call to his aid the consciousness of his innocence—in vain, with new philosophy, did he strive to put aside appearance with a "pish!"—appearance was against him, and he, the most virtuous of men, was held the most profligate of mayors. Rated at home—preached at when he went to church—even taken to task when on the bench, life was become to Tobias a misery and a load.

"Woe is me!" cried the desolate Mayor, seated solitarily in his chimney-corner; for his dame, in a whirlwind of virtuous indignation, had quitted him—the wretch!—to solace herself over her husband's infirmities at the house of a gossip. "Woe is me!" exclaimed Tobias, crossing his legs, and peering with deeper sadness among the burning coals. "Woe is me!" cried Tobias for the third time, and as he spoke, a sharp peremptory knock was heard at the outer door. "Somebody for a warrant," thought Tobias; "or, perhaps—"

Ere Tobias could shape to himself another guess, a stranger stood before him, shown to the presence of the Mayor by his handmaid, Constance.

"You have business with me?" asked the Mayor.

"Right! I have, old cock," answered the stranger, at the same time relieving himself of an ample cloak, which, with a broad hat, he familiarly flung upon the table, and then seating himself opposite to Tobias, stroked his chin, and with his eyes fixed upon the Mayor, treated himself with a scarcely audible whistle.

"He can't be in the ale trade," thought Tobias, uneasy at the odd composed demeanour of his visiter, and no less wondering at his mode of address; for the stranger uttered "old cock," with as much solemnity as if he had said, "your holiness!"

The stranger remaining silent, Tobias again essayed an invitation to discourse. "Will you draw nearer the fire?" asked the Mayor, with increasing trepidation.

The visiter cast a contemptuous look at Tobias, and exclaimed in hollow, satirical tones, "And do you call *that* a fire?"

As he spoke, to mark his opinion of the embers, the stranger thrust his right leg into the midst of the blazing fagots, and again softly whistled, the flames creeping up his knee.

Tobias screamed, "Good sir! your leg!"

To this benevolent warning, the stranger calmly observed, "How smacks the ale?"

Tobias, with all his faults, was hospitable as Palemon; hardly would he have closed his door against a mad dog. Hence, with a loud knock, he summoned Constance, who, instructed in the slightest household nods of her master, betook herself to the cellar.

"A late time for fires," remarked the visiter.

"It is rather late," replied the confounded Tobias, his eye upon his visiter's leg—the said leg becoming hot, red hot, as glowing iron,—“it is late, but the night was so extremely wet, that—”

"Shocking weather for the hay," said the stranger, again whistling, and throwing a look at Tobias, that, Mayor as he was, made him gasp again. At this moment, however, Constance entered with a large stone jug, crowned with the best ale, which she had happily placed upon the table, ere her eye fell upon the red-hot right leg of the visiter; for no sooner did she behold the horrid wonder, than she screamed, flung her apron over her eyes, and rushed from the spot, crying with a loud voice upon all the saints.

The visiter, filling a horn, tost it off, and gently smacking his lips, observed, "Small—small—but pretty."

"Pure as the light!" asseverated Tobias. "Are you in—" Tobias could not keep his eyes from the glowing leg of the stranger—"are you in the ale way?"

"I often do a little in that trade; but, I may say," added the stranger with much gravity, "I may say, I am a general dealer."

"Dabble somewhat, perhaps, in the corn line?" ventured Tobias.

"A d—d deal—hem! I beg your pardon," cried the visiter, a little confused at his breach of good manners. "I do, decidedly;" and here the stranger blandly smiled; "but I'll give ye a toast!"

Again Tobias glanced at his guest's red-hot leg, and then taking courage from the sociality of his character, rose, and placing his open palms together, in the mildest voice, begged of his visiter to be permitted to ask of him a very little favour.

"Certainly—with the greatest pleasure in the world," was the consent of the stranger. "What is it?"

"Your leg—your right leg," replied Tobias diffidently; "if you would only withdraw—"

"To be sure—it is but just—will you oblige me by changing places?" Tobias immediately moved to the other side of the hearth, the stranger also crossing. "And now, old fellow," said the guest, affectionately addressing his left leg, "and now, it is your turn;" saying this, he plunged his sinister limb into the fire, at the same time rubbing with his hand the right one, that sparkled as he rubbed it. Tobias looked aghast. "A little nasty rheumatism," said the stranger, observing the wonderment of his host; "an excellent remedy. And now if you please," and he filled, "a toast.—Here's the health of Gaffer Nimmington!"

"Poor fellow!" said the Mayor, reflecting on his hasty judgment; "still, matters were black against him. I did as any other mayor would do; and now, sir," said Tobias, getting courage from his ale, "now, what may be your business with me?"

"I want to sell you something," said the stranger.

"What is it?" I don't know that I want any thing, except—except—"

"Ha! that's it," said the guest; "that's the very thing I come to sell."

"You're not a pedler?" asked Tobias. "No—you can't be a pedler."

"I can let you have a small commodity, dog-cheap," cried the stranger, winking significantly.

"Where's your pack?" inquired the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner.

"I have it with me, though you do not see it. Let me see, it is now how many thousand years since I first began to tramp about the world?—"

"Years! Mercy upon me!" exclaimed Tobias; "surely, sir, you mean days?"

"Ay, very true! be it so—days. And take my word for't, some pretty nick-nacks have I bartered—things that have made the owners glorious folks—and now, I come—come here, through wet and wind and cold—to offer you a thumping pennyworth."

"And what is the article?" asked Tobias, his curiosity excited by the earnestness of his visiter; "tell me, what is it you would sell me?"

"A bit of good, stout, serviceable *seeming*," said the stranger.

"*Seeming*!" cried the Mayor.

"*Seeming*," echoed his guest; "a superfine cloak, trimmed with ermine that shall never speck; guarded with gold that shall not tarnish—a thing of such fine yet tough web, that you shall go in it through all the thorny places of the world, yet shall it not tear—shall it not fray—a beautiful, yea, a magnificent cloak! Will ye barter?"

"I am but a simple mayor," said Tobias; his fancy roused by the glowing words of the stranger, "and fear I may not purchase such bravery. Alack! what should I do with it?"

"What will ye do without it?" cried the stranger. "Tush! you must have it."

"Have you sold many such?" asked Tobias, feeling a yearning for the cloak. "What's the price?"

"A trifle—and for that I'll give ye good long credit," answered the visiter.

"Take another horn," exclaimed Tobias, and he poured the ale. —"By the rood, thou hast a heart of gold! And is there, in good faith, such virtue in the cloak, as thou dost speak of?"

"The cloak hath served tyrants, traitors, muckworms, courtezans, drunkards, intriguers, bigots—"

"Hallo! hallo! Stop," cried Tobias, astonished at the catalogue.

"And they have walked in it," continued the visiter, heedless of the Mayor, "outside benefactors, patriots, philanthropists, prudes, hermits, sanctified good people, saints on earth."

"And all by the cloak?" asked the rapt Tobias.

"All by the cloak," answered the stranger, who taking from his pocket a little book, looked blithely in the face of the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, and said—"Come, write me down an order."

"There's hardly room," observed Tobias, turning over the leaves which, in truth, were filled to the edges with no mean names.

"There," cried the stranger, laying the end of his finger on a blank place; "write it there."

"My wife won't know me in it!" exclaimed Tobias, already enjoying the triumph of the cloak.

"Had you but worn it in the hay-field," observed the visiter, "you still had been the prudent, moral Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner."

Tobias held the pen between his thumb and finger; in another instant his name had been in the book, when his good genius, the spirit of thrift, twitched him by the elbow, and he laid down the pen, and uttering an old saw touching the usefulness of short reckonings, said, "So far, so well; 'tis a pretty cloak thou dost talk of—but one word yet, what am I to pay thee for it?"

"The cloak shall last thee as long as thou dost live; ay, till thou dost don thy shroud," said the stranger, evading a direct answer to the prudent query of Tobias.

"An excellent cloak," assented the Mayor; "but how much? Nay, man, how much?"

"Let the bargain stand thus," said the trader. "I'll find thee in a cloak, under which thou shalt walk the earth; yea, as the very pink of men—a sober, honest, virtuous, noble-hearted mayor and ale-brewer: I'll find thee in this garment, until thy carcass be confined, and thy grave be dug, and then—"

"What then?" asked Tobias, turning pale, and trembling.

"Why then, in payment of my cloak, I'll take thyself."

"I'll be d—d if I have the cloak," roared Tobias.

"Exactly so," remarked the stranger.

"That is paying a pretty penny for appearance," said the Mayor. "Get out of my house!" and the indignant Tobias rose, and seizing a stool, flourished it before the unmoved face of the cloak-merchant. "Get out of my house!"

"Thou wilt buy the cloak," said the stranger coolly, and he rose to depart—"for appearance."

"Curse appearance!" cried Tobias, in the new strength of his virtue; "an honest man defies it."

"Trust me, friend," replied the trader, wrapping himself in his garment, and putting on his hat—"trust me, thou wilt have a valorous heart to live against appearance—nay, I know thou wilt have the cloak." So saying, the stranger departed; and Tobias, perplexed and over-wrought by the condition of his visiter,—for his red-hot legs, his peculiar style of barter, unerringly revealed the Devil,—sank upon his joint-stool—speechless and despairing. Was he, then, to be the victim of appearances? Was he, an honest, well-meaning mayor, to stand in the chronicles of Hole-cum-Corner, a profligate and wretch? It was a hard fate for a worthy man; and yet, thought Tobias, it is better to suffer innocently, keeping a good conscience, than to win a false reputation by outside virtues, when all is rascal within. Such was the noble resolution of Tobias; and so strengthened, he gulped another draught of ale, and vehemently slapping his knee, cried, "I will *not* have the cloak!"

Excellent, high-minded Tobias! Champion of truth, against appearance, worthy Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner!

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Gentle reader, never parley with the Devil. Though you treat him with the coldest politeness,—though entering your homestead, (and where will he not sometimes look in?) you suffer him, only for a few moments, to take a seat and “rest his weary shanks,”—depend upon it he will leave traces of his visit. On the day following the appearance of the cloak-merchant, the house of Tobias was thronged with the gossips of the town, brought thither by the odd reports of Constance, the maid, who had sworn to the red-hot legs of the stranger, as further corroborated by the burnt prints of his feet in the oak flooring. There they were, sure enough! And for many score years, there was a proverb in Hole-cum-Corner, that he who drank with the Devil, would have the footsteps of the fiend at his fireside. It was sufficiently plain from these supernatural foot-prints, that Tobias had sold himself. He who had resolutely held a joint-stool at the fiend’s head, was, by one award, acknowledged the bondman of Satan! Could it be otherwise—were not appearances against him?

Days elapsed, and Tobias saw himself shunned by all men; he was still a mayor, it is true; but he was no longer considered a Christian. All the townsfolk passed him, and no man bowed—no maiden dropped the customary salute. “Better be in my grave!” thought Tobias Aconite.

The church clock struck ten as, one morning, Tobias turned a corner into the principal street of his “own romantic town.” It was strange, people no longer stared at him, as, since the adventure in the hay-field, they had constantly done; there was no winking one to the other—no pointing—no suppressed laughter; he walked, it is true, ungreeted by any tokens of respect, yet exempt from the scornful salutations, the sneers, that had too long vexed him. “My good name begins to triumph!” thought Tobias. “Yes, he is a poor man, and a poor mayor who cannot *live down* appearance; I knew my victory would come—and now, even now, it is upon me!”

Such were the flattering thoughts of Tobias as he proceeded up the street, when about mid-way he saw a crowd collected—an enormous crowd, considering the population of Hole-cum-Corner; and saw people hurrying to and fro, taking no note whatever of him, whose function, as he considered it, was to be present at every trial. “What can be the matter?” thought Tobias, quickening his pace towards the mob.

“A swine!” exclaimed a woman coming from the crowd; “a hog’s a lord to he!”

“Poor creetur!” sighed a second, “she must have a nice time of it with such a bargain.”

“If he was mine,” cried a third, “I’d sweeten his toast and ale for him, I warrant.”

“Well, it is too early in the morning,” remarked a chubby-faced shop-keeper, standing at his door; “besides, any respectable man would, in such a state, have staid at home.”

“He’ll be the eternal shame and ruin of Hole-cum-Corner,” cried a neighbour tradesman; who was proceeding in his prophecy, when he was interrupted by a couple of stout fellows, come from the mob, to beg the loan of a shutter, resolutely refused by the owner, on the ground that an honest man’s shutter was too good to carry such a vagabond.

All this Tobias heard and noted as he strode towards the crowd. At

length he pushes in the very thick of the mob, and beholds—oh! wicked enchantment!—malignant conjuration!—Satanic spell, to rob a man and mayor of dearest fame!

Tobias Aconite beholds—himself! His true similitude—his very image—his perfect identity! And how? in what condition is this fantastic image—his other self, begotten by Beelzebub! Alas! filthily drunk—lying in the highway, now raving, shouting, cursing—and now in maudlin tears and laughter, calling himself the prettiest of mayors, and begging any one of the company to favour him with a song.

“If he is Tobias,” thought Aconite, “then who am I?” And then it flashed upon him, that no soul had noticed him—that he had passed like a shadow through the streets—a thing unseen, unthought of! He, his proper self, was then invisible; and, oh! misery—he and his deeds were represented to the honest folks of Hole-cum-Corner, by the mass of drunkenness, shouting and wallowing before him. The heart of Tobias sank like a stone!

“Will you buy the cloak, now?” cried a voice at the ear of Tobias, who, turning round, beheld the stranger with the red-hot legs. “Will you buy now?” he repeated, pointing triumphantly to the false Tobias.

Tobias stretched out his arm, and raised his voice to seize and publish the tempter, but his hand grasped the air, his voice died in his throat; and the demon slowly moving from the crowd, winked at the wretched Mayor, and as Tobias thought, irreverently thrust his tongue in his cheek. “The Lord help me!” replied Tobias.

“Drink! drink! ha! ha! drink! Hurrah! ye ragamuffins!” shouted the impostor Tobias in the road.

“What a beast!” thought the true Mayor.

“Ha! ha! and am I not a pretty boy?” roared the counterfeit, as he suffered himself to be placed upon an ass, borrowed from Nick the sandman, to bear him home. He was no sooner secured upon the beast, and supported on each side, when the false Tobias burst into a song, all the rabble, the boys and girls shouting and hallooing chorus.

And thus singing—thus shouting, did the procession move towards the mansion of the Mayor.

“What will my wife say?” mused the real Tobias, and a pleasant feeling of curiosity to mark the meeting of his helpmate and his representative, lightened the sad spirit of Aconite, who followed the mob, an outcast to his own dwelling.

And at length the crowd paused before the Mayor’s door; in a trice, the counterfeit Tobias was lifted from the back of the ass, and roaring and bellowing, was borne into the house, and placed in the arm-chair—Dame Aconite and Constance her maid, speechless with rage and wonder at the infamy of their lord and master. The real Tobias, all invisible, took his place in a corner of the room, and as patiently as possible awaited the tempest. Dame Bridget seated herself a very few paces from him she conceived to be her drunken spouse. She spoke not; but her eyebrows were knit together—her teeth gnawed her under lip, and she rocked herself to and fro, at times smiling terribly.

“It’s coming,” said the real Tobias.

“My love,” cried the forgery,—“Bridget, isn’t she my own love?” hiccupped the false mayor.

"Aren't you a beast?" asked Dame Tobias; "a pretty beast!"

"He! he!" answered the counterfeit; and then, bending his eyes upon the dame, in a deep authoritative voice, he called—"Bridget, a jug of ale."

"If it would poison ye, yes," answered Dame Tobias, and still she frowned, still rocked.

"He'll have it in a minute," was the conviction of the true Tobias.

"Ale!" roared the false husband.

"Beast!" screamed Dame Aconite; "not if a drop would save ye from the fiend."

"Isn't this dreadful—isn't this shocking!" muttered the unreal Tobias, and then he burst into tears.

"Yes—cry—cry your eyes out, ye vile man, that ye mayn't see what a brute ye are. Cry away!" exclaimed Dame Bridget.

"'Twould melt a stone to do it," said the visionary mayor; "but it must be done." And he rose to his feet, and staggering to a corner, took therefrom an ash-stick, about the thickness of a labourer's thumb. "It's enough to break my heart," he said, approaching the dame, and significantly cutting the air with the switch, "but it must be done."

"And what must be done?" cried Dame Aconite, somewhat alarmed at the decision of her husband.

"Wives that won't fetch ale," answered the impostor Tobias, "must be taught the way to the cellar." Saying this, the ruffian counterfeit seized the dame.

"Why, you wouldn't!" exclaimed the wife in astonishment; for she could not say another word in remonstrance, the false mayor—shame to manhood—laid the stick about the shoulders of weak and lovely woman, the said woman screaming more murders than, in this world of sin, had ever been committed; her cries taken up and assisted by the lungs of Constance, who, rushing to the door, called upon the townspeople of Hole-cum-Corner, to save the existence of the best of wives, and the tenderest of women: whilst they both screamed, the false Tobias beat, and the true Mayor, with a complacency that even astonished himself, sat in the corner.

A few minutes, and the house was filled with indignant neighbours. Some ran to assist Dame Aconite, who fainted the very moment succour was at hand; but more surrounded the false Aconite, heaping upon his coward head every epithet of hatred, contempt, and scorn.

"A pretty mayor to beat a woman!"

"A wretch for whom hanging was too great a treat!"

"He might have got drunk, and no great harm done; but to beat his wife!"

"Will you buy the cloak, now?" again asked the Devil of Tobias.

"Will you buy it now?"

"She wanted her match," mused the true Tobias, unconscious of the question.

"Will you buy the cloak *now*?" asked the Devil in a louder voice.

"Not this time," replied the satisfied Mayor.

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A profligate, a sot, and a coward; such was the character of the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, a virtuous, temperate, and a tolerably tender husband. Strange temptations beset the spirit of Tobias. It was, indeed, a trying fate to be doomed to bear the ignominy of wicked deeds, when he was pure as snow; to face the looks of public contempt, and then to turn his eyes within, seeking for light in his own bosom. We will not disguise his fitful weakness. At times he had his misgivings; he almost thought it best to strike a bargain for the cloak, so frequently pressed upon him, and thus enveloping himself in the outside of virtuous appearances to obtain the sweet privilege of sinning in secret. Weeks passed on, and Tobias performed his functions as magistrate; but, alas! the glory of his office was departed. The homage paid to him was forced and sullen—he was no longer the oracle to his reverential fellow-townsmen, but uttered his decrees to deaf ears and turned-up noses. He had no consolation—none: yes, he had the approving voice of his own conscience; and how it happened we know not, but of late his wife Dame Bridget had become as mild, as sweetly complying, as in her early days of budding love. Never, after the labours of the day, did Tobias return to his home that he saw not a well-filled ale-jug waiting him on the table!

Time passed, and the fiend ceased to tempt Tobias; who, yearning for the former confidence of his fellow-citizens, pondered upon many schemes, whereby he might again possess their ancient love—their old familiar respect. He at length decided on the plan; he would give a banquet, a most magnificent feast to his equals of Hole-cum-Corner, and have an ox or two roasted for the vulgar. It was a foolish thought; but Tobias really hoped to dine away his evil name—to drown his spotted reputation in a sea of drink. He had determined upon this hospitable act, when great news rang through the town of Hole-cum-Corner. A foreign prince, an awful Spaniard, in whose veins ran the very best blood royal, had arrived in Britain on business matrimonial. We have searched the pages of the chroniclers, but found not his name; in the history of Hole-cum-Corner, he is simply yet impressively marked “the Spaniard.”

Now the Hidalgo, proposing to behold all the commercial wonders of our wonderful land, could not, in his progress through the country, but visit the dolls’-eyes manufactory at Hole-cum-Corner. In the true spirit of English hospitality, all our manufacturing secrets were laid open to him, nor could the men of Hole-cum-Corner be less complaisant than their fellow-Britons. Here was an opportunity for Tobias—a golden chance, not for the world itself to be lost. In brief, the Mayor summoned a meeting of the townsfolk, and with tears in his eyes begged that all little differences of opinion as to politics and morals might, for the time, be laid aside; that all bickerings might be forgotten, in the general endeavour to pay a hospitable welcome to the arriving Spaniard. The address of Tobias had, it was plain some effect upon his prejudiced hearers, all anxious for the reputation of Hole-cum-Corner; but, when the Mayor concluded his speech with a promise to feast the whole town at his own private cost, the hall rang with acclamations, and there were at least twenty worthy souls who declared it to be their opinion that “Toby Aconite was an honest man after all.”

The rest of that day did Tobias employ, airing himself in the streets of Hole-cum-Corner. It was so delicious to meet, as he was wont to meet, old friends; to return the smile, the bow, to exchange the merry greeting. Again did Tobias feel himself the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner.

The church bells rang in the happy day; shops were closed; every man, woman, and child in their best clothes, and with their blithest looks; fifty maidens scattered roses in the path of the magnificent stranger, and a thousand voices rent the sky, at the first glimpse of his right royal beard. The Spaniard alighted at the Mansion-house, and though he spoke not a word of English, expressed himself enraptured with his reception. At which Tobias Aconite placed his hand upon his heart, and upon his honour declared that day to be the very happiest of his whole existence. The Spaniard and his followers having partaken of a slight repast of brawn, brown bread, and ale,—a public-spirited economical townsman calculated that each man consumed a pound and a half of meat, a two-penny loaf, and two quarts of liquor,—were conducted by the Mayor and other authorities, to inspect the public works and buildings of Hole-cum-Corner. Thus, moving in slow procession down Prigapple-lane, the Spaniard was shown the stocks, at which curious instance of man's ingenuity, he expressed his most intense delight. He was continually heard to murmur as to himself, "Great English! wonderful people!" a fact made known by the schoolmaster of Hole-cum-Corner; who, in his childhood wrecked off Cadiz, had served three years as turnspit in the most Holy Inquisition. Having duly inspected the stocks, the Spaniard was conducted two miles out of the town, to Hempseed Common, to view an antique gibbet, one of the highly-prized, most sacred, and most venerable institutions of Hole-cum-Corner. Here again he exclaimed "Great English! wonderful people!" Returning to the town, the illustrious visiter was conducted to the cake-manufactory—(we have alluded to these cakes in an early part of this legend)—where was exhibited to him the whole process of cake-making, at which, as before, he declared himself sufficiently astonished, and biting a cake hot from the oven, again exclaimed, "Great English! wonderful people!"

The royal Spaniard was, after this, shown over the vast establishment of Squint and Leer, inventors and makers of dolls'-eyes. Here a most gratifying surprise awaited the royal guest, for he was presented, not only with the freedom of the town, in a handsome pearl box, but with a document that enabled him to set up as a dolls'-eyes maker in any part of England; a privilege which he declared to be the most flattering mark of national liberality, and national affection. He avowed that in the whole course of his life he would never look into the eyes of a doll, without thinking of the worthy people of Hole-cum-Corner.

To return to Tobias. He had had his trials, but he was supremely happy that day. However, his crowning triumph was at hand. One o'clock, the dinner-hour, was fast approaching, and then he would usher the royal Spaniard to the banquet-room; there and then, he would so smile himself into the good graces of his most illustrious guest, that, should the Hidalgo wed the virgin queen—(by this, it would

seem that the time of the legend was that of Elizabeth, though we consider it to be much earlier)—he, Tobias, would have knighthood as a thing of course. The heart of the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner beat high as he preceded the Spaniard up the three steps of the Mansion-house. It was remarkable, that the illustrious guest, as he crossed the threshold, observed, that “the weather was hot, but that probably it would be cooler in the evening.” This being translated to the Mayor, he bowed, and said he should like to see the face of that man who would dare to doubt it. Another moment, and the Spaniard would reach the dining-hall; he, however, stopped short, and as a particular favour requested that he might be permitted to wash his hands.

The Spaniard retired, and for one minute, and only one, did Tobias quit his post, the door of an ante-room through which the magnificent foreigner must pass. The door opened—the Spaniard appeared,—but, oh, horror! there, bowing him along, was another Tobias—no doubt the self-same drunkard of the highway; the knave who cudgelled Bridget; the curse and libel of Aconite’s life. Again did Tobias feel that he was invisible, and thus he followed the crowd into the dining-hall,—the demon, the ghost of himself, smirking and bowing, and looking loftily around, doing the needful honours to the mighty foreigner.

Who shall tell the anguish at the heart of Tobias, as he saw his accursed similitude take his station behind the chair of the Spaniard; beheld him smiled upon by his guest, and at length, with gentle, courteous violence, forced into a seat beside him?

The dinner—would we could do fitting honour to the storks, cranes, swans, porpoises, and all the other delicacies of those primitive days—passed off with abounding content. Happiness glistened in the greasy face of many a denizen of Hole-cum-Corner; and Tobias, invisible as he was, was tortured by the praises that fell from many a former enemy, made his foe by the Demon at the top of the table. “Forget and forgive,” cried one townsman, as he tossed off his cup; “Tobias is a noble fellow, when all’s done.”—“His heart’s in the right place,” remarked another, “for he has dined us like kings.” These were flattering words, yet were they daggers to Tobias, fearful of some new prank on the part of his diabolical representative—some infamous act that should again plunge him twenty fathom deep in obloquy.

There was a pause; and though Tobias felt himself a shade, he sweated again as his demon likeness rose and begged to give a toast—the health of the Spaniard. This the false Tobias did in a speech of unwrinkled eloquence; dwelt upon every known and unknown virtue of the princely guest, with such fervour, such passionate admiration, that the whole meeting were breathless with astonishment, and, the oration ended, more than one townsman declared the Mayor was not a man, but an angel. Now, indeed, the true mayor would have been too well reconciled to fortune, had the demon disappeared, and he could have asserted his own likeness.

At this moment, a face turned from the table, and looking up at Tobias, asked in a low voice, “Will you buy the cloak now?”

“No! exclaimed the true Tobias, startled at his own voice; whilst shouts of “Silence!” rang through the hall.

The Spaniard rose—stroked his beard, put his hand upon his heart,



said at least ten words, cast his eyes to the ceiling, and sat down again, amidst a torrent of applause.

Still Tobias fixed his eyes upon his infernal resemblance, still he—ob! was there ever such villany—such inhospitable felony? Whilst the Spaniard was on his legs, the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner seated beside him, took up a knife, and severed a bright blue ribbon circling the Spaniard's neck, a ribbon from which depended the Order of the Zebra, an order composed of richest diamonds, the stripes in rubies. Of this magnificent jewel did the demon-mayor possess himself, and, as if nothing at all had happened, put it in his right-hand breeches-pocket!

Faithful Alonzo! Intrepid Ximenes! Stout-hearted Gonzago! Valorous Toboso! Ye, all chamberlains to the princely Spaniard, saw the felony, and without a word, drew your Ferraras, and fell upon the mayor. In an instant, the Order of the Zebra was snatched from the culprit's pocket, and his guilt made manifest to the assembly; whereupon some called for halters, whilst some insisted on a stake and hurdle.

The false mayor was consigned to gaol, and the true Tobias hugged himself on his invisibility.

The Spaniard took horse for London, as a particular favour requested the head and quarters of the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner, which request was in the most handsome manner granted by the queen then reigning. Execution was done upon the Demon functionary. The real, invisible Tobias beheld the execution. As the culprit was led to the block, the old familiar voice of the tempter asked of the true Mayor,

“Will you buy the cloak now?”

Here was a dilemma! If Tobias refused, the Demon would vanish, and he be made to suffer for his crime. He paused!

“Will you buy the cloak now?” was repeated.

“No,” answered the stout Tobias. He preferred the consciousness of innocence though stained with the odium of guilt, to the outside appearance of virtue with inner hypocrisy. “No,” repeated Tobias, and he instantly expected the Demon to vanish. To his surprise, however, the false Tobias was beheaded, and most scrupulously quartered.

From that moment, the tempter appeared not to Tobias, who clothed himself in weeds, put a scallop in his cap, and like a virtuous pilgrim, passed beyond the seas.

A story ran that Gaffer Nimmington, the victim of Tobias, had sold himself to the fiend for revenge upon the Mayor, who, in his turn, was punished for his hasty sentence upon Gaffer—a sentence passed upon appearance!

Tobias died far, far away; yet, was it the faith of many generations, that, in the likeness of a gray gander, did their ancient Mayor watch over and protect the town of Hole-cum-Corner.

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IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Is there an unbeliever !  
One man who walks the earth  
And madly doubts that Providence  
Watch'd o'er him at his birth !  
He robs mankind for ever  
Of hope beyond the tomb ;  
What gives he as a recompence ?—  
The brute's unhallow'd doom,

In manhood's loftiest hour,  
In health, and strength, and pride,  
Oh ! lead his steps through alleys green,  
Where rills 'mid cowslips glide :  
Climb nature's granite tower,  
Where man hath rarely trod :  
And will he then, in such a scean,  
Deny there is a God !

Yes,—the proud heart will ever  
Prompt the false tongue's reply !  
An Omnipresent Providence  
Still madly he'll deny.  
But see the unbeliever  
Sinking in death's decay ;  
And hear the cry of penitence !  
He never learnt to pray !

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## THE PICKER AND PILER.\*

BY N. P. WILLIS, Esq.

THE nature of the strange incident I have to relate, forbids me to record either place or time.

On one of the wildest nights in which I had ever been abroad, I drove my panting horses through a snow-drift breast-high, to the door of a small tavern in the Western country. The host turned out unwillingly at the knock of my whip-handle on the outer door, and, wading before the tired animals to the barn, which was nearly inaccessible from the banks of snow, he assisted me in getting off their frozen harness, and bestowing them safely for the night.

The "bar-room" fire burnt brightly, and never was fire more welcome. Room was made for me by four or five rough men who sat silent around it; and with a keen comprehension of "pleasure after pain," I took off my furs and moccasins, and stretched my cold-contracted limbs to the blaze. When, a few minutes after, a plate of cold salt-beef was brought me, with a corncake, and a mug of "flip" hissing from the poker, it certainly would have been hard to convince me that I would have put on my coats and moccasins again to have ridden a mile to Paradise.

The faces of my new companions, which I had not found time to inspect very closely while my supper lasted, were fully revealed by the light of a pitch-pine knot, thrown on the hearth by the landlord; and their grim reserve and ferocity put me in mind, for the first time since I had entered the room, of my errand in that quarter of the country.

The timber-tracts, which lie convenient to the rivers of the West, offer to the refugee and desperado of every description a resource from want, and (in their own opinion) from crime, which is seized upon by all at least who are willing to labour.

The owners of the extensive forests destined to become so valuable, are mostly men of large speculation, living in cities, who, satisfied with the constant advance in the price of lumber, consider their pine-trees as liable to nothing but the laws of nature, and leave them unfenced and unprotected, to increase in size and value till the soil beneath them is wanted for culture. It is natural enough that solitary settlers, living in the neighbourhood of miles of apparently unclaimed land, should think seldom of the owner, and in time grow to the opinion of the Indian, that the Great Spirit gave the land, the air, and the water, to all his children, and they are free to all alike. Furnishing the requisite teams and implements, therefore, the inhabitants of these tracts collect a number of the stragglers through the country, and forming what is called a "bee," go into the nearest woods, and, for a month or more, work laboriously at selecting and felling the tallest and straightest pines. In their rude shanty at night, they have bread, pork, and whiskey, which hard labour makes sufficiently palatable; and the time is passed merrily till the snow is right for sledging. The logs are

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\* To pick and pile, in America, is to burn and clear forests.

then drawn to the waterside, rafts are formed, and the valuable lumber, for which they have paid nothing but their labour, is run to the cities for their common advantage.

The only enemies of this class of men are the agents, who are sometimes sent out in the winter to detect them in the act of felling or drawing off timber; and in the dark countenances around the fire, I read this as the interpretation of my own visit to the woods. They soon brightened and grew talkative, when they discovered I was in search of hands to fell and burn, and make clearing for a farm; and after a talk of an hour or two, I was told in answer to my inquiries, that all the "men people" in the country were busy "lumbering for themselves," unless it were ———, the "Picker and Piler."

As these words were pronounced, a shrill neigh outside the door announced the arrival of a new-comer.

"Talk of the devil—" said the man in a lower tone, and without finishing the proverb, he rose with a respect which he had not accorded to me, to make room for the Picker and Piler.

A man of rather low stature entered; turning to drive back his horse, who had nearly followed him in, I observed that the animal had neither saddle nor bridle. Shutting the door upon him without violence, he exchanged words with one or two of the men, and giving the landlord a small keg which he had brought, he pleaded haste for refusing the offered chair, and stood silent by the fire. His features were blackened with smoke, but I could see that they were small and regular, and his voice, though it conveyed in its deliberate accents an indefinable resolution, was almost femininely soft and winning.

"That stranger yonder has got a job for you," said the landlord, as he gave him back the keg and received the money.

Turning quickly upon me, he detected me in a very eager scrutiny of himself, and for a moment I was too much thrown off my guard to address him.

"Is it you, sir?" he asked, after waiting a moment.

"Yes; I have some work to be done hereabouts: but you seem in a hurry. Could you call here to-morrow?"

"I may not be here again in a week."

"Do you live far from here?"

He smiled.

"I scarce know where I live; but I am burning a piece of wood a mile or two up the run, and if you would like a warmer bed than the landlord will give you—"

That personage decided the question for me, by telling me in so many words that I had better go. His beds were all taken up, and my horses should be taken care of till my return. I saw that my presence had interrupted something, probably the formation of a "bee;" and, more willingly than I would have believed possible an hour before, I resumed my furs and wrappers, and declared that I was ready. The Picker and Piler had inspired me, I knew not why, with an involuntary respect and liking.

"It is a rough night, sir," said he, as he shouldered a rifle he had left outside, and slung the keg by a leathern strap over the neck of his horse; "but I will soon show you a better climate. Come, sir, jump on!"

"And you?" I said inquisitively, as he held his horse by the mane for me to mount. It was a Canadian pony, scarce larger than a Newfoundland dog.

"I am more used to the road, sir, and will walk. Come!"

It was no time to stand upon etiquette, even if it had been possible to resist the strange tone of authority with which he spoke. So without more ado, I sprang upon the animal's back, and holding on by the large tuft upon his withers, suffered him passively to plunge through the drift after his master.

Wondering at the readiness with which I had entered upon this equivocal adventure, but never for an instant losing confidence in my guide, I shut my eyes to the blinding cold, and accommodated my limbs as well as I could to the bare back and scrambling paces of the Canadian. The Picker and Piler strode on before, the pony following like a spaniel at his heels; and after a half-hour's tramp, during which I had merely observed that we were rounding the base of a considerable hill, we turned short to the right, and were met by a column of smoke, which, lifting the moment after, disclosed the two slopes of a considerable valley, enveloped in one sea of fire. A red, lurid cloud overhung it at the tops of the tallest trees, and far and wide above that spread a covering of black smoke, heaving upward in vast and billowy masses, and rolling away on every side into the darkness.

We approached a pine of gigantic height, on fire to the very peak, not a branch left on the trunk, and its pitchy knots, distributed like the eyes of the lamprey, burning pure and steady amid the irregular flame. I had once or twice, with an instinctive wish to draw rein, pulled hard upon the tangled tuft in my hand, but master and horse kept on. This burning tree, however, was the first of a thousand, and as the pony turned his eyes away from the intense heat, to pass between it and a bare rock, I glanced into the glowing labyrinth beyond, and my faith gave way. I jumped from his back, and hailed the Picker and Piler, with a halloo scarcely audible amid the tumult of the crackling branches.

My voice evidently did not reach his ear; but the pony, relieved from my weight, galloped to his side, and rubbed his muzzle against the unoccupied hand of his master.

He turned back immediately. "I beg pardon," he said; "I have that to think of just now which makes me forgetful. I am not surprised at your hesitation, but mount again, and trust the pony."

The animal turned rather unwillingly at his master's bidding, and a little ashamed at having shown fear, while a horse would follow, I jumped again upon his back.

"If you find the heat inconvenient, cover your face." And with this laconic advice, the Picker and Piler turned on his heel, and once more strode away before us.

Sheltering the sides of my face by holding up the corners of my wrapper with both hands, I abandoned myself to the horse. He overtook his master with a shuffling canter, and putting his nose as close to the ground as he could carry it without stumbling, followed closely at his heels. I observed, by the green logs lying immediately along our path, that we were following an avenue of prostrate timber which had been felled before the wood was fired; but descending presently to the

left, we struck at once into the deep bed of a brook, and by the lifted head and slower gait of the pony, as well as my own easier respiration, I found that the hollow through which it ran contained a body of pure air, unreachd by the swaying curtain of smoke, or the excessive heat of the fiery currents above. The pony now picked his way leisurely along the brook's side, and while my lungs expanded with the relief of breathing a more temperate atmosphere, I raised myself from my stooping posture in a profuse perspiration, and, one by one, disembarrassed myself of my protections against the cold.

I had lost sight for several minutes of the Picker and Piler, and presumed by the pony's desultory movements that he was near the end of his journey, when rounding a shelvy point of rock, we stood suddenly upon the brink of a slight waterfall, where the brook leaped four or five feet into a sunken dell, and after describing a half-circle on a rocky platform, resumed its onward course in the same direction as before. This curve of the brook, and the platform it enclosed, lay lower than the general level of the forest, and the air around and within it, it seemed to me, was as clear and genial as the summer noon. Over one side, from the rocky wall, a rude and temporary roof of pine slabs dropped upon a barricado of logs, forming a low hut; and before the entrance of this, at the moment of my appearance, stood a woman and a showily-dressed young man, both evidently confused at the sudden apparition of the Picker and Piler. My eyes had scarce rested on the latter, when, from standing at his fullest height with his rifle raised as if to beat the other to the earth, he suddenly resumed his stooping and quiet mien, set his rifle against the rock, and came forward to give me his hand.

"My daughter!" he said, more in the way of explanation than introduction; and without taking further notice of the young man whose presence seemed so unwelcome, he poured me a draught from the keg he had brought, pointed to the water falling close at my hand, and threw himself at length upon the ground.

The face and general appearance of the young man now seated opposite me, offered no temptation for more than a single glance, and my whole attention was soon absorbed by the daughter of my singular host, who, crossing from the platform to the hut, divided her attention between a haunch of venison roasting before a burning log of hickory, and the arrangement of a few most primitive implements for our coming supper. She was slight, like her father, in form, and as far as I had been able to distinguish his blackened features, resembled him in the general outline. But in the place of his thin and determined mouth, her lips were round and voluptuous, and though her eye looked as if it *might* wake, it expressed even in the presence of her moody father, a drowsy and soft indolence common enough to the Asiatics, but seldom seen in America. Her dress was coarse and careless, but she was beautiful with every possible disadvantage, and, whether married or not, evidently soon to become a mother.

The venison was placed before us on the rock, and the young man, uninvited, and with rather an air of bravado, cut himself a steak from the haunch, and broiled it on the hickory coals, while the daughter kept as near him as her attention to her father's wants would permit, but neither joined us in eating, nor encouraged my attempts at conversation.



The Picker and Piler ate in silence, leaving me to be my own carver; and finishing his repast with a deep draught from the keg which had been the means of our acquaintance, he sprang upon his feet and disappeared.

"The wind has changed," said the daughter, looking up at the smoke; "and he has gone to the western edge to start a new fire. It's a full half-mile, and he'll be gone an hour."

This was said with a look at me, which was any thing but equivocal. I was *de trop*. I took up the rifle of the Picker and Piler, forgetting that there was probably nothing to shoot in a burning wood, and remarking that I would have a look for a deer, jumped up the waterfall side, and was immediately hidden by the rocks.

I had had no conception of the scene that lay around me. The natural cave or hollow of rock in which the hut lay imbosomed, was the centre of an area of perhaps an acre, which had been felled in the heart of the wood before it was set on fire. The forest encircled it with blazing columns, whose capitals were apparently lost in the sky, and curtains of smoke and flame, which flew as if lashed into ribands by a whirlwind. The grandeur, the violence, the intense brightness of the spectacle outran all imagination. The pines, on fire to the peak, and straight as arrows, seemed to resemble at one moment the conflagration of an Eastern city, with innumerable minarets abandoned to the devouring element. At the next moment, the wind changing its direction, swept out every vestige of smoke and extinguished every tongue of flame, and the tall trees, in clear and flameless ignition, standing parallel in thousands, resembled some blinding temple of the genii, whose columns of miraculous rubies, sparkling audibly, outshone the day. By single glances, my eye penetrated into aisles of blazing pillars, extending far into the forest, and next instant, like a tremendous surge, alive with serpents of fire, the smoke and flame swept through it, and it seemed to me as if some glorious structure had been consumed in the passing of a thought. For a minute again, all would be still except the crackling of the fibres of the wood, and with the first stir of the wind, like a shower of flashing gems, the bright coals rained down the forest, and for a moment the earth glowed under the trees, as if its whole crust were alive with one bright ignition.

With the pungency of the smoke and heat, and the variety and bewilderment of the spectacle, I found my eyes and brain growing giddy. The brook ran cool below, and the heat had dried the leaves in the small clearing; and with the abandonment of a man overcome with the sultriness of the summer, I lay down on the rivulet's bank, and dipped my head and bathed my eyes in the running water. Close to its surface there was not a particle of smoke in the air, and exceedingly refreshed with its temperate coolness, I lay for some time in luxurious ease, trying in vain to fancy the winter that howled without. Frost and cold were never more difficult to realize in Midsummer, though within a hundred rods probably, a sleeping man would freeze to death in an hour.

"I have a better bed for you in the shanty," said the Picker and Piler, who had approached unheard in the noise of the fires, and suddenly stood over me.

He took up his rifle, which I had laid against a prostrate log, and looked anxiously toward the descent to the hut.

"I am little inclined for sleep," I answered, "and perhaps you will give me an hour of conversation here. The scene is new to me."

"I have another guest to dispose of," he answered; "and we shall be more out of the smoke near the shanty."

I was not surprised, as I jumped upon the platform, to find him angrily separating his daughter and the stranger. The girl entered the hut, and with a decisive gesture, he pointed the young man to a "shake-down" of straw in the remotest corner of the rocky enclosure.

"With your leave, old gentleman," said the intruder, after glancing at his intended place of repose, "I'll find a crib for myself." And springing up the craggy rock opposite the door of the shanty, he gathered a slight heap of brush, and threw it into a hollow left in the earth by a tree, which, though full grown and green, had been borne to the earth and partly uprooted by the falling across it of an overblown and gigantic pine. The earth and stones had followed the up-torn mass, forming a solid wall, from which, like struggling fingers stretching back in agony to the ground from which they had parted, a few rent and naked roots pointed into the cavity. The sequel will show why I am so particular in this description.

"When peace was declared between England and this country," said the Picker and Piler (after an hour's conversation, which had led insensibly to his own history), I was in command of a privateer. Not choosing to become a pirate, by continuing the cruise, I was set ashore in the West Indies by a crew in open mutiny. My property was all on board, and I was left a beggar. I had one child, a daughter, whose mother died in giving her birth. Having left a sufficient sum for her education in the hands of a brother of my own, under whose roof she had passed the first years of her life, I determined to retrieve my fortunes before she or my friends should be made acquainted with my disaster.

"Ten years passed over, and I was still a wanderer and a beggar.

"I determined to see my child, and came back, like one from the dead, to my brother's door. He had forgotten me, and abused his trust. My daughter, then seventeen, and such as you see her here, was a drudge in the family of a stranger—ignorant and friendless. My heart turned against mankind with this last drop in a bitter cup, and, unfitted for quiet life, I looked around for some chance of desperate adventure. But my daughter was the perpetual obstacle. What to do with her? She had neither the manners nor the education of a lady; and to leave her a servant, was impossible. I started with her for the West, with a vague design of joining some tribe of Indians, and chance and want have thrown me into the only mode of life on earth that could now be palatable to me."

"Is it not lonely," I asked, "after your stirring adventures?"

"Lonely! If you knew the delight with which I live in the wilderness, with a circle of fire to shut out the world! The labour is hard, it is true, but I need it, to sleep and forget. There is no way else in which I could seclude my daughter, till lately she has been contented

too. We live a month together in one place—the centre, like this, of a burning wood. I can bear hardship, but I love a high temperature—the climate of the tropics, and I have it here. For weeks I forget that it is winter, tending my fires and living on the game I have stored up. There is a hollow, or a brook-bed, or a cave in every wood, where the cool air, as here, sinks to the bottom, and there I can put up my shanty, secure from all intrusion, but such as I bring upon myself.”

The look he gave to the uprooted ash and the sleeper beneath it, made an apology for this last clause unnecessary. He thought not of *me*.

“Some months since,” continued the Picker and Piler, in a voice husky with suppressed feeling, “I met the villain who sleeps yonder, accidentally, as I met you. He is the owner of this land. After engaging to clear and burn it, I invited him as I did yourself, from a momentary fever for company which sometimes comes over the solitary, to go with me to the fallow I was clearing. He loitered in the neighbourhood awhile under pretext of hunting, and twice, on my return from the village, I found that my daughter had seen him. Time has betrayed the wrong he inflicted on me.”

The voice of the agitated father sank almost to a whisper, as he pronounced the last few words; and rising from the rock on which we were sitting, he paced for a few minutes up and down the platform in silence.

The reader must fill up from his own imagination the drama of which this is but the outline, for the Picker and Piler was not a man to be questioned, and I can tell but what I saw and heard. In the narration of his story, he seemed recapitulating the prominent events for his own self converse, rather than attempting to tell to me, and it was hurried over as brokenly and briefly as I have put it down. I sat in a listening attitude after he had concluded, but he seemed to have unburdened his bosom sufficiently, and his lips were closed with stern compression.

“You forget,” he said, after pacing awhile, “that I offered you a place to sleep. The night wears late. Stretch yourself on that straw with your cloak over you. Good night!”

I lay down and looked up at the smoke rolling heavily into the sky, till I slept.

I awoke, feeling chilled, for the rock sheltered me from the rays of the fire. I stepped out from the hollow. The fires were pale with the gray of the morning, and the sky was visible through the smoke. I looked around for a place to warm myself; the hickory log had smouldered out, but a fire had been kindled under the overblown pine, and its pitchy heart was now flaming with the steady brilliancy of a torch. I took up one of its broken branches, cracked it on my knee, and stirring up the coals below, soon sent up a merry blaze, which enveloped the whole trunk.

Turning my back to the increasing heat, I started; for, creeping towards me, with a look of eagerness for which I was at a loss to account, came the Picker and Piler.

“Twice doomed!” he muttered between his teeth; “but not by me!”

He threw down a handful of pitch pine-knots, laid his axe against the burning tree, and with a branch of hemlock swept off the flame from the spot where the fire was eating through, as if to see how nearly it was divided.

I began to think him insane, for I could get no answer to my questions, and when he spoke, it was half audibly and with his eyes turned from me, fixedly. I looked in the same direction, but could see nothing remarkable. The seducer slept soundly beneath his matted wall, and the rude door of the shanty was behind us. Leaving him to see phantoms in the air, as I thought, I turned my eyes to the drip of the waterfall, and was absorbed in memories of my own, when I saw the girl steal from the shanty, and with one bound overleap the rocky barrier of the platform. I laid my hand on the shoulder of my host and pointed after her, as with stealthy pace, looking back occasionally to the hut, where she evidently thought her father slept, she crept round towards her lover.

"He dies!" cried the infuriated man; but as he jumped from me to seize his axe, the girl crouched out of sight, and my own first thought was to awake the sleeper. I made two bounds, and looked back, for I heard no footstep.

"Stand clear!" shouted a voice of almost supernatural shrillness, and as I caught sight of the Picker and Piler, standing enveloped in smoke upon the burning tree, with his axe high in air, the truth flashed on me.

Down came the axe into the very heart of the pitchy flame, and, trembling with the tremendous stroke, the trunk slowly bent upwards from the fire. The Picker and Piler sprang clear, the overborne ash creaked and heaved, and with a sick giddiness in my eyes, I looked at the unwarned sleeper.

One half of the dissevered pine fell to the earth, and the shock startled him from his sleep. A whole age seemed to me elapsing, while the other rose with the slow lift of the ash. As it slid heavily away, the vigorous tree righted, like a giant springing to his feet. I saw the root pin the hand of the seducer to the earth—a struggle—a contortion—and the leafless and waving top of the recovered and upright tree rocked with its effort, and a long sharp cry had gone out echoing through the woods, and was still.—I felt my brain reel.

Blanched to a living paleness, the girl moved about in the sickly daylight, when I recovered; but the Picker and Piler, with a clearer brow than I had yet seen him wear, was kindling fires beneath the remnants of the pine.

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## THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS.

“ ————— is a gentleman.”—SHAKESPEARE.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND, ESQ.

I AM better to day—considerably better; but my mistrust of absolute recovery is still the same, the disease under which I am labouring must ultimately destroy me. How much better do I feel by a visit from my friend Charles! His companionable qualities minister to my spirit a transient reinvigoration, in which I ever find the bodily frame participates. Charles is really a feature in the drama of life, contributing little, perhaps, to the great business of the scene, which, mechanically, would go on as well without him; but his character bears with it an agreeable variety, by which, though the world itself may not be materially benefited, yet I undoubtedly am so. Though frequently a butt, he is always a hero; and in various instances his goodnatured blundering begets him as much applause, as though he were a positive wit. The anecdote which he has just related, though not of the first order, after his own way, and the hallucinations appertaining being equally at the claim of his respective parents as himself, occupy still a page in the social adventures of my friend, and the leaf last turned down indicates the following.

In the course of the present week he had, accidentally, in this place, encountered a certain acquaintance, a gentleman with whom his father and himself had originally fallen in, during their short stay at some one of our large mercantile cities, and in whose power it had been to confer on the W. family much useful attention and considerable gratification. This gentleman, though neither marvellously intelligent himself, nor deeply skilled in the mysteries of science or commercial strife, was still known to others who were so; and by his means, therefore, Mr. W. and my favourite friend Charles passed a fortnight in the city of ———, very much to their satisfaction. Unexpectedly delighted was each at their occurrence in Hastings, and after a hearty shake of recognition, Charles invited his companion to a dinner for the following day, at his father's house.

When I say recognition, I mean thereby of face, lineaments, and *manière*; but as to the name of the individual, my young friend confessed, much to his annoyance, that he had altogether forgotten it. He felt however assured, on relating the circumstance at his family conclave, one and all of them would immediately remind him of it. On reaching home, he described the pleasing apparition of his morning ramble, and, true enough, every circumstance so well recollected by the son, had been equally treasured up by the worthy family-circle; but on a declaration of his dilemma, his mother, with a ludicrous look of embarrassment, observed, “This is indeed very untoward, for Sophia and myself are in the same predicament—we also have forgotten the gentleman's name!”

The family began now to find their situation becoming not a little perplexed; and on the morrow, as the hour of six p. m. was approaching, with that rapidity which time usually chooses when he promises to bring evil along with him, the general uneasiness was by no means

abated. Every project was thought of, which might be likely to unravel the distressing mystery. The alphabet was first put into requisition: "Atkins, Batskins, Catskins—Armstrong, Bachelor, Coxheath,"—all, all in vain. "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," were equally of no avail, and each experiment was "a deed without a name."

Charles, however, stated a suggestion which might lead to their rescue, which was to lay a special mandate on the footman to give due emphasis on announcing the name of each guest, at his introduction to the drawing-room; and this he further enforced by actually telling him the necessity for it. This arrangement tended in some degree to compose their minds, and they now only awaited the arrival of their company. In due time, the umber-clouded street-door shook again by the operation of the first knocking. Breathless was the silence in the drawing-room, and "Mr. Cincinnatus Wharton" was announced in so altisonant a key, as to challenge some slight suffusion into the countenance of the young gentleman, as he made his way to the upper end of the apartment. But Cincinnatus Wharton was not the material which composed the interest of the moment. Again were the panels startled; a second knocking—a third, quick upon its heels. "Colonel and Mrs. Lomax!"—in they came. "Mr. Pipkin!"—and in glided Mr. Pipkin. Mr. Pipkin passed through a reduplication, and in a tone which might have entitled Davison to no less an office than that of toastmaster at Guildhall; but neither Pipkin, nor the colonel, nor his lady, was the man. By this time, the whole party, with the exception of the tardy Unknown, were arrived. The interest grew warmer. Like Fabius, he gained mightily by delay; but the family began to entertain great hopes that their friend might have been afflicted in nowise dissimilarly with themselves, and had either forgotten his invitation altogether, or had been providentially detained elsewhere. But another and a final rattling at the panels proclaimed him here. W., his wife, my young friend, and the fair Sophia, moved in a family knot in the direction of the door, making assurance doubly sure, by catching the full force of Davison's announcement; when, whether suddenly unmanned by this family array, or paralyzed by overwrought anxiety, which oftentimes o'erleaps itself, it would be as difficult as immaterial to say, but in walked the substance of a man, to the phantom of a name! Tonguetied was the entranced Davison, and ——— "stuck in his throat!" What was now to be done? What could now be done?

Fortunately, the fashion for general introductions had fallen into disuse, and this *was* something. Yet what was to be *done*? Some one present,—Pipkin, for instance, so fond of going from place to place, and being considered a great diner out, might possibly be acquainted with him, and so accost him by name; and it might turn out, if the undiscovered were but a bit of an egotist, he would indulge in some narration of "himself and times," whereby his obnubilated patronymic might transpire to the fullest content.

A thought worth a jewel suddenly invested Charles. "Gentlemen not unfrequently have their names written in their hats; an initial will speak the rest;—I'll go into the hall and find it. Or, peradventure, he may have come in a great-coat, which, not very unlikely, may contain his card-case—I'll pick his pocket!" And away he ran out of the room, leaving his benighted parents to grope their way as well as they could, until the announcement for dinner.



Nothing, however, could be found to give any clue to this sphinx of a name. The hat disclosed only "water proof," at the bottom, and a cloak, containing a pair of that most useful of articles, golosshes, had been brought instead of a great-coat. "My usual and own peculiar luck!" mentally exclaimed Charles, when observing Davison supporting the family tureen into the dining-parlour. "I can't tell how it was, sir," mournfully said the man, "but the gentleman's name got the better of me, and of Robert, too."

In the mean while, the master of the house was endeavouring to make light of the matter with the Prince of Darkness. He talked of London, of mutual acquaintances and past occurrences, hoping thereby the deeply-imbedded word, by some coincidence or other, would be rooted up and fully discovered. But no such thing—"Oh! no, we never mention him!" and dinner was served. The *Prince*, under the delusion that the entertainment had been fixed for the special honour of his company, offered his arm to his amiable hostess, and the rest of the gentlemen with appropriation of partners, after a little amicable contest as to precedence, followed at length in a rush towards the parlour; an act altogether as clumsy as the first was ridiculous.

The stranger was placed on Mrs. W.'s right-hand. They who followed dropped into their respective chairs. The unfolding of napkins, tinkling of glasses, and collision of soup-plates, which constitute the preliminary buzz of a dinner-party, took the field; and matters appeared at least to commence tolerably well.

The Unconfessed had very gallantly taken on himself the severance of a Dover turbot, and passed on it the favour of his own especial admiration, when W., being desirous of making the polite apprehension that "Mr. ———— had gotten into a troublesome corner," found himself painfully curtailed of the bland address; for not being in possession of his name, the intended civility could not be forthcoming. Yet it soon became necessary to say something, and directing therefore his voice to the upper end of the table, and fixing his eye steadfastly on his friend, said, "Shall I have the honour of helping you, sir, from my ragoo?" but, unfortunately, not having caught even a glance in return, no answer was the result. Conversation was, nevertheless, carried on, and the stranger, with an "empressement" peculiar to some people, was whispering a common stock of small talk into the ear of the lady, and declaring the Madeira was of the rarest quality in a confidential manner, worthy a cause of a far softer interest.

W. now made a second effort like the former.

"A little wine, sir, after your trouble at the top of the table?" But Colonel Lomax, who, at that moment happened to look up, and who had hitherto been completely lost in thought, or rather lost for the want of it, replied, "With great pleasure!" He thereupon chose his wine, stooped his head, and raised his glass.

The great Ignote now decidedly took the lead at table, and well satisfied with his single listener, Mr. Pipkin, by whose obsequious attention he was sufficiently compensated for the total absence of it in the rest of the company, he at length established his exclusive privilege to every word that was uttered.

Pipkin had a vague conjecture he had somewhere encountered his fellow-guest on a former occasion—at some toxophilite meeting or

fancy fair ; but not having the courage to put the question, the interesting fact was " smothered in surmise."

As to the other division of the party, they were ambitious of being learned in no names, but those of transalpine wines—a learning, by the way, which altogether bothered their ambition, and held it rather a distinction of caste to misname even an acquaintance, whom, had he been Peter, they would have called John.

And now the Prince, bursting from the silken trammels of his hostess, into which he had once more fallen, and having rendered Pipkin happy for the rest of the evening, addressed himself somewhat abruptly to the master of the mansion, saying,

" I believe, Mr. W., you have a son who has just sailed for India ?"

" Last month," was the reply ; " my youngest—Perceval."

" Yes, I remember," continued the former ; " I was at Liverpool about the time. By the by, did he not go out in a ship named after my family ?"

Poor W. staggered even in his chair, and putting the wing of a pheasant, intended for the colonel's lady, into his own plate, which already contained a sufficient portion of omelet sucré, stammered forth, " Ye—yes—he did so—he did so."

Here a most involuntary burst of laughter from my young friend Charles caused the company to turn round, somewhat to the mortification of Pipkin, who was never desirous of missing a joke. But Charles, having by no means the confusion of his father before his eyes, announced to him in a measured whisper, " Then his name, after all, is Agamemnon !"

The illustrious Obscure, for an instant, was taken rather aback, and with a certain fixed direction of the eyes, and indescribable extension of nether lip, appeared to say, " Surely, I have uttered something mightily ridiculous !"

But our host resolving to acquire a lesson by this untoward " contre-tems," and say as little as possible for the future, did not even venture to raise his head ; and, that he might have ample pretence for not doing so, betook himself to the pheasant and sweet sauce, unconscious of flavour and involuntary in mastication.

With great precaution, things went on tolerably well until the ladies were about to retire. Pipkin was hastening to the door, when the propinquity of his wine-glass to the *gros de Naples* of Mrs. Lomax, acquired an acceleration by the movement, which placed it at once in the lady's lap ; and having, on his sudden recoil of horror, fixed himself with no equivocal positiveness on the toe of his other neighbour, Cincinnatus Wharton, the confusion which attended the attempt of a double apology, rendered perhaps the unfortunate aggressor more an object of merriment, than the sufferers of pity.

And now our host having but little desire for the renewal of an attack in any wise similar to that last mentioned, and entertaining about as much affection for his guest of the visor, as a scalded cat for a family tea-kettle, instead of taking the post of honour just vacated by his lady, remained where he was at the lower end of the table, addressing himself wholly to Mr. Wharton and the Colonel. But the former, who had for some time past cast an eye of desire upon a certain schedule B borough, was far more inclined to indulge his thoughts on his mistress

aforesaid, though far away in Dorsetshire, and for the present in the embraces of a profligate anti-church rater, than to listen to his host, who, in his opinion, had sufficiently done all required of him, in the dinner he had given; and for the latter, the Colonel, he appeared not only like his entertainer, disposed to forget others, but likewise himself, and had dropped off into a comfortable snooze, spite of the persevering attacks of the head of the W.s.

Poor W., baffled in his attempt for directing his conversation in any particular quarter, with that senseless courage which frequently distinguishes the coward, opened now with a volubility on the whole rank and file of the party present, by pouring in an anecdote of some interest, the facts having recently transpired on this immediate coast. It was the loss of a poor fisherman at sea—native of the place—much respected—leaving a wife to deplore his loss, with six children, and another expected some time about quarter-day. Our host, in his narrative, was both animated and impressive, painting the desolate condition of the marine family of seven in striking colours, and describing the turbulence of the night in question with the force of true eloquence. The Prince was duly invested with becoming pity—Cincinnatus was recalled from Dorsetshire—and the Colonel begged pardon for being so rude.

“A mother and six children!” exclaimed the Nameless, “all desolate—fatherless—Dear me! and the widow expecting within a few weeks to—dear me!”

“Just so,” responded W.; “and it is moreover one of those melancholy facts by no means uncommon here.”

“But has there been no assistance given—no subscription raised for the helpless ones?” demanded the other.

“Oh, yes,” was the reply; “a subscription was immediately set on foot, and many have contributed.”

“Then, my worthy friend, W.,” continued his august visiter, thrusting his hand into his pocket, and pulling out two sovereigns, “may I request you will add my name to-morrow to the list already—you know I am off early in the morning—and Heaven send them further comfort!”

What was the Agamemnon dilemma to this! Unhappy W.! he wished heartily he had been a companion in that identical boat, and perished too. With his friend’s money already in his hand, he was the very picture of despair.

“Hadn’t you rather—wouldn’t it be better—” he was beginning; “but no, no,” thought he, “worse and worse will follow—I’ll hazard no more—disaster comes upon disaster—and yet, ‘the worst remains behind!’”

The great Obscure, with but little difficulty, held all this as the sudden effect of his munificence, and took up, therefore, the general line of remark as his friend W. had left it, pouring in such a torrent of eloquence on the great Christian duty of benevolence, that Pipkin modestly requested to be permitted a partaker in the delight of doing good, and a third sovereign was thereupon added.

The cry of “Land! land!” at sea, after a long voyage, is a most heartfelt sound, and so I apprehend is that of “Reprieve!” within the narrow walls of a condemned cell; but I much question whether either

of these could be a more welcome hearing than "Coffee is waiting in the drawing-room!" to our despairing master.

"Coffee is waiting!" His countenance verily did brighten, and springing on his feet with greater eagerness to be gone than quite befitted the giver of a feast, exclaimed, "Come, a glass of Madeira round!" and thus firing his challenge into the covey of his friends, he felt himself once again on shore. The very transit from one place to another was a relief, and the whole party were presently restored to the drawing-room.

With a little precaution, W. now calculated on getting through the residue of the night undisturbed. Certainly he took extreme pains to avoid his friend altogether, and, under the firm conviction of *tutus cavendo*, occupied a corner in the room with the immovability of a plaster divinity.

The clock indicated ten—coffee had passed away—"chasse" had followed, and the Prince, with his wonted "empressement," had just concluded a sly anecdote to Sophia, begging she would not divulge his name as authority for the scandal, when sundry vehicles were heard rolling up to the door. "Colonel Lomax's carriage" was presently announced; at the sound of which, the Colonel suddenly shook his head, as though the fibres of his nodding plume impeded his vision, and starting up, stood erect, as if he were about to undergo the ceremony of admeasurement. His placid lady languidly whispered she was ready; and while making her farewell, heard many regrets thereupon expressed, which, if they possessed half the sincerity of Pipkin's delight, must indeed have been highly flattering to the lady.

Soon after this "division," Cincinnatus Wharton, of course, "quitted the house," leaving the honourable member, "whose name we could not learn," in possession of the chair. The sublime Obscure still lingered—a moration which failed not to raise some misgivings with certain parties—with all, in fact, now remaining, except the supple and re-encouraged Pipkin.

But the dread Undiscovered now suddenly jumping up, and interrupting himself in the midst of an inquiry respecting the publication of the list of donations to the survivors in the county "Mercury," gently laid his hand on the bell-rope, and pulling it at the time he spoke, demanded if he might be permitted to ring for Davison; but the act having already been accomplished, might have precluded the necessity for begging the aforementioned permission. The footman appeared; W. peeped from behind the damask hangings of the window, and my friend Charles exhibited a coolness which would have become a tactitian of far graver years than his own.

"Pray, does it rain?" demanded the man of mystery.

"Yes, sir, it pours."

"Then, will you be so good as to inquire if my fly is at the door?"

"Your fly, sir?"

"If you please—'tis a wet night, and I usually engage my own carriage at these places. I protect myself, if possible, against all disappointments,"—the greater part of which speech being addressed to the fair Sophia, was also intended to imply, "I know you will think of me when I am gone."

"Your fly!" repeated the attendant, looking towards the great oc-

cult. "*His fly!*" still continued he, turning in the direction of his master.

"Idiot!" vociferated the enraged head of the W.'s, when springing on his feet, he sprang also to the door, and pushing the consterned Davison aside, plunged down the staircase, and passing the hall, spite of wind and weather, rushed uncovered into the street. Sure enough, a fly and driver were in attendance; on perceiving which, W., in rapid accents, exclaimed, "Flyman, my man! my good man—hark ye: you were ordered to be in waiting at this house by a certain hour?"

"Yes, sir,—half-past ten; and I'm somewheres about my time," replied the man, deliberately drawing out his watch.

"Good, good!" proceeded the other, "punctual and right; but listen: what was the name of the gentleman for whom you were to inquire?"

"The name of the gentleman!—what, the gentleman's name who bid me come?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you!"

"A tall gentleman, you mean, sir; rather pock-marked?"

"Cannot you answer me—what name did he give you?"

"Why, sir, to say the truth, I didn't pay much account to that, seeing he would be sure to know this here fly again, for he picked me out o' the whole lot. But here's *my* name, sir, and address, too," continued the driver, pulling from his great-coat a pocket-book of small printed cards, "White Lion Yard, sir, down by the bathing-rooms."

Ill-starred W.! He did not rave—no, he was past that; but putting his hand to his forehead trickling with rain, and stamping in bitter earnest at every step, forced his way again into the house. Davison, who was still waiting in the hall as his disordered master entered, and seeing him turn into the dining-parlour, the door of which being as instantaneously locked, presented himself once more at the drawing-room entrance.

"Did you say my fly was waiting?" he was again asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, with a slight exhibition of doggedness.

"*Your fly is waiting*; but as to master, sir, he appears to have been taken—"

"My father is subject to them," opportunely interrupted Charles. "Attacks of dizziness, which at times are absolutely alarming."

"Not brought on by our meeting to-day?" was the hope of him whose name none could remember, and equally responded to by "Pipkin," which no one could forget.

But neither my young friend nor Sophia could here forbear a smile.

"Perhaps, then, 'twas really so," said the Prince, apprehensively; "I see the motive of your silence—the fear of being thought a little too candid by me; but believe me, you don't know me."

"Ah! *indeed*, do we believe you," whispered his arch companion into the ear of her mother; "but he will be better—quite well to-morrow—a night's rest will perfectly restore him."

"Then he shall enter on his repose immediately," said the gracious Veiled; when, after indulging in certain gesticulate indications of departure, he made his obeisance to the lady of the mansion, and smiling an "adieu!" to Sophia, which again appeared to imply, "I'm sure you'll think of me," he took his leave. Pipkin, who had been through-

out the evening a dim impression of the same plate, received his cue, and in a retrograde movement disappeared likewise.

"'Tis all over at last!" exclaimed one of the family quartette, and each dropped with thankfulness into a seat.

Three minutes had not elapsed, when "*le grotesque malheureux*" entered the apartment, W. himself.

"Heaven be praised! this day of pleasure is at an end," cried he; "and what a day has it been! If there be gratitude in man, I am prepared to show it now."

But Charles and his sister laughed with the most joyous freedom.

"Come, come! you make too much of this affair," observed the mamma.

"Oh, no! I was upon thorns—writhing on stinging-nettles; I'm blistered from top to toe. And his money, too, a couple of sovereigns!"

Here again the party laughed aloud, and so hearty was the peel, that no one had heard the door somewhat abruptly opened, until the elder gentleman turning about, to his horror discovered the Prince of Darkness standing in the middle of the apartment!

A faint scream burst from the ladies. W. was once more a plaster divinity, while I verily believe his son entertained the unfilial persuasion of the present being the richest portion of the feast.

"Not only alive, but merry, too, I perceive!" shouted the undismayed one. "Well, well! I am glad to find it so; but indeed, ladies, I have to beg your forgiveness."

"Go on, go on!" murmured W.; "let him proceed," and he buried his face between his hands.

"I am returned only for an instant," said he, "with a request that my young friend here, in executing a slight commission for me to-morrow, will at the same time confer a considerable favour."

But no comment being offered, he proceeded.

"In my stroll yesterday, I accidentally went into a sale-room just by, and could not resist bidding for a very charming or-molu time-piece—the subject, Bacchus and Ariadne—worthy Cellini himself; 'twas knocked down to me, and is to be packed for travelling by the auctioneer. Every thing is paid, but as I cannot conveniently carry it to-morrow with me, I have taken the liberty of saying that you, my friend Charles, would receive it. May I therefore beg you will do this, and see it properly addressed, that I may find it safely delivered on my return home from London? No, no! I'll not sit down again—'tis late—egad! I'd nearly forgotten my errand—now, don't stir! good night, and farewell till we meet again! Happy dream, Miss Sophia!—adieu, adieu!" and again he departed.

This second exit was by no means distinguished like the first, by the eruption of merriment. Matters had at length become serious, and Sophia began to apprehend that the joke might be carried too far with poor papa. Once more raising his head, he appeared to question with the appalled usurper, "Which of you have done this?" and throwing his eyes in the direction of the door, he shuddered even by the fireside.

"Have courage, sir," exclaimed Charles; "he is gone whence he came—has scented the morning air, and the ghost's furlough is at an end."

"At an end!" interrupted his father. "Misery has no end."



Children, my resolution is fixed. To-morrow, early, I am resolved to discover this legate of Erebus—confess the whole—appeal to his humanity—if the devil have one—create a proper trust for the money in my hand, take a new assignment of Bacchus and Ariadne; nor will I refuse, on assurance of his forgiveness, to receive in bond every molten deity in the Pagan Mythology.”

And the morrow did arrive. The clock had already struck eight, when W. prepared for passing his threshold, with that artificial composure which a man, who is about to fight a duel, flatters himself is most exemplary courage. At this moment, a loud single rap was heard at the yellow entrance, and Davison announced a waiter from the ——— Hotel. Holding between the thumb and finger of his right-hand a small oblong piece of pasteboard, “The gentleman,” said the messenger, “who slept at our house last night and dined here yesterday, has left for London early this morning by the ‘Taglioni,’ and desired me to bring you this card, sir, hoping that you may have found yourself better after a night’s rest.”

W., seizing the card, and gazing an instant upon it with straining eyeballs, exclaimed, “Mr. John Puzzlethwait !”

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## THE CAROL OF THE CORONATION.

BY SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON.

In flowery meads, the radiant rose  
Triumphant holds her station ;  
Nor can the fancy interpose  
More beautiful creation.  
The morning star, enthron’d in light,  
A glimpse of Heaven discovers ;  
Beams with a splendour mildly bright,  
And wakes ten thousand lovers.

The rose, the star, we crown to-day,  
In one bless’d maid combining !  
These, in Victoria, well portray  
Refinement still refining.  
Now talent, wisdom, genius, worth,  
In purity are given ;  
Such visitation to the earth,  
Anticipates her Heaven.

These lines have hitherto been withheld from publication by the diffidence of their author. This, however, has been overcome by the solicitation of his friends, and all *we* can say is, “better late than never.”—ED.

## BOAR-HUNTING.\*

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Spar your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves."—RICHARD III.

THE blazing Indian sun was already high in the Heavens, and the reflected heat, from the scorched earth, was becoming painfully oppressive, ere our three horsemen came in sight of the sequestered village, where they intended to halt for the day. The cool tank, near which it was situated, reflected brightly from its glassy surface, the struggling sunbeams which found their way through the dense grove of tamarind and Indian fig trees, by which it was overshadowed; promising to the wearied traveller the grateful luxuries of deep shade and a refreshing bath. The panting steeds, which, for the last hour, had been plodding along the deep sandy road, with drooping heads and languid steps, pricked their ears, expanded their wide nostrils, parched with heat and clogged with fine particles of sand; and, uttering a low neigh of satisfaction, started off at a lively canter, towards the welcome halting-place.

"The Lord be thanked!" exclaimed the Doctor, throwing himself from the saddle the moment he entered the grove, and stretching his gaunt limbs at full length under the shade of a tamarind-tree.

"The Lord be thanked! this day's work is over, any how," and pulling a flint and steel from his hunting-pouch, he struck a light, applied the tinder to a formidably large Trichinopoly cheroot, which he had already deposited in the corner of his mouth; pulled the peak of his cap well over his face, folded his arms on his chest, and, closing his eyes, abandoned himself to the full enjoyment of the narcotic weed. "Hech, sirs, but this is real luxury! Ye may talk o' the luxury o' a cigar to warm your nose on a frosty night, or a merescham pipe of old canaster, to keep the fog out o' a body's lungs on a misty morning, but gie me a shady tree, and a good long Trinchinopoly, after a twenty miles march, in an Indian sun; that's the real luxury—that's the thing to soothe the tingling nerves, and check the boiling o' the fevered blood, and fill a body's head wi' pleasant thoughts, and gar him feel as though he were in Paradise. Hech, sirs, it's fine,—it's just a perfect cordial—"

"I am glad to see you looking so comfortable, my old boy," said Mansfield, as he loosened his girths, and removed the bridle from the head of his smoking horse. "I was afraid you would be completely knocked up, for it has been a long and a hot march, to say nothing of your adventure with the Panther; but, if we may judge by appearances, you seem to be in a fair way of recovering—"

"Hoot fie! what for no?" grunted the Doctor, without unclosing his eyes. "I'm no' just that far through yet—na, na, lad; it's no' the rattling cart that coups the soonest; there's a heap o' life in me yet, for a' that's come and gane. That brulzie I had with the elephant yester-

day, has gart the banes rather in my skin a wee; and, as I telt you afore, I'm a trifle warped in the back; but I'm no going to coup the creels on you yet—na, na, I'm finely noo—I'm finely noo; that hot ride has done me a hantle o' good, although I maun confess it wasna the pleasantest remedy in the world. O man, but them sheroots are prime tobaccy. Will ye try ane, Captain?"

"Not now, thank you," replied Mansfield, as he busied himself in adjusting a halter round his horse's neck, and fastened him to the stem of a tree. "I must rub down poor little Challenger first, for he is steaming with heat, and I would not have him get a stroke of the land-wind for ten times his value. No, my beauty, I should never be able to mount myself so well again," continued Mansfield, patting affectionately the arched neck of the beautiful creature, whose fleetness had gained for him the *spear of honor*\* in many a well-contested field, and whose glossy gray skin was now changed to purple, by excessive heat and perspiration. The sagacious animal turned his head, as if he understood the compliment paid him, and gently rubbed his soft velvet muzzle against his master's bronzed cheek. "Ay, Chally boy, give me a kiss; you and I have had many a hard day's work together, and shall have many more, please Fate, if care and good grooming be of any avail. Quiet, you little tiger,—quiet I say,—you are as full of tricks as a young monkey."

"Od, Captain, but that's a fine canny beast, o' yours," said the Doctor, raising himself lazily on one elbow. "Smiler, poor beast, he's deed and gone now. Smiler and me, were gae good friends, too, when our tempers warnae out o' order; but, at the best o' times, I wadna like to play wi' him that way. Na, na, he wasna to be compared to your horse, Captain."

"I should think not," replied Mansfield, smiling at the simplicity of the Doctor, in attempting to draw a comparison between the defunct Smiler, and his favourite Challenger.

"They say, in Scotland, sir, that a good man is good to his beast, and if that be true, you maun be an unco good man, and I as ill a ane; for there are you and Maister Charles, strapping away at your horses like two regular-bred *gorah-wallahs*,† while I am lying here, at my ease, and that poor beast, you were good enough to gie me the lone o', standing reeking there, like a half slackened lime-kiln. I'm no' very good at the grooming, sir, I'm fear'd, but I'll try what I can do."

"No, no, never mind Doctor," replied Mansfield, "he is a hardy old fellow that, and well used to it; just loosen his girths, and throw your cloak over his loins, and there is no fear of him. See, here comes the *Cotwall*,‡ so, if you wish to make yourself useful you had better speak to him, and try to procure some forage for the horses, and some materials for our *tiffin*; for, it strikes me, we shall be quite ready for it by the time the servants arrive with the *cowrie baskets*. Mind, Doctor, plenty of eggs, a fowl or two, and, I think, after this long march, we must treat our followers to a sheep."

\* THE SPEAR OF HONOR.—In hog-hunting, he who first draws blood from the bear, is said to have taken the *spear of honor*, and claims all the glory of the victory, although the wound inflicted may be a mere scratch.

† Gorah-wallah—horsekeeper.

‡ Cotwall—the head man of a village.

"Aye, aye, Captain, let me alone for looking after the victualling department! I'll take care that we have plenty. De'il hae me, if ever I seed the like o' yon!" continued the Doctor, as the *Cotwall* approached, shuffling along in his embroidered yellow slippers; his ample robes floating in the breeze, and twirling his mustache, with that self-sufficient swaggering air, which your good Mussulman, particularly if he be a man in authority, thinks it necessary to assume, when about to address an inferior, or even an equal. "Just see to the airs the long, blackaviced, tinkler-like, slouch o' a fellow, is putting on. I'm thinkin he mistakes us for a parcel o' travelling half-caste Apothecaries; and, by my troth, we're black enough, and dirty enough, to pass for any thing. Aye, I see fine what he would be at; he's going to come the big man o'er us. Ha! ha! I'll have some fun with this birky." Then, in a tone of command, "*Idder aou,\** you *Cotwall*."

The *Cotwall* advanced, twirling his mustache, with a supercilious grin, and stared the Doctor full in the face.

"Weel, Maister *Cotwall*, what vivars may this village o' yours afford? It looks gae poor like, I maun confess; but I suppose ye can get us a wheen eggs, and a howtawdy or two, and a pickle strae for the naigs—eh?"

The *Cotwall* smiled a grim smile, but made no answer.

"What are ye grinin at, ye black pagan?" growled the Doctor, "hae ye nae English ava?"

"Engliss?" replied the *Cotwall*, with an impudent stare, "Engliss? O iss, sar, Engliss I can speak very proper. Suppose Faringee man speak Engliss, that time I understand."

"Faringee man! Speak English! De'il be in his black skin, he takes me for a Portuguese cook, and says I canna speak English!"

Mansfield and Charles, who were watching the scene with much interest, laughed till their sides ached, but did not attempt to spoil sport by interfering.

"Chickens!—eggs!—strae for the horses!" shouted the Doctor, at the very top of his voice. "That's plain English, I'm sure; do ye understand me now?"

"*Ayah!*" exclaimed the *Cotwall*, raising his eyebrows with a look of intelligence, "chickens!—yeggees!—abbah! now I understand. Suppose Faringee man give *dustoor*, preshent, that time I make inquiry."

"Give present, indeed! Troth, my man, ye'r no' blate. What should I see in your ill-faured face to gie you a present, ye muckle Malabar soo,—eh? when ye ken it's your duty to provide travellers wi' what they want, and to be ceevil to them into the bargain. Be off now, and get what I want directly, before ye set my birse up, else I'll kick you, like a fut-ba', frae this to the bazarr, and back again. Start, I say," and the Doctor raised his foot, as if about to carry his threat into effect.

"*Ayah!*—what for Faringee man make so much bobbery—eh?" replied the *Cotwall*, in an angry tone, but, at the same time, retiring a few paces, and looking rather aghast at the Doctor's warlike demonstrations. "Suppose master speak civil word, that time I do master's

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\* Come here.

business." And, turning towards the village, with a less consequential strut than he had assumed at first, the *Cotwall* shuffled off, in no very amiable mood, to execute the Doctor's commands.

"Od's my life things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when an M.D. o' the College of Edinburgh, is taken for a half-caste Apothecary, or a Portuguese cook, bearded by a lousy *Cotwall*, and telt, to his very face, that he canna speak English!"—and the Doctor, uttering a surly grunt, threw himself once more at the root of the tree, and began to puff furiously at his cheroot.

"Well, Doctor, have you settled it at last?" cried Charles, laughing mischievously, and rather anxious to encourage the feud than otherwise. "I must say the fellow used you with but scant ceremony; I do believe he takes you for a half-caste in earnest."

"Never ye mind," replied the Doctor, rather sulkily; "strap away at your horse, Maister Charles, and let me alane to settle the *Cotwall*; I'll gar him open his een, afore I've done wi' him, else my name is no' Macphee."

The *Cotwall* returned, before the Doctor's cheroot was finished, followed by two crouching villagers, one carrying in his hand a couple of half-starved, consumptive-looking chickens, and the other bending under a huge bundle of dirty litter. This, the *Cotwall* asserted, was the best the village afforded, and in a bullying tone demanded, not only double the price of the articles, but a present for his own trouble in procuring them.

The Doctor's blood began to boil, for he had a horror of being imposed upon by any one, and more particularly by a native; but, curbing his wrath, by a strong effort, he asked quietly why there were no eggs.

"Yegges, sar!" replied the *Cotwall*, with an impudent grin—for the Doctor's quiet manner had inspired the bully with fresh confidence. "Yegges, no can find—this very poor village, sar—cicken, in this village, no can make yeggees—look, sar!"—pointing to the two wretched specimens, of the *gallinæ*, which were fluttering in the long grasp of the no less wretched villager; "that cicken too muchie tin—how can that cicken make yeggees—eh?"

The sneering tone, in which this was said, was too much for the Doctor's forbearance. "De'il be in my skin, but I'll learn you better manners, afore we part!" cried he, starting to his feet, and seizing the *Cotwall* by the beard. "How dare you stand there, girning in a gentleman's face, ye lang-legged ne'er-do-weel. Is it no enough, that ye hae been rapping out lee upon lee, for the last ten minutes, till ye are amaist black in the face, without yokin at the hinnerend, to laugh at your ain wit—eh, you misleer'd loon!" Here the Doctor gave the unfortunate *Cotwall's* beard a tremendous shake, extorting a yell of agony from that dignified personage, and inspiring the timid natives, who accompanied him with such mortal fear, that they dropped their loads, and fled for their lives.

"Will you ever presume to insult a gentleman again?" shouted the Doctor, giving him another shake, that made his teeth rattle in his head. "Will you, you black sinner?"

"Ayah, Sahib!—Allah, Allah!" shrieked the trembling *Cotwall*.

"Aha, my fine fellow! I thought I would make you open your

eyes afore I was done wi' you. Do you think the hens will lay any eggs now, ye leein tyke? Will they, ye limb o' Satan—eh?" Here another tremendous shake.

"Ayah, Sahib!—ayah! Master make pardon this one time—I very bad man—plenty lie I tell.—Master please to let go my beard, that time I make plenty yeggees come—plenty yeggees—I tell true word."

"Weel then, see that ye do so, and be quick about it—and I say, just try if ye can persuade the hens to look a wee thing fatter at the same time, do ye hear?" So saying, the Doctor relaxed his hold of the *Cotwall's* beard, and, spinning him round, gave him a shove, which projected him several yards on his way towards the village.

The crest-fallen functionary, right glad to make his escape, shuffled off with great precipitation, till he thought himself at a safe distance, when he stopped, adjusted his disordered robes, stroked his insulted beard, to assure himself that it still adhered to his chin, and giving his mustache a fierce twirl, as he faced round towards the Doctor, spat upon the ground in token of insult and defiance.

"Ha! my lad, is that the way o't? Just bide there, till I get a grip o' your goat's beard again,"—and the Doctor, jumping once more to his feet, made a furious rush forward. But the *Cotwall*, like a yelping cur, who perceives that a stone is about to be flung at his head, turned tail, without further warning; and, starting off at a pace, which must have occasioned no little surprise in those accustomed to his usual stately official strut, never stopped till he found himself safely within the walls of the village.

"Hurra! here comes the *Peon*, with the "*cowrie-baskets*, at last," cried Charles, rubbing his hands with glee, at the prospect of a good breakfast, as a tall, handsome-looking *Peon* approached, followed by two naked *Coolies*,\* covered with dust and perspiration, each balancing across his shoulder an elastic bamboo, from either end of which was suspended a circular rattan basket with a conical top, covered with green oilcloth, and secured by a brass padlock.

The wearied *Coolies*, having deposited their loads at the root of a tree, with a deep grunt, expressive of the relief they felt in so doing, rubbed their aching shoulders, and, approaching Mansfield in a crouching posture, with the palms of their hands brought together, and raised to their foreheads, in the attitude of supplication, patted their empty stomachs, which had been drawn in for the occasion, till they nearly touched the backbone, in the most expressive manner. Mansfield, who perfectly understood their signals, smiled good-naturedly, and promised, that in consideration of the long march, a couple of sheep should be distributed amongst them, as soon as the other followers came up. At this joyful intelligence, the wrinkled stomachs immediately resumed their natural form; all the fatigues of the march were forgotten; and the poor simple-hearted creatures, to whom a good meal of animal food was an event in their lives, after making a number of the most profound *salaams*, bounded off to refresh themselves by a dip in the cool tank, and to prepare their primitive cooking apparatus for the promised feast.

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\* *Coolies*—Low-caste natives, employed in carrying baggage and other servile occupations.



“Now then, if we could only get a good fat hen to brander, and a wheen eggs to make an omelet, I’m thinkin’, wi’ the help o’ these cold vivars, and twa or three bottles o’ this light claret, we may manage to make an indifferently-good breakfast, or *tiffin* rather; for I’m thinkin’ the day has ta’en the turn afore now.” So said the Doctor, half soliloquising and licking his lips, as he busied himself in unpacking the contents of the *cowrie-baskets*, consisting of a cold buffalo’s hump, a tongue or two, biscuits, rice, and other eatables; together with a goodly store of French claret, Hodson’s ale, and brandy.

“Methinks you may do that same, with great safety, friend *Æsculapius*,” said Mansfield, tapping him on the shoulder; “and say grace afterwards, with a clear conscience, provided you have breath enough left to do so, after lining your stomach with the many good things you have been enumerating. Why man, here is a breakfast fit for a prince, all ready to your hand—cold meat, biscuits, beer, claret! Why man, what would you have?”

“Hoot fie, sir; would ye hae us feed upon cauld junk, like ignorant pagans, after sic a march as this, and us in the midst o’ plenty? Na, na, sir, I hae nae intention o’ offending my stamach that way; we munna want the brandered hen, or the omelet, on no account. Let abe that tongue, Captain,” continued the Doctor, as Mansfield was about to help himself to a slice, with his hunting-knife. “Let it abe, I say—mind, sir, we are no’ in the jungles now, and we maun study manners a little; ye hae appointed me master o’ the kitchen, for the present, and I maun insist on feeding you like a gentleman, whether ye will or no.”

“Far be it from me, most sapient Doctor, to dispute your authority,” replied Mansfield. “You shall order the time and manner of my feeding, as appears unto you most fitting, and shall have ggs and fowls to your heart’s content, if it only be for the sake of bringing that fellow the *Cotwall* to his senses. I shall slip Azapah at him—I suspect the sight of a Peon’s belt and silver badge coming from his friends, the travelling apothecaries, will astonish him a little. Here, Azapah!”

“*Sahib*,” answered Azapah—the tall handsome-looking Peon before mentioned, stepping up to Mansfield, making a respectful salaam, and remaining as steady as a soldier on parade.

“Azapah!” said Mansfield, speaking in Hindoostanee, “put on your belt again—go to the village, and bring me the *Cotwall* here, by the ears.”

“*Hookum, Sahib!*”<sup>\*</sup> replied Azapah, without altering a muscle; and facing to the right-about, he marched away with a most soldier-like air.

“Had I told that fellow, Azapah, to bring the *Cotwall*’s head instead of his whole person, he would have gone upon his mission with equal coolness, and obeyed me to the letter,” said Mansfield, smiling.

“Azapah!”—

“*Sahib!*”

“I have changed my mind about *Cotwall*—you need not bring him by the ears; just say I want him, and see that he comes.”

“*Atcha, Sahib,*”<sup>†</sup> replied Azapah, making his salaam with the same

<sup>\*</sup> *Hookum Sahib*—it is an order, my lord.

<sup>†</sup> *Atcha*—very good.

imperturbable gravity, and marching off again with the same stately pace.

Azapah soon returned, followed by the *Cotwall*, cringing like a rated hound. The Peon's belt of office had acted like a talisman; a single glance was sufficient to open the eyes of the astonished functionary. Those whom he had foolishly taken for half-caste Apothecaries, and whom he fancied he might bully with impunity, turned out to be *Burrah Sahibs*!\* real *Burrah Sahibs*—there could be no doubt of the fact; for their Peon wore an embroidered shoulder-belt, and a silver badge. Such visitors seldom honoured his village by their presence. Had he only been commonly civil, he might have received, with tolerable certainty, a handsome present; but he had insulted them, and instead of receiving a present, was nigh having the beard torn off his chin. Oh! Mustapha! Mustapha!—what dirt hast thou been eating!

The *Cotwall's* cringing civility now became even more disgusting than his former insolence had been. The wretch grovelled in the dust. There was nothing good enough for their excellencies—the *Burrah Sahib's* clean straw came tumbling in by waggon-loads—hens laid eggs by word of command—the starved chickens were suddenly transformed into well-fed capons, and a troop of dancing-girls, dark-eyed Houries, from the neighbouring Pagoda, were sent for to charm their Highnesses into good humour, by their bewitching smiles and graceful movements. Every man, woman, and child in the village, were the bounden slaves of their Mightinesses; and of these, the most devoted was Mustapha himself, who, not contented with exhausting his whole vocabulary of highflown oriental compliments, made an ostentatious display of his disinterested zeal in their service, by banging the ears of an unfortunate *Ryat*,† with the heel of his slipper, and calling him a cheating rascal, for daring to ask half the price for clean straw and fat capons, which he himself had demanded, half an hour before, for dirty litter and starved chickens. In short, the amiable Mustapha spared no pains to make himself agreeable, and gain “master's favour.” But the *Burrah Sahib* was inflexible, and no *dustoor* was forthcoming. Mansfield turned a deaf ear to all his highflown compliments; and, after reading him a lecture on the impropriety of attempting to impose upon unfortunate half-castes; and assuring him that the first time he heard of his being uncivil to any traveller, of any rank whatever, he would report his conduct to the collector of the district, and have him removed from his situation; he dismissed him with merely the price of the things he had provided, whilst a handsome present was given to the dancing-girls and other natives.

This was touching the avaricious *Cotwall* in the right place. Had Mansfield broken a stick over his head, and given him a few rupees to buy a plaster withal, he had pocketed the affront with thanks. But to see his inferiors pocketing their rupees, whilst he, the great man, was sent away disgraced and empty-handed, was gall and wormwood to his grasping spirit, as the Doctor remarked with a chuckle—“It was touching the life o' the niggardly craiter—his heart's blood—the very marrow o' his banes.”

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\* *Burrah Sahibs*—great men.

† *Ryat*—peasant.

The Doctor's culinary operations now progressed rapidly, and the good cheer he provided was done ample justice to by his hungry companions, after they had refreshed themselves by a change of dress, and a swim in the cool tank. The tents arrived and were pitched. The *Shikarie*\* of the village was summoned to an audience, and reported that the surrounding country abounded with wild hog, and that amongst them was a certain boar of gigantic size, which had, for years, been the terror of the *Ryats*, and had laughed at the beards of the most skilful *Shikaries*; but which, he had no doubt, would fall beneath the invincible spear of his Highness—the terror and destroyer of wild beasts. Scouts were despatched in all directions to gain intelligence of the mighty boar; a goodly band of *coolies* were ordered to be in attendance by to-morrow's dawn. A couple of sheep were killed, and distributed amongst the happy camp-followers; fires blazed in all directions; earthen pots boiled and bubbled; the light-hearted natives, calculating on the morrow as a day of rest, abandoned themselves to all the joys of feasting and merriment; and, long after midnight, happy voices might be heard, chanting wild Hindoostanee airs to the simple accompaniment of the *zittar* or the *tom-tom*.

KOONDAH.

(*To be continued.*)

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## POOR RELATIONS.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "OUTWARD-BOUND," &c.

"Poor relations!" The vermin! The unendurable misery—the worse than the worst of evils—worse than physical pain!—Poverty! What is it? Nothing very bad in the abstract, indeed. As a nursing mother to virtue, it is a positive, as the actual mother of invention, an absolute, good. Moreover, it affords us so fine a scope for being sententious, and is such a beautiful peg whereon to hang some of our best aphorisms—it is a valuable adjunct to poetry, and a staple in moral essay—a very essential in homilies and sermons.

Poverty, indeed! the more I consider it, the more cause I see to be enamoured with it; that is to say, when viewed at a proper distance. Contemplated in imagination only, one may entertain it as intimately connected with our own identity, for a few minutes; but, as allied to a relation, it is the very essence of all that is nauseous—the very nostrils rebel against it.

A poor relation! the frigorific—have not the whole species humanity enough among them to take pity upon the race of mankind, and disappear from the face of the earth, by jumping down each other's throats? We request, we entreat, we implore them, by all that is

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\* *Shikarie*—hunter.

dear to ourselves, to think upon some certain and expeditious method of self-extirpation: have they no compassion, no commiseration, no feeling?

What is a poor relation? A contradiction, and, at the same time, a union of miseries,—a proud humility,—a chartered beggar,—a suppliant robber,—an assassin that you cannot hang,—a reptile that you may tread upon, but which you cannot destroy. He is of your blood, and it curdles at him; really, he is something without the pale of humanity, and yet, the audacious creeping thing claims to be admitted within your family circle: he not only dares to breathe and live, but actually expects to do so under your very nose. It is too much! A poor relation is the one bitter drop in the cup of life that causes it to overflow in anguish. Suicide may be justifiable, since murder may not be legally done upon a poor relation.

This picture is not so much exaggerated, as the exempt from the calamity of a poor relation, especially if he be virtuous, may suppose; at least, my opulent friend, Mr. Rigby Rigby, is of this opinion.

Mr. Rigby Rigby had been poor, very poor, himself, and he therefore knew how hateful poverty really was. He had been poor, in company with several brothers and sisters. Every body said that he had prospered. He knew better! He had made himself that unfortunate subject—the rich relation—whilst the other scions of his family wilfully and wickedly, and with malice prepense, as it appeared to Mr. Rigby, had chosen to remain poor relations. If it had not been possible for them to grow rich, they ought to have reflected that ponds contain water, and if they could not find ways to get *on* in the world, there are many obvious ones of getting out of it.

Now, though Mr. Rigby Rigby had a very handsome income, as incomes go, in these income-wasting times, and a still handsomer daughter, even in these times, and in this land of the handsome, yet, seeing that he had a younger brother, who had neither income or handsome daughter, as it was fitting and proper, Mr. Rigby Rigby was vastly miserable. We say vastly, because it was a word vastly in vogue with him; and vastly miserable was Rigby when he bethought him of his brother Erasmus.

Erasmus Rigby was the very cleverest man that ever any body knew; indeed, he was too clever; for every body, wondering why so clever a man did not immediately make his fortune, left him to himself, as one that needed no intrinsic assistance, and thus he was generally admired, and almost starved.

Then he had such delicate feelings: if the butcher or the baker repaired to him for assistance in some difficulty, they easily found the relief, but could not find so easily any means of rewarding so wise, so learned, and so delicately-minded a man. He wrote all the letters of consequence in his neighbourhood, for all sorts of people—petitions, remonstrances, and memorials, fell to him exclusively, as if by divine right; he had more business than the lawyers, and gave more advice than the parson; yet, still his coat was threadbare, and his visage lean, hunger-stricken, and penitential. He was never, as the story goes, but once known to ask for money, and then it was very humbly to request his change from a shilling; and he seemed utterly surprised when he had received it. If, then, Erasmus was so nervous in asking for his own

money, it is not surprising that he could never summon up sufficient resolution to ask for other people's.

We know that the intelligent reader is just now asking this very pertinent question: "Then how did this Erasmus live?" We never said he lived, in the proper and Christian acceptation of the term. When God made man to live, he meant that some little of enjoyment should be included in the design, else had all the race of humanity perished. But we are working actively against this beneficent purpose, and are contriving that about two-thirds of the human race should only do that which Erasmus did—exist in poverty, and hunger, and humiliation. But even this state of existence requires food, that is, a very little, and some sort of raiment; society sternly requires that, with a legal selfishness, and abode, something to screen off such suffering from shocking the nerves of this same society, for that must have its feelings respected.

Now Erasmus procured the little food that he devoured—the very poor do not eat, but devour—and his really decent habiliments, and his very humble home, by following in the steps of the ancient philosophers, he was classical—he taught. The miseries of that teaching! the tyranny to which he was compelled hourly to succumb!

Poor Erasmus had thirty-three urchin-tyrants—all the best-dispositioned and cleverest youths in the world—and, as each of these thirty-three averaged about three other tyrants in connexion with him, there were just ninety-three tyrants over one subject. An awful disproportion, and an astonishing antithesis, to the way that tyrannies are in general worked, where a few millions are barely sufficient for the solace of one legitimate tyrant. We put the case thus, in order that it may be seen, what a concentration of misery fell upon the heart of our poor scholar. That heart had been long broken; but still the shreds of its fibres vibrated to all goodly feelings, and gave out a plaintive music to some few affections.

If any one will take the trouble, and risk the danger, of going to that spot, where the suburbs of Westminster unite with those of Pimlico, he will see a vast variety of edifices; he will look around and wonder, that, in this day of improvement, such very kennels should be permitted to house even dogs; yet, their roofs cover, without sheltering families, and hordes of families, with all the ramifications into which depraved misery branches.

Amidst the very densest of these, there was, and there still is, a court called Cat's-court, and at the bottom of it is a place where, at least, half a dozen asses, belonging to the costermongers who abound in the neighbourhood, are stabled. It was a miserable hole of dirt and dilapidation, and even an imposition to locate asses amongst its filth. Over this stable was a space, which, in the stables' better days, might have boasted the title of a hayloft; it was now Erasmuss' apology for his Grove of Academus. The place was lighted, or rather the light was intercepted by a range of long, low, and cobwebbed-festooned windows, that had once boasted of diamond glazings; but all the lead had been long ago purloined for dumps, and other indispensable scholastic purposes, and the shifts that were now made to let as much of the light in as possible, and as little of the weather, was, of itself, a *prima facie* evidence of the astonishing ingenuity of the pedagogue. Oiled paper was the general substitute for glass; though here and there, were actually to be seen a

few vitreous panes, but of all undersized sizes, and of many shapes, all but impossible. A long and a stout flat deal table ran down the middle of this room, and a line of benches, firmly fastened to the floor, was placed on each side of it. This table, which served for the school-desk, was hieroglyphically carved; but the various subjects that the characters were meant to express will infallibly be lost to posterity, because they were so overlaid, and so numerous, that even the last gravures were unintelligible. There were not many inkstains, for, as Mr. Erasmus Rigby was forced to charge one penny per week more for those pupils who learned to write with ink, there was not much expenditure of that sable fluid.

The plastered walls were black on three sides, with the accumulations of the abominations of years. On the far end, and opposite the door, was a part of this miserable place screened off by some stained, patched, and tattered green baize. This enclosure was the parlour, study, and bedroom of Erasmus and his only son. An office-stove of the meanest description, and which but seldom was cheerful with fire, was placed in one corner, whilst the circular tin flue insinuated itself through the baize, and made its exit by the school-room window.

This sanctum possessed a very small deal turned-up bedstead, and a piece of rug which served for a kind of carpet by day, and for a mattress for Charles Rigby, to place a blanket on for his bed by night. Though the articles of furniture were so few and so small, the place was crowded; for it contained many models and plans, a few pipkins, of different sizes, some plates, all of which were not broken. A basket for coals, several blacking-bottles, that would be obtrusively seen, as there were no cupboards; and a few other sordid articles, that no broker of Whitechapel would think worth the trouble of kicking into the street.

The only things that could afford any thing but a painful contemplation to look upon, were a few old books, and a fragment of a looking-glass. Why we class the latter with the books as an agreeable association, is this—that we hardly ever knew a person look upon a mirror, however humble, but with a great deal of complacency.

Yet, with all these mean appurtenances to comfort, there were, at times, both happiness and pride, honest pride, for father and son. Though the father's appearance was always as nearly approaching to the wretched as extreme cleanliness would permit, the son, on the sabbath, was decently, though far from fashionably attired. It was the only gratification, in which the good Erasmus indulged, that of seeing Charles not altogether unworthy in his appearance, of that station to which he believed them both to be honestly entitled.

On the week-days, Charles assisted his father in endeavouring to make some little impression on the stolidity of the three and thirty, and having thus introduced them to our readers, we must turn to, according to their own opinion of themselves, persons of more estimation and importance.

Mr. Rigby Rigby, was a person of staid deportment, a little inclined to corpulency and facetiousness, and much petted a few phrases. He was rich, and had a right to have favourites—his poor brothers did not rank with them—it was their fault, not his, that they were poor. Of his five poor brothers, it must be confessed that four of them never ceased, for any length of time, making him aware of their existence, and reading



him a lecture upon the inequality of fortune, and the sanctity of the ties of blood. He was denied to them of course ; but fraternal love, especially when it wants any thing, is ingenious. Many were the disagreeable surprises, the unexpected rencounters to which they subjected him. He complained of this bitterly, and often savagely reproached them with their obstinacy in not getting rich. At last, greatly exasperated by their importunities, he had sworn never again to lend any of them the least assistance, and did all that was possible to prevent them thrusting themselves any more into his presence.

The fifth unobtruding brother, was our friend Erasmus. He was infinitely the worst off, and yet he was the only one who had never presumed to claim his relationship with the rich Rigby Rigby. They had not met for years. Notwithstanding this forbearance on the part of Erasmus, Rigby feared, and, we must confess, hated him more than the others. This might be accounted for by two contradictory motives. The first, because he was so wretchedly poor, is manifest, and easily understood. The second seems strange, yet it was no less forcible. Rigby was angry and hurt that Erasmus had never applied to him. It seemed contumelious. He knew well enough that he would not have relieved him—that the application would have annoyed him ; yet the absence of it angered him. As for his nephew, Charles, the thought of him never entered into his mind. It may be safely said that he was not conscious of his existence. He had, however, often seen and even applauded him.

Though the clever schoolmaster had never forced himself into the presence of his brother, he could not sometimes avoid recurring to him ; and Charles knew well enough, that the stout elderly red-faced man, who came in his yellowest of yellow carriages, with his beautiful daughter to the new church at Chelsea, was his rich uncle, yet Charles thought him only rich in his accomplished and gentle child. Charles was very punctual in his devotions, and he always found himself most devout at the new church in Chelsea.

Miss Rigby was a very good girl as well as a very handsome one. She had not much of a decided character about her—it was needless ; for her father had enough for a dozen families in his own person. You would, if you had known her, expect from her either good or evil according to the hands in which she might happen to be thrown. Charles Rigby, Sunday after Sunday, wished from his heart that she might fall into his ; and thus, for many months, he went on worshipping God and his creature, but with so much respect and innocency of heart, that it would have been harsh to have called it idolatry.

The young cousin taught by love, managed well his tactics. He would walk into the church, with a slight understanding with the pew-opener, just when it was probable he would be admitted into the pew of his uncle. Thus, he had the happiness of sitting by, and even of reading out of the same book as Emma. He was careful to preserve his incognito, and thus he continued in a dreamy sort of happiness, hoping for every thing, and expecting nothing ; and fearing much that it should be discovered that he had the right of blood to be in that society into which he had so furtively, and apparently, so unprofitably crept.

Mr. Rigby Rigby had remarked of Charles, that he was a modest, a well-behaved, and an amiable-looking young man. He did not doubt

of his respectability, yet was he too habitually cautious to make to him any overtures of intimacy. He never supposed that he was a poor relation, but he feared that he might have some; so all the intercourse that ever took place between them, was confined to a civil bow on the part of the nephew, and a constrained nod of the slowly-moving head on that of the uncle.

Miss Rigby thought a good deal about her cousin, but the sentiment was almost wholly confined to curiosity. Who could he be? By the often repeating this question to herself, she began to wish that he might be something more than a mere stranger to her. But the idea was but faint, and would have been transient, had any other youth so well-favoured and respectful been presented to her notice. She never would of herself have become a heroine; but still, she had sufficient strength of mind about her to have played a heroic part, had an object worthy of her and of it, been presented to her.

One Monday, when Erasmus and Charles, in their seedy black coats, each emerged from their green baize screen into the arena of their educational labours, crying "silence" together, as was their wont, they were alarmed to see that the three and thirty, was to be read with the algebraical sign of *minus* ten. They looked at each other, and grew pale. Among the remnant, there was a humming and a whispering, and certain rude audible expressions, that indicated, if not actual rebellion, at least, an earnest wish to transfer their allegiance to some more popular pedagogue.

"Then it is true," said the father with a prolonged sigh.

"What is true?" responded the son, casting his eye upon the vacant seats, that told of want and misery.

"That the barber has actually opened school. He has exchanged the pole for the rod; or rather, my son, he intends to wield both to the disparagement of learned men."

"But what are his qualifications? what inducements does he hold out, father, that you should fear his opposition?"

"It is too late to fear when the mischief is done. I understand that he intends to keep the outside of his pupils' heads in order, gratis—leaving their insides to their natural abilities, and the profitable chance of accidents. He will under-bid, and beggar us."

"But why can we not cut the boys' hair also? 'tis but the expense of a pair of scissors."

The foregoing dialogue was carried on in a whisper, the parties standing a little remote from the boys. But this proposition threw the indignant pedagogue completely off his guard. Drawing his attenuated figure up to its full height, and stretching forth the long bony forefinger of his right-hand that was wound all over with red string for some occult purposes of calligraphy, he startled all his urchins, and astounded his son by speaking thus:

"Verily, Charles, my degenerate son, my days have been sufficiently long in this land of sorrow and tribulation. Would that I had died yesterday. Had my greatest enemy done this, I should have bitterly, very bitterly felt the degradation. But for my son, my only son, the being who has hitherto been to me the only drop of sweetness in my bitter cup of humanity. Oh, my son! my son! as David said of the beautiful Absalom—this is a very severe blow!"

“What, father! in the name of all that is serious, have I done?”

“In the name of all that is serious, thou hast done more than is sad. Answer me this: and answer categorically; let there be no evasions, no subterfuges, no mistaking the major for the minor. I say, son Charles, let there be no sophistries in your replies.”

“Father, say on; I am neither a sophist, nor the son of a sophist!”

“That, my Charles, was gracefully, and, to me, gratefully said. Then I conjure you by our common honesty, to tell me if there be any thing more noble than knowledge?”

“Truth, honesty, benevolence”—How much farther the young gentleman would have proceeded in his nomenclature, is very uncertain, though it is most certain that the list would have terminated with “love;” for he had already mentally gone from school to church, and was in the humour to catechise Emma with as much unction as his father was catechising him.

“Stop! stop! Truth, honesty, benevolence, and all the other virtues that thou wast about to numerate, owe their very existence to knowledge—knowledge is the parent of all good; and as the children cannot be worthier than the father—”

Charles smiled and bowed; but there was kindness in his smile, and affectionate assentation in his bow.

“So cannot the produced virtues be more worthy than its producer. Now, mark me, Charles, I humbly, in my limited sphere, produce the producer. I am the ancestor of knowledge itself. There is, there can be no profession more exalted, or more noble; and if I have not disgraced it, consider my son how you have disgraced me, by proposing that I should cut, crop the sandy filthy locks from the unkempt heads of little bepinafores boys. You proposed it, my son, my degradation is complete; verily this is a day of wrath, and I may exclaim, ‘How are the mighty fallen!’”

Charles seeing that his father was seriously hurt, left him to recover his serenity in silence, and began the disagreeable task of calling up the boys to receive from those who had the money, their sixpences or fractions thereof, for their week’s instruction. Many were the deficiencies, and many and pitiful the excuses; but the defaulters were the most numerous. There was also less of respect than usual, even in the apologist for non-payment; and the few who actually displayed the full sixpence, were downright insolent. The burden of all this was, that if this and that impossible thing were not done, the applicant should be immediately removed to Jock McLachlan’s, the Scotch barber’s commercial and classical academy opposite the pigsty, down the lane.

Let us suppose the miserable and unpaid task of instruction over for the morning, and the boys dismissed. Let us now accompany the father and son to their scanty meal behind the green baize; and of which it may truly be said, that the bread was bitterness, and the salt the essence of tears. Little regardless of the clamour of the few unruly boys who had returned earlier than was desired, Mr. Erasmus Rigby entered into a serious debate with his son upon their miserable state, and the gloomy prospects presented to both, to Charles more especially.

"For myself," said the old man, "you know, from sad experience, how little suffices me. In spite of this unkind opposition of McLachlan, I am still so much respected in this neighbourhood, that I know the deserters will come back to me; but, you see, Charles, even when our school is full, we scarcely live; still there would be enough for me; but for you, in the freshness of your youth, thus to wither away under the poisonous shade of a wretched old man.—"

"Nay, my dear father—"

—"Has the weight of a sin upon my heart. Could we but muster twenty pounds, I have not the least doubt but that I could procure for you a permanent and a decent situation in some merchant's counting-house! but, saving in your Sunday's suit, you really are not presentable any where. Would that we had twenty pounds! I can toil on, unrepiningly, and only wish to do so in quiet, until some morning I am found stiff on my wretched pallet; how soon, oh! how very soon may the release be to me!"

"Do not talk in this way, father; you are not old, nor unhealthy. You do much good to all around you; all speak well of you."

"And starve me!"

"Pardon me, father; it is because you are too gentle with them. The next memorial that the baker asks you to write for him, you, in return ask, if not for money, a fair portion of his bread; for letters, do the same; and for your services, make those who have money, give money; believe me, your aid will be all the better thought of, and yourself and me too, much benefited. Would that I had your talents, I would not want a market for them."

"That, that you have said is true; but I have gone on too long in this way, I should not know how to alter it, but it must be thought upon, for really Charles, you want a new suit of clothes."

"And you, father, two at least, besides a warm, comfortable great coat, and your bed clothes are totally insufficient for you; I can't bear it; I can't, indeed; some day, if this last, I shall do a desperate thing."

"Heaven forbid! But we must procure this money."

"Of all these inventions which seem to me so ingenious and so useful, there is none, my father, that would not bring profit to you, and not only profit but honour." As Charles said this, he pointed to the numerous models and plans.

The humbled man of genius shook his head disconsolately. The small enclosure that we have before described, was crowded with beautifully drawn plans of all manner of inventions, of new machinery and of improvements upon that already in use; and there were nearly as many models as plans, but the former were of an elder date, and begrimed with dust—even the construction of these things had now been out of the schoolmaster's reach by the pressure of his adverse circumstances. His plans were now also drawn upon unfit paper, and upon a minute scale.

As Erasmus cast his hollow socketted eyes around the offspring of his acute inventive powers, they flashed with a momentary triumph, and then with a heavy sigh, he again collapsed into the helplessness of an old man's woe.

"Not one of those, my Charles," he mournfully exclaimed; "but gave me, for the time, the sweet but false assurance of honour to me, and wealth to both of us; but the delusion is past, I am nothing but a vain speculator—a dreamer—a visionary."

"Never mind, father, what you are, I know your excellence well enough; you are the only person to whom it is unknown. The question is, what is this—this thing with the many wheels, and clusters of pulleys?"

"That, Charles, is an improvement upon the throwsting of silk—a very great improvement—and would realize thousands and tens of thousands to any man who had sufficient perception to see its utility, and sufficient capital to erect the machinery;" and then the old man was once more happy in a long description of powers and frictions, none of which his son understood, not having been blessed with a mechanical genius. When the lecture was over, Charles shook his head in despair; for he did not value that which he could not comprehend.

Erasmus put by the model with a saddened humility, almost himself convinced, that the workings of his fine imagination were nothing better than subtle vanities, which had misled him to the loss of time, and a fool's paradise of false hopes and flimsy calculations. The subject of the twenty pounds was again renewed, and, at last, it was finally arranged, that the father should apply for the loan of it to his rich and long neglected brother, Rigby Rigby. Poor Erasmus had been too long estranged from him, to be aware of his relative's aristocratic horror of "poor relations."

Near Mr. Rigby Rigby's suburban villa at Chelsea, resided a middle-aged batchelor baronet, Sir Marmaduke Trelawny. Though only a baronet in town, he was a great factory-lord in the provinces, and Mr. Rigby Rigby thought, speaking matrimonically, a great catch any where. He was well-looking for his years; not by any means too old to marry a young wife, nor young enough to be caught by an old one. Being much courted by Mr. Rigby, he was a very constant visiter at his house, and a very great favourite with his daughter.

Now Sir Marmaduke was a very sensible man. The world had given him that character, and, as he liked it himself, he was very studious to act up to it. He was naturally of a good warm heart, though of a cautious and cold temperament; he was always giving Emma Rigby prudent advice and costly presents, all of which she very gratefully received, determined to make use of both, so long as they suited her, which is all the service to which these things can justly claim to be applied. Mr. Rigby Rigby very naturally wished to be the father-in-law of a baronet, and that consummation once achieved, he thought there could be nothing left in this world to annoy him, except the act of departing from it. When indulging in this train of thought, he soon forgot that he had poor relations. How cruel were Erasmus and his son, bent as they were just now, forcibly to remind him of it!

It was about mid-day when Sir Marmaduke and Miss Rigby were making together a very amiable tête-à-tête. Never was the baronet in better spirits, for never did he think himself more sensible. He was stringing aphorisms one after another, and laying them before the young

lady with as much parade, as if they had been pearls threaded upon gold. Sometimes she understood him, and then she smiled a little, but more often she was totally in the dark as to his meaning, and then she rewarded him with the sunniest looks of approbation.

Sir Marmaduke began to grow ecstatic, but all in a cautious way; however, his wisdom was becoming hymeneal. Mr. Rigby Rigby who was, or wished to be supposed to be reading a bishop's homily upon charity, watched, with a swelling bosom, the didactic approaches to making love of his coveted son-in-law. Time wore on, and smoothly, nothing could have been more harmonious. There was peace without and within. The low measured tones of Sir Marmaduke, and the quiet assenting interjunctory expressions of the young lady, just won a murmur from silence, that spoke more of tranquillity than stillness itself. At length there was a pause, when Mr. Rigby Rigby thinking himself called upon to speak, exclaimed, "A very pious and soul-searching work this, of the Rev. Mr. Hounslow's."

"As concerning what, my good friend, Mr. Rigby Rigby?" said the Baronet, in measured accents.

"The imperative duties of charity, in this world of tribulation."

This was the signal for Sir Marmaduke to become sensible, and looking alternately from the father to the daughter, with a seesawing motion of his body, he thus commenced.

"Charity, my very excellent and accurately judging Mr. Rigby Rigby, (a grunting humph from the gentleman.) Charity, my sweet and discriminating young lady (a bow and a smile from Miss Rigby)—charity, my two amiable friends, whether we consider the virtue esoterically or exoterically; charity, I say, when rightly understood, means much more than the worldly minded choose to allow."

"The very thing the Rev. Mr. Hounslow says."

"Ay, did he say so," cried Sir. Marmaduke, snuffing up the air, as if he saw an antagonist in full charge against him; for in argument, whether with himself or another, an opponent was necessary to him. "The learned divine, said so did he? but I'll be bound, Mr. Rigby Rigby, that though he makes homilies bound and lettered in gold, he has not considered charity as I am going to consider it. My dear young lady I claim your attention—will you attend Mr. Rigby Rigby?"

"I *am* all attention, Sir Marmaduke."

"We will first consider charity esoterically, a fig for Hounslow's divisions of his subject—it should begin at home, with oneself. We ought to be charitable to our own individuality in all things, Mr. Rigby, for the sake of that divine virtue charity, you should take care of yourself."

"I do, Sir Marmaduke."

"You should have an eye to your own interests—find your body with proper food—clothe it with fitting habiliments—lodge it in as comfortable and as magnificent an abode as you can—place yourself among your fellow men in the most exalted station that you can encompass—if you have a weakness, or a failing, exercise towards it this heavenly quality. You may be sure of your own charity—you cannot be so of any one else's."

"To all this, I most cordially assent," said Mr. Rigby, looking full of conscious worth.



“Very well, having thus done your duty to yourself, your charity requires extension—your own family—your children—”

“I have but one child.”

“Well your child, the very amiable Miss Rigby, she must be your next care. For her—”

“Pass on, if you please, Sir Marmaduke. Pa and I manage very well together.”

“In submission to the expressed wish of Miss Rigby Rigby, I pass on from those who nestle, as it were, in your household bosom, to the next objects that sacred charity calls upon you to cherish—your brothers and your sisters—”

“Heavens! Sir Marmaduke,” said Mr. Rigby, with a ghastly look, “what has charity, or what have I to do with them, supposing that they be worthless—abject—poor—”

“Ah, if they be poor,” said the baronet thoughtfully, “we must then consider charity exoterically. If they be worthless, abject, and poor, it may be fairly surmised that they are undeserving. Now, to lavish benefits where there is no desert, is making charity a pander and a promoter of vice, and as charity would cease to be itself, when so employed, these relations have no claim to your charity at all.”

“I always so reasoned,” said Mr. Rigby, with a relieving sigh.

“Not that I should presume,” said Sir Marmaduke rather proudly and coldly, “that Mr. Rigby Rigby could have any relations unworthy of the name of Rigby; because, if such were the case—”

“It is not the case,” said Emma, with an unexpected spirit, “Uncle Thomas, and uncle John, are only poor and unfortunate, and as to uncle Erasmus, whom I never yet saw—”

“Silence, Miss!” but, before the alarmed Mr. Rigby could finish his objurgation, his attention was arrested by a scuffle outside of the door of the drawing-room, and a voice was heard distinctly to enunciate, “Menial! avaunt! I will see brother Rigby.”

Mr. Rigby Rigby arose from his seat in consternation. He was a tall man, and now he endeavoured to add to his stature by standing as erect as possible. To increase his dignity he threw his head backwards and frowned awfully. His daughter thought, that never in his life had he appeared so little. Thus bracing himself up for the encounter he waited the onset, of, as yet, he knew not which, of his kindred.

Sir Marmaduke Trelawny looked on with a mingled expression of sarcasm and amusement. When he was not too sensible, his heart having fair play, beat with honest and warm pulsations. He would subtilize upon all the virtues, until you supposed he believed in the existence of none; yet he was fairly in the practise of most of them. Emma, from experience, dreading the scene that was to ensue, clung to Sir Marmaduke’s arm, and looked up imploringly and confidingly, into his face. He found her altogether enchanting.

Thus situated, the door was violently flung open, and a strange figure entered upon the party. It was no less a personage than Erasmus Rigby, accompanied by his son. The tall and attenuated pedagogue was attired with a puritanically-cut lustreless blackish coat, which had some claim to the epithet bestowed upon Joseph’s, being a many-coloured garment; for age, accident, and the sempstress, had each experimented upon it. His vest was long and flapped, and his nether garment was

“a world too wide” for his shrunk shank. His pepper and salt worsted stockings, monuments of industry in the art of darning, were lightly drawn over the most fleshless—shin-bones that ever tottered under the weight of humanity. His large, heavy, square-toed shoes, contrasted in their immense spread, ludicrously enough with the slender legs above them, glorious as these shoes were, in a pair of immense steel buckles. His linen and his cravat were the only redeeming points of his apparel. They were scrupulously clean, and very white. His countenance was, in its outline, a perfect facsimile of his brother’s; but in the outline only. Alas, it was nearly all outline. The healthful and florid filling up that made his brother look almost handsome, was lamentably deficient in Erasmus. The whole of his face was very pale, with the exception of the large and prominent nose, which was reddened with excitement.

Such was the person who advanced with hurried step, and protruded head, adjusting his spectacles to a right focus on his nose, to where stood Mr. Rigby Rigby, in awful reserve. Erasmus’s hand trembled a good deal as he adjusted his glasses, and they danced for some time from one end of his nasal organ to the other, but when at length they became stationary, he exclaimed with a voice tremulous with emotion, “Yet it is he—it is my dear brother—verily let us embrace.”

But his onward movement for the fraternal endearment was suddenly checked by the stoical brother, who, having the Rev. Mr. Hounslow’s homily on charity in his right hand, with his forefinger in the book, in the middle of the chapter on brotherly love, he thrust the same book violently forward against the breast of Erasmus, thus keeping him fairly at arms’ length.

“Sir,” said Mr. Rigby Rigby, “I have not the honour to know you.”

“The more’s the pity,” muttered Sir Marmaduke; for which rude speech Emma gave him most unfilially a gentle pressure to the arm on which she was hanging.

“Not know me—not know your own brother Erasmus. Surely, surely, Rigby, you are but trifling with my affection. It was I, Rigby, that was your favourite at home and at school—I am, wretched as I appear, none other than your once fondly loved brother Erasmus.”

“Sir Marmaduke Trelawny,” said Mr. Rigby Rigby, “you perceive that this is a little family business, if this person speaks truly.”

“If I speak truly! If Erasmus Rigby speaks truly to his own brother, after a separation of fourteen years—for shame! By your reverence for your father’s name, unsay your injurious insinuation.”

“There is, sir, no need of this violence,” said Mr. Rigby, feeling not only confused, but considerably abashed. “I do not deny that you may be my brother Erasmus; but surely, sir, after so long, and on your part, so voluntary a separation, you cannot be surprised at any apparent want of cordiality on my part. No doubt but that you have some request to make to me. If you please, we will retire to another apartment.”

“By no manner of means,” said Sir Marmaduke; “I claim the honour of an introduction to your worthy brother, and to this young gentleman—your son, Mr. Erasmus no doubt, a very likely youth—you don’t notice your nephew, Mr. Rigby.”

"The viper!" said Mr. Rigby, half audibly, as coldly bowing to the youth, he recognised him to be the sometime pew-companion of his daughter.

Sir Marmaduke, with a good-humoured malice, if such a thing there be, now brought the two cousins together, and formally introduced them to each other. Their blushes and their embarrassment were as amusing to Sir Marmaduke, as annoying to Mr. Rigby; who, lost in astonishment, knew not what turn things might take, or to what end they might lead. At that moment, he would have given a thousand pounds exactly, to have known Sir Marmaduke's real sentiments upon what was then passing.

So great was the mutual surprise of Emma and Charles, that they stood speechless and motionless, each holding by the hand of the other whilst her father's brow darkened, and he felt himself irresistibly impelled to step forward and pluck them asunder. The only person who felt entirely at his ease, was Sir Marmaduke, to whom all the parties, with very different emotions, cast their looks.

Emma's eye met the angry scowl of her father—she let go her cousin's hand suddenly, and exclaimed, "Believe me, father, I am innocent of all participation in bringing about this meeting; but till this moment, did I know that this gentleman was my cousin."

"And you, sir," said Mr Rigby Rigby, turning very fiercely upon Charles.

"I, sir! I, sir!" said the young man, all confusion; "I have long known who this lady is, and really—that is—I see nothing in her to be ashamed of."

This *gaucherie* of Charles seemed quite a relief to Mr. Rigby Rigby. "Am I to be thus insulted under my own roof," he exclaimed fiercely, at the same time ringing the bell violently. "Show these two persons beyond the outside gate," said he to the servant; "and hark'ee, sirrah: if ever you let either of them again within my house, that moment you walk out of it."

To render this injunction the more impressive, he violently flung down the Rev. Mr. Hounslow's "Homily on Charity," and tossing his head backwards, stamped arrogantly with his right foot. But all this display was useless. The poor old schoolmaster, in the calm dignity of his patience, seemed to look down upon his brother with pity, in which much love was mingled with a little contempt. He spoke mildly to him thus:

"Alas! my brother! this that I have heard concerning your pride and mammon is then true. I have suffered long and acutely: yet till now, I have never approached you with the heavy catalogue of my miseries—never, till now, looked for relief at the hands of my next brother. I will not now, even after the insult that you have heaped upon you own blood, put on the semblance of pride, and say that I scorn you and your ill-employed riches. I did come to solicit your assistance—but not for myself, brother—as I have toiled on hitherto, so will I toil unto the end; but my son, I cannot see his fresh youth wearing away, nor the blight so early placed upon his young hopes. I came here to solicit from your superfluity, twenty pounds—and from your heart a renewal of that love, which in mine, has never yet died—I am refused both—I forgive you, and may Heaven soften your heart; and,

in due time, when you are sensible to the enormity of your offending, teach you to forgive yourself. Fare well, brother! and you, my gentle niece, forget this scene—dry up your tears, and remember all the affection that your father has ever borne you.”

As the disappointed Erasmus and his son were about to leave the room, Mr. Rigby Rigby became sensible, that the part he was enacting, was not only not heroical, but hardly respectable, so he turned inquiringly to Sir Marmaduke, and said, sheepishly enough, “Sir Marmaduke, what would you advise me to do?”

“Oh, Mr. Rigby, I leave you to the promptings of your own most excellent heart. If my memory is not very treacherous, I bethink me that I lately expounded to you all the obligations of charity.”

“You did, Sir Marmaduke. If any man challenges my beneficence, I accept the gage. See here, sir,” taking up a small red-morocco bound account-book. “In works of charity, I have expended, within these twelvemonths, four hundred and fifty-nine pounds nineteen shillings, and a fraction too insignificant to mention; and for all this, I never received insult in return, though not one of the persons benefited, ever boasted of being a relative of mine—much less a brother or a nephew.”

“Satisfy your own bosom, Mr. Rigby,” said his friend, drily; “I am satisfied, and so I see is your worthy brother.”

But the satisfaction of the worthy brother was more than doubtful. He advanced towards Rigby with a moist eye and a quivering lip, “Will you not shake hands with me for the last time, Oh, my brother?”

“Why,” said Rigby, “I have no objection, certainly; indeed, in no sense, can I possibly have any, and, as to the twenty pounds, they are at your or your son’s service, that is to say, as respect to station is necessary in the civil compact, as Sir Marmaduke will tell you, and as my circle of friends, you understand me, which circle Sir Marmaduke will tell you I cannot sacrifice—”

“You mean to say,” said Erasmus, sternly: “that, if I will henceforth consent to be a stranger to you, if I will sell my birthright for twenty pounds; the lucre is mine—is this your meaning?”

“Nearly; but I would not have it so savagely expressed.”

“Then, Rigby, I will not take your dross; I will not take your hand; I renounce you until your heart be humbled. Come, Charles, we shall disgrace ourselves if we stay longer; the air of this abode will contaminate us; but Rigby, I will not leave you wholly without some hope—some consolation—should you see the error of your ways, my heart will again open to you—if with a contrite and subdued spirit you should be impelled to seek for reconciliation and pardon—I live there.”

Thus speaking and thrusting a discreditable-looking piece of paper, the terms of Cat’s-court Academy, conducted by Erasmus Rigby assisted by his son, and bowing to Sir Marmaduke and smiling to his niece, he and Charles left the dwelling of the hater of poor relations.

“Was ever insult so outrageous! Your pity Sir Marmaduke. This is the curse of having relations poor and profligate.”

Saying this, he flung from him with the utmost contempt the paper that his brother had just thrust into his hand, and was much surprised

to see his friend stoop, pick it up from the floor, and place it very carefully in his pocket-book.

Mr. Rigby Rigby would have been very wretched all the rest of the morning, had he not observed that Sir Marmaduke Trelawny was more than usually attentive to his daughter, which being a panacea for the very little attention, nay the absolute neglect with which he was himself treated, he was, perforce, satisfied.

We must now hurry over a considerable space of time, briefly remarking that, since the visit of his brother Erasmus, nothing seemed to prosper with Rigby. His agents cheated him, his speculations turned out ruinous, and his banker failed. Against all this he might have borne up and recovered himself, had not some litigious fellow of the same name as himself, contrived to get him into a chancery suit. The doom of beggary against him was sealed. In less than eighteen months he was a ruined man—himself the thing that he so much dreaded—a *poor relation*.

Sir Marmaduke Trelawny did *not* propose for Emma, but gradually withdrew his society from Mr. Rigby, as that gentleman's prospects darkened. At length, the only refuge left him was a gaol, and his daughter was obliged to leave him, and find an asylum under the roof of one of the poor relations that her father had so often before contemptuously spurned.

On the day of Mr. Rigby Rigby's final discharge from the Fleet Prison, two middle aged gentlemen were seen in deep conversation with the warden. No one, however, surmised that they had any thing to do with Rigby. The doors were at last thrown open to that unfortunate person, and as he turned from them to go, he knew not whither: the warden placed in his hand a solitary guinea, telling him it was a present from a friend, who would not be known to him. Small as was the sum, it was most acceptable. However, we must leave Mr. Rigby Rigby for a short time in the streets of London, miserable, dejected, without a home, and without a purpose.

When Sir Marmaduke Trelawny was present at the interview between the relations, he was greatly moved by the conduct of Erasmus, and determined himself to solve the riddle of his appearance, as connected with his sentiments. But he went about it in what he called his characteristic sensible way, that is to say, in the most impertinent and inquisitorial manner. He was pleased when he found that Charles had never presumed upon his slight intimacy with Emma, and that he had neither made himself known to her, or endeavoured to draw her into any clandestine correspondence.

He repaired the next day to Cat's-court, and ascended to the hall of study over the asses. His appearance occasioned much surprise, and was the joyful cause of a dismissal of the noisy crew for the day. It was not long before he became fully aware of the extraordinary mechanical genius of the poor pedagogue, and the very model of the machine that the young gentleman had valued so little, became the foundation of his father's and his own extraordinary affluence. Money was advanced, the school turned over to Erasmus's rival, the Scotch barber, Mac Lachlan, and patents secured. Sir Marmaduke became a partner in two of the inventions, and the despised schoolmaster, in the course of a few months beheld himself a rich and happy man.

As Erasmus rose, so Rigby fell, and so occupied was the fallen with his own misfortunes, that he never heard of his brother's prosperity. But that brother never lost sight of him. He would have flown, at once, to his assistance, had it not been through deference to Sir Marmaduke, who was willing that his reformation should be complete, as well as his debts and liabilities cancelled.

Erasmus had already possessed himself of the very house at Chelsea from which he had been so contemptuously ejected. He had also purchased his brother's furniture from the assignees. It was now the dwelling of himself and son. On the day of Mr. Rigby Rigby's liberation from the Fleet, Emma had been brought from her temporary asylum to her old home, and every thing had been prepared for a surprise, wholly in compliance with Sir Marmaduke's whim, and his love of effect.

As Rigby on that day walked from street to street, he thought that he was watched—for this, he cared but little—he made several inquiries for homely lodgings, but all were refused him, excepting such which his sense of propriety would not permit him yet to occupy. He had dined humbly at an humble eating-house, and as evening was closing in upon the noisy metropolis, he recommenced his search for a cheap lodging.

He had not proceeded far when a decent-looking person ran against him. As Mr. Rigby recovered from the slight shock, the stranger stooped and appeared to pick up a piece of paper from the ground.

"You have dropped this," said he, tendering it to Mr. Rigby.

"Pardon me, sir, you are mistaken."

"Indeed, sir, I am not—only look at it, and see if it does not relate to you."

Rigby examined the paper, and, to his surprise, found it to be a copy of the once despised and rejected terms of his brother's humble school in Cat's-court.

"Indeed," said Rigby, a great deal moved, "this is a very singular coincidence—very strangely, this paper does concern me. With your permission I will retain it, though it certainly did not fall from me. You see it is of no value."

The stranger bowed respectfully, and fell behind Rigby, following him without his perceiving it.

On this little incident, the heart-broken brother took thought to himself. He expected no relief from the insulted Erasmus; but he was, in the humility of a better spirit, determined to seek him. The wretched place was soon discovered—he knocked, a door was opened to him in the dusk, and he ascended into the old school-room. At first, he actually drew back at the misery it displayed—it seemed to be wholly untenanted. The desk was overturned, the benches thrown down, the walls crumbling, and the rents in the floor dangerous to the feet.

On a small dirty deal table, their burned dimly a miserable tallow candle, in a flat tin candlestick; and after a pause, sufficiently long to enable Rigby to survey, and occasionally to treasure up in his memory this complication of wretchedness, the dirty green-baize moved, and from beneath its dingy concealment, Erasmus slowly emerged in the very dress in which Rigby had seen him nearly ten years before.



The meeting between the brothers was deeply affecting; but the deportment of Erasmus was incomprehensible, in many ways, to Rigby. He seemed to have grown wonderfully healthy-looking and stout upon his misery. He chuckled and he sobbed by turns, and his sorrow was the most extraordinary and hilarious that was ever betrayed.

"I am here an humbled and repentant man, Erasmus—I crave your pardon, dear, dear brother."

"Thou hast it, Rigby! What do you like for supper?—he! he! he!"

"Nay nay—mock me not, Erasmus. How can you contrive to exist in this wretched hole? It is worse than the Fleet Prison."

"Fatten upon it, Rigby! What wine do you like best—we'll kill the fatted calf—that is to say—a fillet of veal."

"Pooh! my good brother—let us not talk of delicacies wholly out of our reach. I have still eighteen shillings and ninepence, take the half of it—take the whole of it, Erasmus; we will consecrate this happy reconciliation by a pot of warm porter, for I am very cold."

"A dozen of Champagne!"

"Nay, Erasmus, you are facetious; but if you had a fire, and would grate a halfpennyworth of nutmeg into the warm beer—"

"A bowl of arrack punch!"

"—It would cheer my bosom wonderfully. Could you make me up a bed on the floor for to-night?"

"No!" said Erasmus, with a tear twinkling in each eye, and a grin at each corner of his mouth.

"Will you make us a fire in that miserable grate?"

Erasmus shook his head, and continued nodding to all his brother's inquiries.

"Will you send out for the beer?—Will you share my money?—Will you lend me something to sit upon, for I am deathly weary?"

"No! no! no!—by all the powers of prosody, no!"

"Then have you not forgiven me, brother?"

At this appeal, poor Erasmus, like Joseph in the presence of his brethren, could contain himself no longer; but flinging himself into the arms of Rigby, he wept aloud.

After their emotion had a little subsided, Erasmus exclaimed, "Put up your money, Rigby—put up your money! We are prepared for your coming—it has been looked for—it has been planned. This night shall be a jubilee—think only of enjoyment—leave every thing to me—come along, my dear brother, who was lost and is found."

Saying this, he hurried him out of the miserable den—put him into his carriage, and drove him back to his old house, before he had well recovered from his surprise.

That night there was a grand meeting of poor relations, at which Sir Marmaduke Trelawny presided, and never did he appear so sensible before; but much, very much—nay, all of his rationality was totally lost upon Charles and Emma, so totally were they absorbed in each other.

Shall I go on? No. Who does not understand the ensuing happiness? But let it also be understood, that detrimental as he may be to our purse and to our pride, we must neither disown nor despise—a poor relation.

## PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TRISTRAM DUMPS, ESQ.\*

## CHAP. XI.

FEARING a repetition of any thing like the chandelier scene, I resolved to take Frank's hint with respect to the Indian; so after the second exhibition of his qualities, as a neighbour I had no scruples in sending my compliments up stairs the next morning, with a message, that a gentleman subject to headaches *below*, would be much obliged to the gentleman *above* if he would give directions for less noise to be made in his apartments. In a few minutes, a black servant made his appearance—Ipsissimus Blacky, who had been rung up, and otherwise so frequently and perseveringly disciplined. It seemed, however, to have made but little impression on his outward man, which looked not a jot the paler for his vigils and scolds—his air, on the contrary, was jaunty and free. “Massa compliment—he say ver glad to see you, sir—him ill—no come down stairs.” This I thought pretty cool; nevertheless, my curiosity getting the better of punctilio, I followed Blacky to the regions above. When he opened the door, I beheld the object of my present purpose, seated in an arm-chair, before a large fire, with his face towards the door, in dressing-gown and nightcap; his watch was in his hand, and I thought I perceived that he was as anxious to get a sight of me, as I was to see him.

“I beg pardon, sir,” he said immediately with a little nervous cough, and riggling spasmodically about in his chair; “but my very precarious state of health—Mr. Dumps, I believe?”

I slightly bowed.

“I am sorry, sir, to find that *we* make more noise up here than is agreeable to you below, but my very precarious state of health—Mungo, my drops,” he continued, in a shrill falsetto voice, into which he always rose whenever he spoke to his servant. “Excuse me, sir, but I see it is time to take my medicine.”

As he compounded his mixture, I had leisure to look about me. The room was arranged with all that nicety and neatness which bespeaks an almost morbid attention to precision. An immense hookah, ornamented with much splendour, stood by his side, and the apartment, which was kept very close—the heat being regulated by a thermometer on the chimney-piece—smelt strongly of rose-water, and other condiments used in that deleterious recreation, at the expense of lungs, nerves, and all the juices. At one end of the room was a large china vase, with a “bull’s eye,” a considerable hole in the middle, evidently a fracture from some of the missiles which I had at different times heard projected, and overhead was the dangling gilt chain from which once hung suspended the costly chandelier. But what surprised me most was, to perceive that my new acquaintance was neither old nor, except a little tinge upon his complexion, in any way an apparent invalid. I therefore already set it down that he was one of those spoilt

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\* Continued from No. ccxix., p. 315.

children of luxury, upon whom a slight variation of the biliary system takes so potent an effect.

"I am assured," said he, "that there is no calomel in my medicine, for I consider *that* to have been the ruin of me."

"I believe a great deal too much of it is generally taken," I replied.

This common remark seemed to please him greatly; his eyes sparkled, and he shuffled about in his seat.

"In my precarious state of health, sir, I am obliged not only to live by rule, but narrowly to watch the prescriptions of my physician."

"I believe," said I, "that the first expedient is better than having recourse to the second;" and by way of turning the conversation, asked him if he had been long in Paris?

"I really forget, sir;" then, in his shrill tone, "Mungo, how many empty vials are there upon the table by the vase?"

"Fifteen, massa; counted them once befor dis morning," said Mungo, gaily.

"A fortnight, sir; we landed at Marseilles, and had a very heating overland journey. At Lyons I was obliged to have recourse to medical assistance, and am convinced that, notwithstanding my injunction, there was calomel in the bolus; for it is a very remarkable thing, sir,—but as you seem to have as bad an opinion as myself of that drug, I have less scruple in troubling you with the observation. It is a very remarkable thing that I never can take that or any other mineral medicine—I say *mineral* medicine (laying a stress upon the word), without a peculiar sensation in my fingers and toes—a sort of pricking, which, under other circumstances, would make me apprehensive of gout. Mungo, lift my leg."

Mungo here approached, and lifting gently his master's left leg, began to work it up and down like the handle of a pump.

"I am told," continued he, "that these sensations may proceed from irregular circulation, and the *sub*-irritation consequent thereupon; and I am the more inclined to that opinion, as I have other symptoms which correspond; for I scarcely ever rise from my seat without a whiz in my head, and a crack in the muscles of the lower part of my back."

I once more attempted to turn the conversation, and being curious to know how long he had been in India, remarked, "There has been great changes in Europe, sir, since you were last in this part of the world."

"Yes, indeed, you may well talk of the 'march.'"

I pricked up my ears to hear his general opinions.

"Quinine and Morison's pills are enough for one century: pray, sir, do you think there is any calomel in them?"

It was in this strain he continued; if I asked a question, he returned a bolus; if I mentioned politics, he talked of pills. It was all in vain—I perceived that until I had the whole *materia medica* by heart, there could be no free interchange of conversation between us, nor any sympathy of feelings, until I had the stomach-ache. When I rose to go, however, and wished him good morning, he squeezed my hand, as he took leave of me, and with a beaming tearful eye said, "I am glad you hate calomel."

"Mr. Dumps," he continued, as I got to the door, "my very precarious state of health will probably prevent me doing myself the pleasure of calling upon you; but remember that a visit to the sick is an act of Christian charity, and I assure you that I shall always esteem it as such. In the mean time, I hope that my servant will make less noise."

"Yes, massa," said Mungo, gaily.

"What a world is this!" said I to myself, as I went down stairs. "Here is a man who, according to report and appearance, has at least, all the external means of making himself and others comfortable; but who is nursing himself into bad health, and finds his only pleasure in tormenting his servant. If the fellow would put away his hookabs (which are only those teeth-corroding, mouth-corrupting, face-speckling pests, tobacco-pipes in Sunday clothes), throw open his windows, and get upon a hard-trotting horse, I will answer for it that he would soon forget physic, and praise Mungo."

As soon as I returned to my room, the waiter came up to say that a Monsieur was below, inquiring whether I was at home. As Paris is not a place where one admits, any more than in London, every Monsieur who may feel inclined to pay one the delicate attention of a visit, I began to catechise my informant as to the external appearance of the aspirant below, translating as well as I could that semi-cannibal, though English question, "What sort of a man is he?"

"*Ma foi !*" said François in a hesitating tone, "*c'est un Monsieur comme ça.*"

This did not at all enlighten me: so I proceeded to the distinct categories of "tall or short, fat or thin, young or old?"

"*C'est un, Monsieur, comme vous*" replied he, quickly adding, with his best bow, "*quant à son âge—mais avec une physiognomie beaucoup moins aimable—un air préoccupé, les habits peu soignés, et la chevelure fort en désordre.*"

A gleam of light seemed to break in upon me. "But is not that a card you have in your hand?" said I.

"*Ah ! voilà !*" cried François, throwing one hand against his brow; "*bête que je suis !*" and holding up the card he commenced reading, "*Monsieur Solo-mon—*"

"Oh! show him up," said I, interrupting the patronymic about to ensue, and in a few minutes the gentleman appeared in *propre* person.

It must already have occurred to the reader, that my friend had certain peculiarities in all matters pertaining to the toilette. He was, in fact, alternately the most scrupulously neat person and the greatest sloven I ever knew. But I soon perceived that these different phenomena bore a corresponding affinity to the actual state of his intellectual system. In what I used to consider his lucid intervals—that is, when his ideas ran somewhat in the regular channel—he appeared to have built up his externals in all the punctilio of a Quaker; but when the "muddle" commenced, all the elements of that cosmogony fell into disorder, and "Chaos came again." I saw by certain twitches in his countenance immediately he entered, that one of his perturbations had been upon him. A cloudy, blood-shot, confused look about his eyes—a beard of two days, or what is worse, partially and carelessly shaved—

his coat covered with dust and down, as if he had been tossed in a blanket—his hair dishevelled, and his whole appearance fully justifying François's term of "*fort en désordre*."

After he had sat a little while, and twitched the dislocation of his ideas into some of their sockets, he said, "I am very uneasy about George and Erminie."

"So am I," said I; "but what is to be done?"

"I don't know," replied he, looking extremely vacant; and then, after a pause, "Old Alice says—"

"Who is that?"

"The old and confidential servant, whom I think I mentioned to you before. I wonder whether she came from Kent with Madame Le Fleur. Old Alice says—and whether she knows any thing about Sir Thomas Leghorn, the brother, that is—for *he* is dead; and the old general, I have heard, could never bear him."

"Which?" said I.

"What?" said he.

Perceiving that we were drifting out to sea, I endeavoured to catch hold of the thread of the discourse. "What were you saying? Oh! yes—the old servant."

"She says, I understand—at least, George says that she said—but he is gone."

"Do, for Heaven's sake, tell me what she says!"

"She says that she is apprehensive not only for the health, but the mind of her young lady; and amongst other things, she fears that she will 'turn nun.'"

I jumped off my seat, and walked about the room.

"She says that she not only harps upon it all day, but talks in her sleep alternately of George and of Miss Mary Seymour, a young friend of hers, who is either in preparation, or has already professed in the English convent here."

I paced about the room with such perturbation, that (as old crones who understand human nature better than philosophers usually administer comfort in strong doses of our neighbours' misfortunes), my disturbance seemed to operate in a favourable manner upon the intellectual system of my friend, whom I was surprised to hear rationally exhorting me to composure.

"And all this," exclaimed I, beating my brow, "is the result of the narrow prejudices, the foolish pride, the territorial rapacity of a hard-headed country squire! Oh, stupidity! thou art a sorry jade in thine own nature; but when crossed by one of the breed of avarice, what a stubborn mule dost thou produce!"

"I remember the piebalds, in Gray's-inn-lane," said Solomon, who was proceeding to take up some thread in the puzzled skein of his ideas.

"Mercy on us!" cried I, in a peevish tone, "what a moment for your speculations!" But the words were no sooner out of my mouth, than my heart smote me—poor Solomon slightly coloured—looked humbly down at his shoes—and then up with a silent remonstrance towards me—valueless shares and abortive schemes, the Hymlopotopowskis and the anti-feather-beds, seemed to pervade every feature in his face—and I could have bitten a quarter of an inch off my tongue.

"If I were George," said I, with greater energy, perhaps, in order to banish the last impression—"if I were George, I would marry the girl in spite of all—cast my inheritance to the dogs, and live as Providence, in its bounty, might provide."

"Those," replied Solomon, "are sentiments which marvellously coincide with his own views of the case, for he has just been expressing himself in nearly the same terms; but there is, and luckily I think, an inseparable obstacle to such a consummation."

"What is that?"

"Erminie is bound by a death-bed promise to her mother never to marry him without her father's consent."

"Heavens!" said I, in the tone of a man who, from a neighbouring cliff, sees a boat go down at sea; "then there is an end of it."

When Solomon had thus unburdened himself, and had sat staring about him a little in silence, he prepared to take his leave. We parted like two physicians after a consultation upon the last stage of a mortal disease; and as I watched him out of the window, I saw him depart from the hotel, muttering and gesticulating to himself; while every truant boy as he passed, turned round with an expression of fear, which seemed to say, "*Que drôle de corps!*"

## CHAP. XII.

ON the evening of the following day, about sunset, as I was passing the church of St. Germain L'Auxerre, the low murmur of the organ, heard through the partially closed doors, attracted me in. It was that beautiful service which the Italians call the "Benediction," the French, "*le Salut.*" It is always celebrated at the close of the day, and consists simply of a few hymns sung by the whole congregation, followed by a "blessing" pronounced from the altar, by the officiating priest, with the consecrated bread of the Eucharist in his hands, which, according to the Roman Catholic custom, he at the same time elevates for their veneration. There is at this hour, and in this service, none of the mid-day bustle, nor gorgeous circumstances of high mass. The people partake of the repose, the church of the silence, and all of the shades of evening, save the lights which burn round the consecrated bread upon the altar, darting many a ray, reflected from the sparkling ostensory in which it is enclosed, upon the solitary and venerable figure of the stoled priest. Separated from others within the sacred precincts of the shrine, and raised a few steps above the level of the rest, he stands with his back to the congregation, as if communicating with God alone. Every now and then he sinks upon one knee in the progress of his secret prayer. The darkness of the church, which gives such effect to this little nucleus of light, seems also to add intensity to the devotion of the worshippers by the freedom of posture, and even of interjectional prayer, which, without ostentation, may then be indulged. During the many solemn pauses which occur in the service, the light tinkle of the rosaries, as the beads fall through the fingers in prayer—the deep drawn sigh—the devote interjection, are heard to proceed from figures prostrate, in all the glowing sentiments of supplication or contrition.

As I stood partially concealed by a column, and gazing upon these



evening worshippers until devotion crept over me also, my eye fell upon a face near me, which a beam from the altar was at that moment illuminating. It was the angelic countenance of Erminie Le Fleur, radiant with all the heavenly emotions of devotion and love—for George Gilbert was by her side. They were kneeling together on one of those oratories which are ranged in Catholic churches facing the altars; behind I discerned the aged figure of Alice, bending low in prayer. I beheld this interesting couple with great emotion; for, in truth, it was a lovely sight; their beauty—their devotion (for the young man seemed upon this occasion to have surrendered all that might separate their creed), their misfortunes—their youth, all conspired to lay strong hold upon my feelings. The last hymn had been sung, and the pause ensued, during which the falling of the censer's chains alone is heard, while it is waved towards the altar, before the closing ceremony of the evening. I heard a sob from the breast of Erminie; and when the priest turned round with the glittering ostensory in his hand, to pronounce the "blessing," I fell upon my knees, and united with him in pouring forth the full abundance of my heart upon them.

As the congregation was slowly departing one by one, with that air of calmness and repose—with that discharge of heart which such services afford, I kept my position of concealment until the group below me had also left the church.

I then returned to the hotel, and fell into many a dreamy revery inspired by what I had witnessed—nor could I dismiss even from my slumbers the lovely but melancholy visions of the evening scene.

When at breakfast the next morning, my attendant, with that alacrity of a French waiter, which seems to go upon springs, hastily put down a parcel upon my table, and was out of the room again before I could ask from whence it came. Before I broke the string and seal, my eye fell upon the address—"à Monsieur—Monsieur Henry La Fleur."

The name, although there might be many such in the French metropolis, acted like an electrical shock upon me; and having rang the bell with that excitement which indicated some pressing occasion, the waiter was back again as quickly as if the house had been on fire.

"What is this?" said I, holding up the parcel and its address within an inch of his nose.

"*Ah! voila!*" cried he; "*pardon, Monsieur—c'est pour, Monsieur Henry—bête que je suis.*"

"For whom?" said I.

"*Pour Monsieur Henry; le Monsieur que est logis audessus.*"

"What?" again stuttered I.

"*C'est bien le Monsieur que vient des Indes,*" said he, with an elevation of the eyebrows and shoulders, indicative of his astonishment at my obtuseness.

"Can it be?" said I, striking my forehead, and looking, no doubt, sufficiently vacant; and François fairly giving my intellects up, after regarding me a few minutes in silence, took his departure with another shrug.

That this was Erminie's brother, a very little reflection served to convince me: the age—the character of this spoilt son of the East, in some measure—the part of India from which he had incidentally mentioned

to me that he came—all corresponded to satisfy me of that. But had François reported correctly of his wealth? That to me was a point of no small interest, for more reasons than one.

As soon as I had dispatched breakfast, and turned the matter over a little in my mind, I sent for Mungo, and having still further strengthened my conviction, sent him up stairs to his master with my compliments, and an intimation of a visit.

"Good morning, sir," said he, with that alacrity with which an idle person receives a break in upon his ennui, but at the same time with a phthisicky kind of cough, which I afterwards discovered was a mere trick. "Good morning, sir; it must be very cold to-day, for do what I can, it is impossible to get the thermometer above 65°; and I have a strong suspicion that I have took some calomel in the draught. Mungo, some wood, there! *do* put it straight—you know the *only* way to make a fire is two bits below, and one above."

"Yes, massa, every ting tree in dis country—glorious tree days—tree kings at one time before old one died—tree parties in de state—king shot at tree times if not more—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! Mr. Dumps, I hope you feel in tolerable health this variable weather," said he, throwing as much artificial anxiety into his face as he could; but I was too much awake to this customary ruse of invalids, real or imaginary, to let it have its usual sequel.

"Mr. La Fleur," said I, "I am come for the sole purpose, at this somewhat early hour, of entering upon a conversation, which our short acquaintance might, perhaps, at first sight, hardly appear to justify; but I am sure that when once you know my motives, you will also pardon the intrusion."

With a perturbed countenance, between nervous apprehension and curiosity, he began to shuffle about on his chair.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, about the medical gentleman who attends me?"

"Massa always tinkering of poison," muttered Mungo.

"May I take the liberty of asking," I continued, "whether you are son of the late Colonel La Fleur?"

"I am," he replied, apparently much relieved to find that Esculapius was "all right." "I am; and it was the intelligence of my father's death that induced me to undertake the long, fatiguing, and unwholesome voyage, from the effects of which I am only slowly recovering. I have a surviving parent and a sister, who was born after I left Europe, and whom I have consequently never seen, but of whose endowment and character the most favourable reports have reached me. It is my anxious desire to join them, as soon as the very precarious state of my health will admit of a voyage of discovery into the provinces, where I understood they were to establish themselves."

It here became my painful duty to inform him of the mistake under which he unhappily was with respect to his mother, and also of the altered circumstances of the family; of Madame La Fleur's death, and of the homeless, unprotected situation of his sister. He heard me with composure for some time, but at the end of a long conversation, which I summed up with as lively a picture as I could draw of Erminie's pecu-

liar circumstances and character, it was with much emotion that I saw him burst into tears.

“Then all my wealth,” said he, “is hers, and mine—”

I thought this a good opportunity to leave him to his reflections, and took my leave.

The next thing to be done was to convey to the parties most interested the discovery I had made. I naturally felt anxious about the effect of a sudden disclosure to Erminie, in the present state of her nerves: her brother's unexpected arrival, and her own altered circumstances after so much recent distress, were matters to communicate with caution.

I immediately walked to the Rue Louis le Grand, where I found Down hastily cleaning his teeth in the porter's lodge; but taking him by the arm, we commenced a reascent *au quatri me*, as I could not venture upon any communication on such a subject, until I had him out of sight. After stating the circumstances of my discovery, which agitated him until he trembled from head to foot,

“Don't you think,” said he, “that we had better begin by telling Miss La Fleur?”

“That,” I replied, “appears to me to be the point where we ought to end. Her old and faithful attendant, or your nephew, Gilbert, I think, will best be able to judge in what manner and to what extent, the altered circumstances in which she stands may with prudence be divulged to her.”

“Very well—just as you please,” said Solomon, and he immediately fell into such a muddle and confusion of mind, with such fuss and perturbation of *body* as almost alarmed me. The whirling contents of the far-famed “wheel of Fortune,” in the golden days of Messrs. Goodluck and Co., would have been nothing to it. Poising his large, grave person upon one heel, and elevating his left-hand with something between a whistle and a Jarvey's interjection to a frost-stiffened nag, he performed two or three circumvolutions with his coat-laps flying in the air.

“India bonds—ten per cent.—happy dog—old woman best—go off like a squib—four coaches and four—favours—gold-lace, tags, and powder—shop, Scrubbs's—in Cheapside—save a penny a yard—Dugdale property old Gil's—Uncle Solomon, Sol, Sol!” and round he went upon his heel, yet with considerable gravity of countenance.

Alleging his own agitating interest in the case, I suggested whether I might not with propriety take his place in the announcement of the whole affair.

“That is just what I was thinking; with your deliberation, Mr. Dumps—”

But we were here saved the trouble of further discussion by the door opening, and George Gilbert being announced by the servant.

Serious as the subject was upon which we were engaged, it was with difficulty that I could refrain from laughing at the figure Solomon made at this apparition. After standing a few seconds in the middle of the room, stuttering incoherent things instead of the usual morning salutation—twisting his thumbs, and every feature bearing thoughts too confused to find delivery—the very counterpart of the agonies of a night-

mare, he rushed towards the astonished youth, and seizing him as a bear would her cub,

“George, my boy, your fortune’s made!” cried he, and could get no further; until, after several vain attempts at utterance, in a transport of awkwardness he rushed out of the room.

I then informed young Gilbert of all the circumstances of my interview with Mr. La Fleur, which he received with manliness, but deep emotion; and after I had remained about a quarter of an hour, left him with his uncle, who, by this time, had recovered a little the use of his faculties.

In the evening I was surprised to receive a message from Mr. La Fleur, that he would wait upon me if convenient; and before I could almost have thought it possible that my reply had reached him, he stood before me. An evident alteration had already taken place even in his outward appearance. Like most people of morbid feelings, when once a transfer can be accomplished, he had suddenly and wholly changed the subject matter of all his thoughts, and the motives of all his actions. His best faculties and sensations had been roused into action—a new existence had been created for him in that of his lovely sister—his whole outward man was changed—his eye no longer grovelled in the languid expression of querulous sensuality, or selfish complaint—it was lighted up by a generous and almost fevered action of expanding thoughts—his carriage was erect—his countenance beamed with the liberal schemes he had already devised—and this, with the alteration in his dress necessary to come down stairs, so completely metamorphosed the man, that I should hardly have recognised him.

After detailing to me the manner in which the very large fortune had been bequeathed to him by his old patron and friend, and having taken further information about the abode and circumstances of his sister, he said, that the next morning would be the latest he could defer the pleasure of a personal interview with her.

As I accompanied him to the door, where Mungo was waiting, I shall never forget the astonishment depicted in his sooty face at all that was going on.

“Massa forgot four draughts, and sat down upon a box of pills,” he whispered; and as he followed La Fleur up stairs, he turned round several times to me, uplifting the palms of his hands in amazement at his master’s altered step.

*(To be continued.)*

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WHO CAN THE DEAR ONE BE ?

BY J. H. HARTNOLL.

MET him at the French bazaar !  
How all will pity me,  
Who know what love's emotions are—  
Who can the dear one be ?

We met—one glance was quite enough,  
Such piercing eyes had he ;  
My heart beat fast against my muff—  
Who can the dear one be ?

His form, his air, his heavenly face—  
Enchantment none could flee :  
And then he moved with such a grace—  
Who can the dear one be ?

Pa's carriage drove up to the door,  
For sisters, 'ma, and me ;  
A glance e'en sweeter than before—  
Who can the dear one be ?

The carriage moved, and we were parted ;  
Home was no home to me :  
For I was almost broken-hearted—  
Who can the dear one be ?

A year has flown, but has not brought  
A moment's peace for me ;  
Il day, all night, my only thought—  
Who can the dear one be ?

*Who can the Dear One be?*

At least some lord, or lord's own son ;  
The soul of chivalry !  
Earth holds not such another one :  
Who can that dear one be ?

My 'pa knows why I sorrow so,  
And says he pities me ;  
And longs uncommonly to know  
Who can the dear one be ?

My 'ma is very, very kind ;  
But, in the least degree,  
I cannot banish from my mind,  
Who can the dear one be ?

E'en shopping with her, never more  
Will bring delight to me ;  
I feel, as now I reach the door,  
Who can the dear one be ?

Rich silks, or satins, ribbons, gloves,  
Bright gems, or *bijouterie*,  
Touch not the heart that fondly loves :  
Who can the dear one be ?

Hopeless I reach the counter's brink !  
Oh ! Heavens ! What's that I see ?  
'Ma—'ma—a chair—I faint—I sink—  
That horrid shopman's he !

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## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

## THE FERGUSONS.\*

"THE FERGUSONS" is one of those novels of which we have had too few lately; since they are no less creditable to the grade of society whence they emanate, than they are valuable in a social point of view, and entertaining as works of fiction. It belongs to the class, towards which the names of Normanby, Plumer Ward, Lister, &c. have heretofore attracted so much well-deserved and well-repaid attention; and we have not the smallest doubt, from internal evidence, that "The Fergusons" will add another name to the list of those cultivated and intellectual members of the aristocracy who have been induced to commence their public career by proving that the private studies and acquirements of their early life have not been confined to the inane frivolities of fashionable drawing-rooms, and "exclusive" coteries. We doubt if a young and ardent aspirant for political distinction can better prove the validity of his pretensions to take part in the public duties to which his rank and station may call him, than by showing, as the graceful and cultivated writer of "The Fergusons" has done, that he has looked at the men and the manners of his day with a shrewd and observant eye; has noted the good and the evil of them in a liberal spirit; and possesses the skill, the industry, and the taste to form the substance of his remarks and conclusions into a consistent and natural series of scenes and events, that blend the excitement and the amusement of fictitious narrative with the solid satisfaction and permanent moral result, that nothing but the truth can supply. There is, we venture to assert, not a character or a scene in "The Fergusons" that has not had its prototype in the actual experience and observations of the writer, during his intercourse with the society with which the tale busies itself; yet the good taste and the good feeling, which invariably mark the more cultivated and intellectual members of that society, have prevented him from ever degenerating for a moment into the petty and personal satire which has too often formed the staple of the fashionable novelist, and has brought that class of composition into merited disrepute. The author of "The Fergusons" is evidently "a gentleman," in every sense of that comprehensive phrase: he is so by birth, by education, by temperament, by habit, by personal feeling. The consequence is that, in depicting (through the medium of a fictitious narrative) the social character and condition of the class to which he belongs, he has done so, not as a sage or a moralist, formally to warn or to instruct—not as a satirist, maliciously to scourge or excite scorn—not as a wit or humorist, to twist every thing into themes of laughter and ridicule—not as a sentimentalist, to turn the "diseases" of the human character to "commodities:" in short, he has written his book as a well-bred, well-educated, and right-feeling man of the world does every thing—in manner easy, nonchalant and without pretension—in matter, never attempting to go beyond his depth, or even the depth of those he addresses—and in general result, uniformly agreeable and entertaining. The story of "The Fergusons" relates the early career in

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\* The Fergusons, or Woman's Love. 3 vols.

the world of two brothers, both of whom are gifted with many estimable qualities of heart and mind, and both are pretty equally favoured by social position; but one of whom makes "the world's favour" the chief object of his life, and is rewarded by that empty "popularity" which he finds, after all, is utterly insufficient to answer the cravings of his heart and intellect; while the other equally misses the golden mean, in imagining that "woman's love" is the only legitimate object of man's existence—his "being's end and aim." Such at least is the only formal *moral* that can be deduced from these light, graceful, and agreeable pages. But in fact their merit and amusement will be found to consist in the perfectly true and unexaggerated picture they afford,—so far, we mean, as their scenes extend,—of that peculiar condition of society which at present prevails in the upper classes of English life—setting forth its weaknesses and errors side by side with its elegances, its refinements, and its advantages, and leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. We must not neglect to add, that a very pleasing and attractive tinge of romantic interest is thrown over all the latter part of the story, by removing the scene to a country (Italy) where "romance" and "reality" are convertible terms—where the common places of life are made up of passion and poetry, and where "woman's love" is especially susceptible of being held forth as an example for warning, or for admiration, as the case may be. Finally, we are much mistaken if "*The Fergusons*" does not prove as popular in itself as it will certainly be received as an earnest of its writer's future success in this attractive class of writing.

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### THE POPULAR SONGS OF IRELAND.\*

THOUGH it was an extravagance to say, as some one did, "Give me the making of the *songs* of a people, and let who will make their laws," the songs of a nation are nevertheless well worth the consideration even of its law-makers; for if they are, nowadays, powerless in modifying the social and political condition of a people, they are among the very best exemplars and indicators of what that condition is, and what it may be or might be. And there is no nation of whom this is so true as it is of the Irish. Like the French, their life is a sort of song—merry or melancholy, sage or savage, wild or gentle, wise or foolish—as the case may be: and the songs in which they allow these moods of the national mind to express themselves respectively, are precisely suited to the occasion.

A volume, therefore, like the present, which not only gives us these songs in a collected form, but accompanies them by all the little traditional and historical data on which so much of their interest depends, cannot be other than highly acceptable, both to the English and the Irish people. In mentioning the name of the author of this work, Mr. Crofton Croker, we at once offer a guarantee that the pleasant task he has imposed on himself, has been fulfilled in the most satisfactory manner.

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\* *The Popular Songs of Ireland; with Introductions and Notes.* By T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

Spenser—the most essentially poetical of all poets—speaking of Irish lyrical compositions, says, “I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness to them.” It is of compositions so described, and by such a describer, that Mr. Crofton Croker furnishes us, not only with many specimens that have never before been printed, but with numerous pleasant and profitable gleanings touching their “birth, parentage, and education:” for even the latter word must not be omitted, seeing that few of them, we imagine, are here presented to us in their uncultivated condition.

The amount of the fund from which the compiler has been allowed to choose may be judged of from the fact that, with true Irish affluence of hand, he at first intended to have presented us with three volumes. But the more business-like judgment of his publisher restricted the tribute to one. The collection has been arranged under separate, and for the most part, singularly characteristic heads, or rather subjects; such as, first, *St. Patrick* songs, *shillelah* songs, *shamrock* songs, *whiskey* songs, *potato* songs, &c. &c.; these are followed by local effusions, appertaining to the favourite spots that live in an Irishman’s fancy during absence; also historical songs, convivial songs, pastoral songs, political songs, sentimental songs; and though last, certainly not least in the dear love of all who have luxuriated in Power’s version of the glorious “Groves of Blarney,”—those comic extravaganzas in which Ireland has ever excelled all the world, and ever will, until her leaders succeed in betraying her into tea-drinking and civilization.

Mr. Crofton Croker’s volume is got up in the true spirit befitting such an enterprise, and it deserves to be as popular in England as it will surely be in that land from which its amusing and characteristic materials have been exclusively derived.

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## THE ART OF PAINTING.\*

WE cannot fail to do an acceptable service to the student in art, and one almost equally so to the enlightened amateur, in giving a brief abstract, rather than a vague criticism, of Mr. Sarsfield Taylor’s translation of M. Mérimée’s valuable work on Painting in Oil; especially as its object is not, as its title might seem to indicate, the vain and hopeless one of endeavouring by a written treatise to *teach* “the art of painting,” but the infinitely more rational because practicable one, of acquainting the student, and all else who are interested in the art, with the peculiar nature and qualities of the mechanical means and materials through the medium of which the art is practised, and the equally important, but equally mechanical circumstances and considerations on which certain points of success absolutely and entirely depend. In thus an-

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\* The Art of Painting in Oil and Fresco. Translated from the French of Mérimée. By W. B. Sarsfield Taylor.

nouncing our object in this notice, we have already notified in general terms the nature of M. Mérimée's work ; we have only, therefore, to add a few words as to its details. The work commences with an historical inquiry into the various methods employed in oil-painting, from the earliest authentic era of art in modern times up to the present day. There cannot be any doubt that the exact processes employed by the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, both in Germany and Italy, are among the many *artes deperditæ* that recent times have so much cause to lament ; and it is a leading object of M. Mérimée's treatise, to endeavour to afford the means of recovering those processes. With a view to this most desirable end, M. Mérimée examined numerous specimens of the art of the ages in question, both mechanically and chemically, and the results of his inquiries are here detailed. Our limits will only allow us to add, in connexion with this feature of the work, that the author attributes the unquestioned deterioration in the durability of modern pictures, as compared with early ones, to the circumstance of the old masters having employed some peculiar method of incorporating a varnish with their colours, in the process of mixing them.—The second and third chapters treat of the nature of varnishes, and the mode of using them, both in union with the colours, and as an external preservation of them.—The fourth chapter develops the chemistry of painting, inasmuch as it treats, both scientifically and practically, of the nature and preparation of colours.—The fifth chapter treats, in like manner, of the preparatory details—the grounds for panels, canvass, walls, &c.—The foundation of the building being thus laid, and the materials gathered together for the erection of the superstructure, the sixth chapter describes the best methods of preserving the same from injury and decay, and also the most approved means of restoring them, as much as may be, to their pristine state.—The seventh chapter puts forth a theory of colours, as applied to harmony in painting. It is considerably less practical than those which have preceded, but it is still valuable even in that respect, inasmuch as there is no practice so safe and sure as that which is founded on a just theory. M. Mérimée's book closes with a sort of supplementary chapter on Fresco, which is by no means the least valuable portion of the work.

To the foregoing matters the translator has appended an original sketch of the rise and progress of painting in this country, and also a brief essay on the principles of Harmony in colouring. When we state that the double task above referred to, has been executed in a very creditable manner, by both the parties engaged in it, we need not add that the volume is one of permanent interest and value.

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### THE LIFE OF "MONK" LEWIS.\*

WE are fain to introduce to the reader these pleasant volumes, in the words of the author's friend, Byron, as appropriately quoted in the title-

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\* The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis ; with many new Pieces in Prose and Verse, never before published. Two volumes.

page of the work.—“Hail! wonder-working Lewis!”—whose first and great work was a wonder in itself, and a fertile worker of wonder in a whole nation; the rest of whose literary life was one series of endeavours to induce wonder from all sorts of wonder-yielding sources; and whose personal character, and private life, as here developed, were the greatest wonders of all, since they show us that the most eccentric and extravagant of all successful writers,—not to mention that he was the most exceptionable, both in the moral and religious tendency of his chief works,—was in his own individual character and conduct, throughout his whole life, one of the most rational, sober-thoughted, simple-minded, and sedate of single gentlemen. These memoirs belong to that best, because most personal as well as most authentic, of all classes of memoir writing—not excepting the *auto* itself—which makes the person treated of, set forth his own life and character under his own hand and seal. By far the larger portion of these volumes consist of Lewis’s own letters, which are chiefly, indeed almost entirely addressed to his mother—consequently they are such letters as may, above all others, be trusted, as direct and unprepared transcripts of the writer’s mind and heart. And being so, they undoubtedly furnish the most singular negative we ever recollect to have met with, to the silly axiom that a writer may always be seen and judged of in his works. There may be two opinions, now, about the merit of Lewis’s works, even the best of them; though there can be but one as to the extraordinary success which many of them obtained in their day; and tenfold more than any other, that which was written and published when the author was a mere youth: we allude to “The Monk.” But, after reading these memoirs and letters, it is impossible for any one to doubt that the writer’s personal character was essentially and emphatically as we have described it. With an almost unlimited command of money from his earliest youth, and a boundless range of acquaintance in those classes of society where the young and wealthy meet with the least restraints upon their inclinations; and, at an early period of his maturity, endowed with an almost princely fortune; Lewis never committed an irrational or an extravagant or a dishonourable action, and never seemed to miss an occasion of discountenancing such actions in those connected with him, and inculcating their opposites. So that if any thing could be alleged as an adequate set-off against what most look upon as the evil tenour of his writings, it was the excellent tenour of his life. Assuredly, if “he never *wrote* a wise thing, he never *did* a foolish one,” much less a wicked. The duty of preparing, concocting, and arranging these volumes has been very pleasingly and creditably performed—evidently by a female hand. As an example of this part of the work we may refer to the remarks on romantic fiction, which precede the account of “The Monk.” A very large portion of the second volume is occupied by original pieces, in prose and verse, never before published, from the pen of Lewis himself. The most curious of them is a fragment of a burlesque on the sentimental school of novel-writing—curious, partly, because written when the author was a mere boy (between fifteen and sixteen years of age); but chiefly because it would serve for no bad satire (*à la* Poole) on that very class of works to which the writer himself a few years afterwards gave such extensive vogue. Many of the poems are good examples of the writer’s style and turn of thought and feeling, in his *literary* character;

and there is a fragment—the most amusing scrap in the work—which was, however, written by a sister of Lewis, as an imitation of what *he* would have written under the supposed circumstances. It is the diary of a week of his London life, when his theatrical mania was at its height, and half his time was spent at rehearsals, or in the green-room. It hits off his character to a nicety, and moreover contains some very smart and characteristic sketches appertaining to the above scenes and localities—among others of R. B. Sheridan and his son “Tom,” of Mathews, Miss Kelly before she was “known to fame,” &c. Upon the whole, these volumes will furnish a most entertaining and acceptable addition to the *ana* of the busy and interesting period of our literary and social history to which they refer.

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### SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.\*

MR. HALL has given us, in the modest form of a single and rather slim volume, a collection of tales, some of which are original; others are translated, or rather altered and adapted from the German; and a few have appeared before in periodical works. Most of the “scenes” are “abroad,” and afford many pleasing sketches from the travelling recollections of the author. We like the writer’s romantic vein less than his natural one, as shown in the sketches just referred to; but the whole of the volume will be read with amusement by those who affect this light and desultory species of publication.

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### THE FALL OF WARSAW.†

IN whatever point of view the fall of Warsaw may be looked upon, there is no denying that it is capable of supplying ample themes for poetry, and the author of these cantos has availed himself of them to express earnest feelings and honourable sentiments in smooth and easy verse. His little volume is addressed to the exiled Poles, and is furnished with notes, political, historical, and literary.

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### ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS IN MONTHLY PARTS.

WE have before us several singularly beautiful and interesting publications—more indeed than we can notice in detail this month; but the whole of which, when looked at together, as making their appearance simultaneously, and as having originated within a very short period of

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\* *Scenes at Home and Abroad.* By H. B. Hall, Esq.

† *The Fall of Warsaw: a Poem in Three Cantos.*



each other (all of them within the last twelve months), may be said to constitute, or at any rate to mark, a new era in art—an era, too, that possesses the surpassing charm and merit of being evidently founded on the noble axiom, that “beauty is truth, truth beauty,” and of illustrating that axiom in a fashion that the most fastidious refinement of modern “taste” cannot gainsay. The pictorial annuals were the brief triumph of Fancy and Fiction, not merely over the truth and beauty of Nature, but over the truth and beauty of Art; they were (and we are sorry to say, are) effeminate and meretricious appeals to a taste that they, more than any thing else, have contributed to make effeminate and meretricious. But their doom we suspect is at hand: for that the “false Florimel”—the cold, lifeless, snow-formed image—should fail to melt away before the warm beams of the living and breathing reality, is what we can scarcely conceive. As “crabbed age and youth, cannot dwell together,” neither can Falsehood and Truth flourish in the same circle. It follows that the proud and pranked up annuals, with all the gorgeous array of their “complement extern,” all the super-subtile refinement of their pictorial pretensions, and all the aristocratic prestige of their authorship, must yield the *pas* to works which are rich only in the plebeian quality of appealing to that sense of truth, and her twin-born sister Beauty, which exists in every sound mind and every unspoiled heart.

At the head of the beautiful works to which we are now alluding, must stand, on account of entire novelty, no less than its extraordinary beauty and spirit, both as regards pictorial and typographical arrangements,

#### THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.

The history itself is avowedly, part compilation, part abstract, of the various memoirs and biographies of Napoleon, both French and English, that have appeared up to the present time,—the editorship being very creditably performed by Mr. R. H. Horne. Of the engravings, which form, as they are intended to form, the leading feature of the work, there are no less than forty-two in the first monthly part now before us, the price of which is two shillings! When we state that a very large proportion of those not only have not been, but cannot (in their peculiar way) be surpassed, the extraordinary cheapness of the publication must be at once apparent. In fact, we have no hesitation in saying, that the engravings of this one part alone, include more force, spirit, and truth, united with more really artistical skill and beauty, than are to be found in any half-dozen of the most expensive annuals of the last few years, always excepting those which (like the *Landscape Annual* of Turner) are actual transcripts from the truth and beauty of Nature herself.

Another of the pictorial works that we must notice this month is, Mr. Lane’s new translation of

#### THE ARABIAN NIGHTS’ ENTERTAINMENTS.

This beautiful publication furnishes us, in addition to a new and decidedly improved translation of the most entertaining book in existence, a series of illustrations, if not so forcible and spirited as those of the work just referred to, still more rife with those elegances of art, and

those graces of expression, which so peculiarly belong to the subject treated of. In each monthly part of this work there are at least twenty exquisite engravings, by various artists, but all the designs are by Mr. Harvey, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the grace, elegance, and artistical taste which they display throughout. It would, on the other hand, be injustice not to refer with commendation to Mr. Lane's important portion of the task, which has been performed in a manner to render obsolete all previous translations of the Arabian work. His notes, too, are of great value and interest. Yet must we, in virtue of old associations, which it were a sin as well as a misfortune to forget, utterly object to, his treatment of the proper names of our favourite stories—which Mr. Lane, deeming them improper ones, has thought fit to reform. A trifle we might have accorded to the new lights which prevail on these matters: that our favourite Scheherezade should be transformed into Shahrazad, would not have greatly interfered with the pleasure attendant on renewing our acquaintance; nor should we have entirely set our faces against calling the Koran the Kur-an; but when Mr. Lane insists on our recognising a Caliph under the appellation of a Khaleefeh—when he asks us to acknowledge the Barmecide by the style and title of the Barmekee—and, worst of all, when he insists on cockneyfying the Vizier and his Divan into Wezeer and Deewan, it is too much.

Another pictorial work that we have to notice this month is entitled,

#### HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

This capital production, though entirely different in design and bearing from those we have noticed above, is equally worthy of public support, and no less likely to obtain it, since it chiefly appeals to that taste for the humorous and the grotesque, which is now so prevalent as to give a peculiar character to the periodical literature of the day. The "Heads of the People" gives us more than it bargains for, in both its departments;—its pictorial portion consisting, not merely of "heads," but of regular "three-quarters;" and its literary illustrations (for here the literature is the "blessing," and the art is the bushel which it overflows) are complete whole lengths; and we have seldom had any thing more piquant and *spirituel* in either department. Take, for instance, THE TEE-TOTALLER of the March number, as illustrated by Mr. Leman Blanchard. What, in its way, was ever more extravagant in its truth, yet more true in its extravagance. There is, in fact, nobody so pleasant as Mr. Blanchard in this sort of heaping up of the Ossa of oddity and exaggeration on the Pelion of picturesque absurdity, till the pile touches "the skyish head of blue Olympus," and becomes absolute poetry! When we add that Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold, are among the other contributors to this amusing and truly English work, we sufficiently mark its claims on public attention. Its price is one shilling,—every number containing four capital designs, by Mr. Kenny Meadows.

THE FACTORY BOY.\*

It would be unjust to the admirable writer who has undertaken to illustrate this fertile subject, if we were formally to criticise, or even to form, much less to record, any decisive opinion on the mode in which she is likely to execute her important and interesting task ; for the two parts of the work now before us, do but as it were, note down the *dramatis personæ* with whom we are to be made acquainted, describe some of the localities and scenes in which they are destined to move and act, and put us in possession of the general tone and tendency proposed to be maintained throughout the work : they are but, in fact, the preparatives that may serve to whet the appetite for the feast that awaits us. But even in this point of view, they will be found so pregnant, not merely of promise, but of performance, that they can leave no doubt as to the signal success that must attend the work.

It is a great mistake, and a still greater injustice, to suppose that Mrs. Trollope offers "THE FACTORY BOY" as any thing like a pendant to the admirable works of Mr. Dickens, which have appeared under a similar form. The great and leading characteristic of those works, is humour—broad even to caricature—humour expanding itself over all classes of society, and drawing laughter and merriment from all. But the Factory Boy has a deeper design, and aims at the accomplishment of that design by other, and even still more rare and estimable means. It is evidently intended to be a deep, moral satire, having a serious, and even a solemn purpose to accomplish—with *truth* alone as the means and medium of its accomplishment, and *good* alone as the ultimate end ; every step of the path being made irresistibly attractive by the inexhaustible amusement that is scattered over it. That the inimitable writer of "THE WIDOW BARNABY" will fulfil her task triumphantly, no one can doubt who has luxuriated over that truly admirable production—the most masterly of its kind that our own day has produced.

We have one other production of March to notice this month ; namely, the first number of

THE SONGS OF BÉRANGER.

This very pleasing and novel publication gives us several original translations from that most impassioned of all song-writers, De Béranger, each adapted to appropriate music. The idea is an excellent one, and the execution is creditable in every point of view ; but there is one serious drawback, which we have the less reluctance in pointing out, as it is not yet too late for remedy : the *originals* should in every case be given. We look upon this condition as indispensable to the success of the undertaking, and as one to which no possible objection can be raised ; and the mere circumstance of the editor (Mr. David Booth) having, in this first number, very properly given a fac-simile (*without* a translation) of Béranger's letter in reply to the offer of the dedication, virtu-

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\* The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy. By Frances Trollope. Nos. I. and II.

ally shows that *he* too cannot see any cause why our suggestion should not be adopted. With this necessary change in the subsequent numbers, the Songs of Béranger may look for marked favour and success.

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#### DRINKING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.\*

THIS curious and useful treatise on the statistics of Drinking among the lower and working classes of Great Britain, is full of facts, which, though they occur daily and hourly at our very doors, will, on the perusal of them in these pages, strike us with a painful astonishment at their almost incredible extent, and the fatal results to which they must necessarily lead. The former editions of this work confined themselves to the drinking usages of Scotland; but in the present volume those of England and Ireland are included.

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#### TRIALS OF THE HEART.†

WE are gratified to again meet Mrs. Bray, and still more so as she claims our attention under a form better adapted, as we conceive, to her powers both of amusement and instruction, than that of the three volume novel. Her present work consists of five distinct tales, having no connexion with each other, except that arbitrary one which the writer chooses to assign them, under the general descriptive title of "Trials of the Heart."

We may doubt if this division of interest falls in with the prevalent taste of the day among novel-readers, who just now run to extremes in this matter, patronising no medium between a single fragment of a work, served up monthly, "hot and hot," and an entire web of interest, spun out to the length of a thousand pages. For our own parts, we prefer tales of the moderate length adopted by Mrs. Bray in this work, to any other form of prose fiction; and moreover we hold them to be peculiarly adapted to her realizing, and somewhat too minute imagination.

Two of these tales, "The Orphan of La Vendée," and "The Adopted," turn on the merits of the French Revolution, and they are, perhaps, the most spirited and effective of the whole. The latter, in particular, derives much variety, and at the same time, reality, from the introduction of Mirabeau, and other of the *célébrités* of that great event. The tale entitled "Vicissitudes," has the merit and interest of including many of what are evidently real *bond fide* details relative to life and society in Courland; and the same merit (of local truth of details) belongs to the French tales—the writer having, we believe, resided many years in Brittany.

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\* The Philosophy of Drinking Usages in Great Britain. By J. Dunlop. 1 vol.

† Trials of the Heart. By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols.

On the whole, this new work of Mrs. Bray will be found excellent in moral tendency ; fraught with much valuable knowledge of the human heart, in its strength, as well as its weaknesses ; and by no means deficient in that amusement which is, after all, the chief recommendation to works of this nature, in the estimation of those on whom their success mainly depends.

### ON BLUSHING.\*

A book on blushing. Henceforth let our era be called the age of *books* ! Gentle readers—and you, ye gentlest of the gentle, who still retain the unfashionable faculty referred to—listen with attentive ear to the learned expounder of the secret causes of this “ effective defective.” The poetry of blushing—the history of blushing—the anatomy of blushing—the mechanism of blushing—lastly, the *cure* of blushing — for our worthy Doctor insists that the phenomenon is neither more nor less than a disease. Such are the themes treated of in this by no means uninteresting or useless volume, which includes much incidental matter that is worthy of general attention, particularly that relating to the moral and physical training of early youth, with reference to that morbid sensibility on which so much of the misery of human life depends.

### GEOLOGY OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND.†

THE official report of the ordnance geological survey is before us, in an extensive, elaborate, and very valuable form, and it cannot fail to be of great interest to all students of a subject that is daily rising in importance, no less in a national and commercial than a scientific point of view. It does not fall in with our plan to enter into details, on a publication of this nature ; but we must nevertheless point attention to this important volume, as containing a vast body of facts which will greatly facilitate the future studies of the geologist in the districts to which it refers, and no less so the views of the mining speculator, and which facts are nowhere else to be met with in a collected form, and a large portion of which have never before been promulgated. The plans and illustrative plates are also of great value and interest.

### AID TO MEMORY.‡

THIS attractive and prettily got up little volume professes to offer a new system (modified from that of Fenaigle), by which the dates of

\* The Physiology and Mechanism of Blushing. By Dr. Burgess. 1 vol.

† Report of the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, &c. By Henry F. de la Beche, F.R.S. 1 vol.

‡ The New Aid to Memory. Part I. By a Cambridge M.A.

April.—VOL. LV. NO. CCXX.

the chief events in the entire history of England, may be indelibly fixed on the memory in the course of a few hours' diligent study. The principle on which it proceeds that of association of ideas, is undoubtedly a new one; and we have as little doubt that its application will be found effective for the purpose sought in the present publication.

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### NATIONAL EDUCATION.\*

THIS pamphlet is an earnest and praiseworthy attempt to show that *the arts* should form the basis of every sound system of national education. There can be little doubt that they have been greatly too much overlooked hitherto, in the *no-system* of education pursued in England; and that they can scarcely be too intimately amalgamated with the various acquirements of youth. The fault of Mr. Stothard's pamphlet is, that it is too vague to lead to, or point at, any specific result.

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### THE NELSON MONUMENT.†

ALL those who take an interest in the present discussions respecting the Nelson Memorial—and who, that bears an English name, does not? will find the subject judiciously examined in Dr. Granville's pamphlet; the chief aim of which, however, is, to advocate the advantages of a *column* over all other forms of architecture, a *rostral* column over all other columns, and one composed of iron in preference to all other materials; namely, the iron of the very canons taken by Nelson in his various victories. The particular design which Dr. Granville examines and recommends, is that of "Utinam;" and we cannot help agreeing with the Doctor in much, if not the whole of what he says in favour of this design, a very pretty engraving of which is given in the pamphlet, and also another (for the purpose of comparison) of that design (by Mr. Railson), which carried off the chief prize.

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### HOME SERVICE; OR, SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM LIFE, AT OUT AND HEAD QUARTERS.‡

As a whole, this is one of the most entertaining works we ever read. No sooner was it published, than we perused it every word, at a sitting. *Then* one of its latter pages inclined us to think that we ought not to

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\* A Letter to Dr. Birkbeck. By R. T. Stothard.

† A Letter to the Duke of Wellington on the Nelson Memorial. By Dr. Granville.

‡ Home Service; or, Scenes and Characters from Life, at Out and Head Quarters. By Benson Earle Hill. Author of "Recollections of an Artillery Officer." H. Colburn, Great Marlborough-street.



review it, but merely give our readers a set of extracts, enabling them to judge for themselves. Circumstances, however, have freed us from these scruples.

Contemporaries are backing their eulogiums of the book by specimens of its contents. Elsewhere we have done the same. Here we shall offer our opinion of the *ensemble* more fully.

One charm of "Home Service," is that of never being dry, dull, nor heavy. Matters of fact are rendered light and bright; while, in some fictions, domestic twaddle is so wiredrawn, as to weary the seeker for creative fancy, without developing any valuable facts respecting real and celebrated characters.

Though Mr. Hill does not specify the exact quantity of pipeclay required for an Artillery-officer's gloves or belt, his pages are by no means deficient in military detail, of very general interest.

To "a party in a parlour," who have hardly ever moved out of it, many truths, drawn from travel and active life, may appear improbable. Vulgar *credulity* has long been succeeded by its still more vulgar opposite. The worst sort of *nil admirari*! A man who sets down every thing striking which falls in his way, secures to his works a variety incompatible with a sustained plot. It were as absurd to call an amplified journal unconnected and rambling, as to find fault with it for not being a regular novel. A mandoline, to the purblind, may, at first sight, look something like a warming-pan; but let not the blunderer expect to air his bed with the one, or to play a tune upon the other.

Again, "Home Service" is *not* more devoted to theatrical topics than to many others of universal attractiveness. Strange samples of human nature ought to prove acceptable, from whatever sphere they may be deduced. Mathews, Elliston, Betty, and Yates, would have been noticeable men, had law, physic, divinity, army, or navy, elicited their peculiarities. In Hill's hands, the Rev. Dr. Watson, Captain Barlow, Surgeons Beard and Seaton, make as good pictures as if the populace of London were familiar with the originals.

Without the least cant does he "use all gently," and "deliver all in charity." Some of his *personæ* have met magnanimous forbearance from his pen. Whoever accuses him of covert satire, and ironical compliments, must imply that they *feel* the "praise undeserved," which they interpret as "censure in disguise." Usually, with a manly boldness, that bears on it the stamp of truth, he makes plain, and promises, if needful, to make plainer his own motives for all he says, "Honour to whom honour is *due*," seems his motto; before which, political prejudices and social partialities, alike give way.

His cordial tributes to some of our literary chiefs must gratify them, and their numerous admirers. His remarks on books, pictures, even music, are not the less just for being wittily turned. A spirit of research, a power of managing the pathetic, nay, the terrible, is briefly and at wide intervals apparent; though his wonted tone be one of humorous and graphic description, often calculated to call such images before *man's* eye, as might make Nestor swear the jest was laughable; yet never at the expense of one feeling which ought to be held sacred; for Mr. Hill writes not like a mere barrack-dwelling bachelor. Nearly all the time, from the spring of 1817, to the summer of 1822, he had

with him a young lady—not a wife—a soldier may be even better accommodated ; by the way “ *cha'-maids* ” mistaking the sister for “ Captain's ” bride, is a rich *morceau* ; as is Miss Isabel's interview with the female smuggler. The brother's adventure with La Belle Adèle might not have ended so decorously had he been living quite *en garçon*. A poetess's saving presence also prevents his glorious gunner's illuminating, very equivocally, in honour of a certain public catastrophe. Thus, ladies ! you may accompany the wag every where ; a maiden gentlewoman is by to see fair play, though not to spoil sport.

Mr. Hill modestly opines that he has improved in manner since writing his “ *Recollections*,” we think so too ; but a better kind of improvement he evinces unconsciously, even in his progress through this second venture. “ *Excellent fooling*,” to be sure, for a young *militaire* was the sewing up of fogeys, racing of pigs, shooting at jugglers with lead, and at friends' noses with champagne corks ; yet, to our taste, a far superior jester is this same, in after years, as the mock Mackay, the commentator of Koranzo, the turner out of his “ little mountebank,” the illustrator of “ *Rejected Addresses* ! ” For a perfect understanding of these allusions, we refer our readers to his airy tomes, which will amply repay their scrutiny, and prove admirable antidotes to *ennui*, or ill-nature. There shall they see one, “ who no revenue has, save his good spirits, to feed and clothe him,” “ one who has suffered all as suffering nothing.” We should pity that Artillery-officer who could feel aught but pride in having been “ companion of the watch,” with an Horatio so fit to have kept guard with our noblest Hamlets. It was impossible for Benson Hill to herd with the unworthy members of *any* corps ; by such only could he be shunned as an actor, or slandered as an author ; what homage they have lost, let his caustic observations on them, and his dedication to Mr. George Raymond show. Well does that gentleman merit it !

Mr. Hill's professional experiences of theatres must have been such as he could render highly instructive to the community at large ; for

“ All the *world's* a stage ;  
And *all* the men and women merely players ;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man, in his time, plays many parts ! ”

It is, therefore, but reasonable and natural to trust that Mr. Benson Hill, will proceed with his agreeable reminiscences ; and to anticipate that the third series would equal, if not excel, the former two, in power of bestowing harmless profitable diversion on all classes of readers !



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**WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.**











